LIFE OF BEECHER

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LIFE

OF

HENRY WARD BEECHER,

THE

Eminent Pulpit and Platform Orator.

BEING A GRAPHIC SKETCH OF HIS EARLY LIFE, HIS CAREER IN THE WEST AND HIS CROWNING GLORY OF A FORTY YEARS' PASTORATE IN BROOKLYN, WITH NARRATIVES OF HIS GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD, WITH VOICE AND PEN, IN YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

By JOSEPH HOWARD, Jr.,

THE DISTINGUISHED JOURNALIST AND LIFE-LONG FRIEND OF MR. BEECHER.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

EDGEWOOD PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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PREFACE.

NO man alone can give to-day a final solution of Henry Ward Beecher's value to mankind, but all who knew and loved him can contribute from the richness of their memories of one who taught, aided, elevated his race during a half-century of unsurpassed activity.

A great writer says, "What we want to know about the person who is to counsel or lead us is, just what he is, and nobody can tell us so well as himself." With this idea in mind, I have gathered from various sources, public and private, such material as in Mr. Beecher's belief best photographed himself. His sermons, lectures and printed matter show one phase of his life, but in the multiplicity of private letters here published for the first time, written in many moods and in many climes, can be found pictures of the man, the friend, the home counsellor, which must of

necessity unveil this foremost American citizen in new and unexpected lights.

He was great in the pulpit and grand on the platform; but in the calm restfulness of private life he was sweet and helpful, a balm to wounded spirits, a cheer to the despondent, a sharer in the good or ill fortune of his friends.

That he had enemies, yes; that he had enmities, no. His enemies have had their day, and it is time now for his friends to speak. As one of his friends, to whom he showed affection when a boy, whom he counselled wisely in youth, whom he aided in manhood, for whom he ever had sentiments of regard and to whom he wrote concerning the inner workings of his head and heart, I find great satisfaction in doing what little I can to perpetuate the name and continue the fame of the wisest, heartiest, simplest great man I ever knew.

JOSEPH HOWARD, JR.

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I.

BEECHER'S BOYHOOD.

HENRY WARD BEECHER was a many-sided man.

Columns of eulogy, pamphlets of detraction, volumes of history have been and are yet to be published concerning him and his work, no two of which can by any possibility be made to agree absolutely, save in such portions as consist in pen pictures drawn by the subject himself, and sent in letters to friends, delivered in sermons to his church, or scattered broadcast on the wings of the press for the healing of the nations.

He was born in 1813; he died in 1887—a long period in which, as a rollicking boy, an enthusiastic youth, an impulsive man, an absorbed advocate, a fiery orator, the people's preacher, freedom's apostle, a venerable and venerated pastor, an old man, he lived so much, he accomplished so much, that to give a comprehensive, an accurate, an acceptable portraiture, until the calm reflections of at least a decade have brushed away prejudice and softened the exaggerations of affection, is a mental, moral and physical impossibility.

Nevertheless, this is the time when contemporaneous judgment and present memories of deeds and sayings which are rapidly drifting into history should be gathered and presented to a friendly public for correction, for revision, for addition, in order that when the occasion for an ultimate solution, and for a final placement of Henry Ward Beecher and the services he rendered in his day and generation shall have arrived, fact rather than fiction or legend, may be relied on.

Although it is not the intention of the present work to follow with any degree of particularity the cast-iron rules of biographic sketching, it may be doubted if there was ever a better illustration of the power of hereditary tendencies than that furnished by this most notable son of Lyman and Roxanna Foote Beecher, who was born in Litchfield, Conn., June 24, 1813. The "eccentricities" of Henry Ward Beecher are well known to this generation, because whatever he did or said in any way out of the usual course of affairs, was seized upon by reporters and made known to the world by the ever-ready press; but in them he was but a feeble reproduction of his venerable father, who, for more than half a century, kept himself and his denomination in hot water by deeds and utterances that were far more sensational and bewildering than any recorded of his son. The press, too, has embalmed the flowers of

BIRTHPLACE OF HENRY WARD BEECHER, LITCHFIELD, CONN.

rhetoric and the pictorial eloquence of the Beecher of yesterday, but scores of living witnesses arise to remind us that the elder Beecher was of all men most fervid in illustration, most fertile in graphic delineation, most effective in utterance.

Like his father, Henry Ward Beecher was a man of marked domestic habit.

He was the father of eight children—Henry Barton, Kate, George, Harriet B. Scoville, William Constantine, Herbert, Arthur Howard, and Alfred Bowen. His mother gave him his love of flowers, a refinement of thought and gentleness of bearing, which blended beautifully, as it contrasted strongly, with the physical strength, animal restlessness and rugged independence he inherited from the old man eloquent.

It was an eventful hour in Beecher's history when he received a letter inviting him to journey from Indianapolis to speak before the Home Missionary Society in the New York Tabernacle. He was then but a young man, green in all the ways of metropolitan life, and untried in all the work that was soon to be laid before him. He came, was heard, and remained at the post then and there prepared for him. In the three elements of his nature—mental, moral and physical—he was always a law unto himself, utterly unlike the rest of the world; so much so that a witty member of a critical staff once said the world was divided into three classes—men, women and the

Beechers. In justice to Henry Ward's peculiarities it must be recorded that all the members of his father's family were queer and Quixotic.

Lyman Beecher was called "the fiddling parson."

He was so full of magnetism and became so excited over his own discourses that he could not sleep at night until he had calmed himself down to an ordinary level by scraping the strings of his violin, and he frequently worked off his surplus enthusiasm by a double-shuffle on his kitchen floor. He was a theological fighter by taste and instinct. His father was a blacksmith, full of sound sense and greatly given to disputation. This habit Lyman Beecher inherited, and early in life he swung the sledge-hammer of assault against the vice of intemperance, until the country rang with the echoes of his blows. To Henry Ward was given a like tendency, and among his earliest efforts was a series of sermons against the prevalent vices of the people of the city in which he lived, that stirred the State of his adoption to its centre, and drew crowds to hear the clergyman who dared to call a spade a spade, and speak of a gambler and a drunkard as such in the house of God.

Some idea of the kind of training young Beecher had may be inferred from the fact that his father was an utterly impracticable and erratic person out of the pulpit, and that his mother, who

was refined and well balanced, had much of her time occupied in undoing the mischief her husband had done. For instance, Lyman Beecher once bought and sent home a bale of cotton simply because it was cheap, without any idea or plan for its use. His wife, at first discomfited, projected the unheard-of luxury of a carpet, carded and spun the cotton, hired it woven, cut and sewed it to fit the parlor, stretched and nailed it to the garret floor and brushed it over with thin paste. Then she went to her New York brother for oil-paints, learned from an encyclopædia how to prepare them, and ornamented the carpet with groups of flowers, imitating those in her small yard and garden. This illustrates at once the improvidence of the father and the useful and æsthetic turn of the mind of the mother, who seems to have had high ideals and great perseverance in attaining excellence under most unfavorable circumstances.

Lyman Beecher was passionately fond of children; his wife was not. They had thirteen, however, and the father, who married three times, chose his last wife after he was sixty years of age. Lyman Beecher was imaginative, impulsive and averse to hard study. His wife was calm and self-possessed, and solved mathematical problems not only for practical purposes, but because she enjoyed that kind of mental effort. Lyman Beecher was trained as a dialectician and felt that he excelled in argument, and yet his wife, without

any such training, he remarked, was the only person he had met that he felt was fully his equal in an argument. He had that kind of love for his children that moved him at times to caress and fondle them; she, on the contrary, did not care to nurse or tend them, although she was eminently benevolent and very tender and sympathetic. In other words, as the late Catherine Beecher once wrote, "My father seemed by natural organization to have what one usually deemed the natural traits of woman, while my mother had some of those which often are claimed to be the distinctive attributes of man."

Henry Ward's earliest years were impressed by the loving carelessness of his eccentric father and the simple devotion of his accomplished mother.

He was as shy as a wild rabbit.

When his mother died, he being but three years old, he wanted "to dig down and get to heaven, where" his "mamma" was. He responded to the caresses of his father, but could not understand the moody abstraction which claimed the preoccupied mind when next he ran to repeat the embrace. A second mother was equally admirable as a woman, but cast-iron in her methodical mode of life. He was greatly influenced by her, although she was never able to impart any of her orderliness and primness to either him or his brothers and sisters. That a

great-natured boy with such parentage should develop queerly is not to be wondered at. Added to this was the influence of his brothers and sisters: Catherine, a hard-headed, active, bustling women of marked character and determined convictions; Edward, an introspective dweller, a muser on the conflict of ages, odd in his person as Catherine herself, and absent-minded all the time; Harriet, later the wife of Professor Stowe, full of genius and blossoming with its eccentric ways; Charles, full of fun, a perfect bombshell of youthful indiscretion, and several others, all queer. With this start in life Henry Ward accredited his father with his keen sense of humor, his intellectual power, his robust body and his intense physical emotionalism.

No talent of his was buried in a napkin.

He used and never abused head and heart and body, and has left a world the better for his living, a nation the purer for his influence.

The boyhood of Beecher was a marked contrast to the boyhood of his own children, or, indeed, of any children in metropolitan life, concerning which his sister, the gifted author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," says: "There was then no child's literature; there were no children's books. The Sunday-school was yet an experiment, in a fluctuating, uncertain state of trial. There were no children's days of presents or *fêtes*, no Christmas or New Year's festivals. The annual Thanks-

giving was only associated with one day's unlimited range of pies of every sort—too much for one day, and too soon things of the past. The childhood of Henry Ward was unmarked by the possession of a single toy as a gift from any older person, or a single *fête*. Very early, too, strict duties devolved upon him. A daily portion of the work of the establishment, the care of the domestic animals, the cutting and piling of wood, or tasks in the garden, strengthened his muscles and gave vigor and tone to his nerves. From his father and mother he inherited a perfectly solid, healthy organization of brain, muscle and nerves, and the uncaressing, let-alone system, under which he was brought up, gave him early habits of vigor and reliance." And he, in speaking of it, says: "I think I was about as well brought up as most children, because I was let alone. My father was so busy, and my mother had so many other children to look after, that, except here and there, I hardly came under the parental hand at all. I was brought up in a New England village, and I knew where the sweet-flag was, where the hickory trees were, where the chestnut trees were, where the sassafras trees were, where the squirrels were, where all those things were that boys enterprise after; therefore, I had a world of things to do; and so I did not come much in contact with family government."

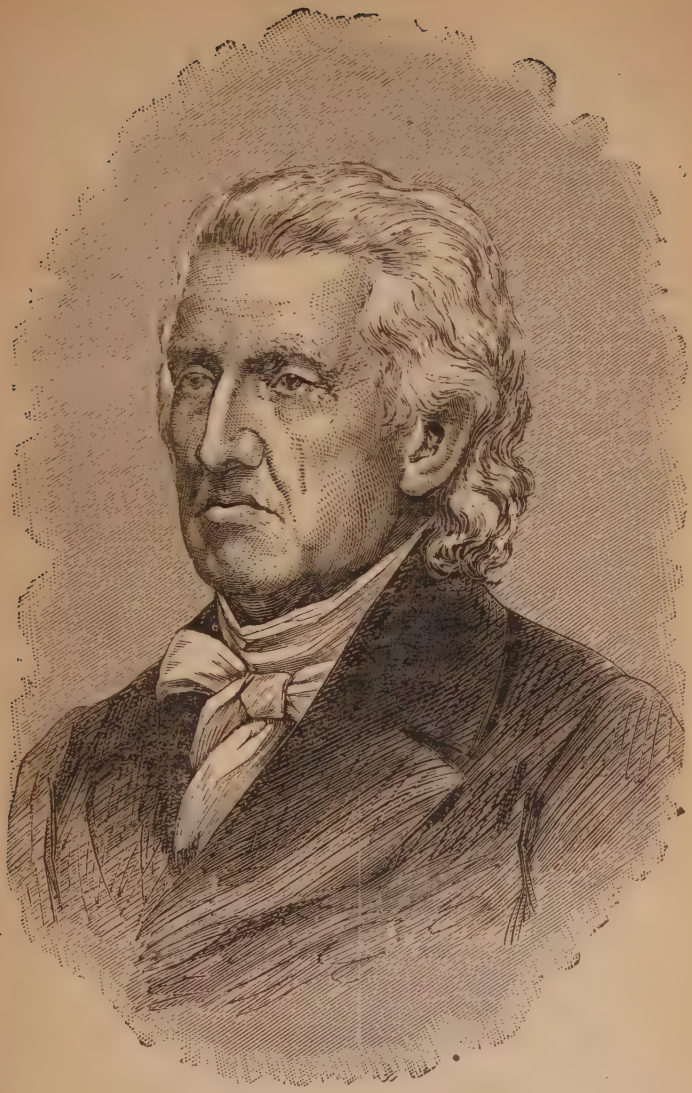
Other domestic testimony paints him as an af-

fectionate romp, grateful for every manifestation of recognition even, and his sister Catherine, in many respects the brainiest of that brainy family, wrote of him at the time: "Henry is a very good boy, and we think him a remarkably interesting child, and he grows dearer to us every day. He is very affectionate and seems to love his father with all his heart. His constant prattle is a great amusement to us all. He often speaks of his sister Harriet, and wishes spring to come so that she might come home and go to school with him."

Although it is evident from what he said himself, time and time again, as well as from what was written of the father and mother by the other brothers and sisters when speaking of Henry Ward, that Lyman Beecher was preoccupied with theologic thought, giving but little personal attention to his home or his children, so far as government went, and that the time as well as the health of Mrs. Beecher was well occupied and well tried in the cares of domesticity, yet it is equally clear that Henry longed for the petting of a father and the caress of a mother, and that he studied both father and mother, regarding them from a point of view familiar to very few children, with the moodiness of wonder and to a certain degree of awe. That he studied his father is shown in a sentence: "I never saw my father do a thing that had duplicity in it in my life." That he wanted to retain as much of his mother as was possible is

shown by what he said to his sister Catherine at the time of his mother's death, of wnich Mrs. Stowe writes: "They told us at one time that she had been laid in the ground, at another that she had gone to heaven; whereupon Henry, putting the two things together, resolved to dig through the ground and go to heaven to find her; for, being discovered under sister Catherine's window one morning, digging with great zeal and earnestness, she called to him to know what he was doing; and, lifting his curly head with great simplicity, he answered, 'Why, I'm going to heaven to find ma.'"

In all his after life his mother, her face, her temper, her abounding love, her patience, her kindness, her purity, her goodness, along every line of family development, were constantly used as illustrations in his writings and in his sermons. No three illustrations utilized by him in various ways hundreds of times during his pastorate of forty years, are so familiar to his vast congregation, as that of the tree, with its root, its trunk, its branches and its twigs; that of the old colored man as he sang at his work, while chopping wood in his father's wood-shed; and that of maternal love, with its self-sacrifice, its all-absorbing devotion. "Who," said he, "who can measure the wealth of blessing that there is in father and mother to children? Do you know why so often I speak what must seem to some of you rhapsody



REV. LYMAN BEECHER.

of women? It is because I had a mother, and if I were to live a thousand years I could not express what seems to me to be the least that I owe to the fact that I had a mother. Three years old was I, when singing she left me, and sung on to heaven, where she sings evermore. I have only such a remembrance of her as you have of the clouds of ten years ago—faint, evanescent; and yet caught by imagination, and fed by that which I have heard of her, and by what my father's thought and feeling of her were, it has come to be so much to me that no devout Catholic ever saw so much in the Virgin Mary as I have seen in my mother, who has been a presence to me ever since I can remember. And I can never say enough for woman for my mother's sake, for my sisters' sake, for the sake of them that have gathered in the days of my infancy around about me, in return for what they have interpreted to me of the beauty of holiness, of the fulness of love, and of the heavenliness of those elements from which we are to interpret heaven itself. No child of Christian parents can ever measure the weight of the gratitude which he owes to the father and the mother that not only took care of him, but taught him what He meant when He said, 'Our Father, who art in heaven.' How powerful should be this reflex influence, then, of the truth symbolized, hidden, in this opening portion of the Lord's prayer. . . Oh, that it could have been so in days past! My

mother died when I was but a small child, and I do not remember to have ever seen her face. And as there was no pencil that could afford to limn her, I have never seen a likeness of her. Would to God that I could see some picture of my mother. No picture that hangs on prince's wall, or in gallery, would I not give, if I might choose, for a faithful portrait of my mother. Give me that above all other pictures under God's canopy."

All testimony goes to show that as a boy Beecher was fond of out-door sports, that his exuberant nature, his sturdy, healthful physique, sought vent in exercise of extremest vigor. To plunge in the pool, to buffet with the water, to race across the fields, to slide full-tilt down the great hills in winter time, to climb trees and shake the chestnut boughs, to romp and frolic and wrestle with his companions, to do everything that a bright-eyed, strong and happy boy could do, these were the simple incidents which, combined, led him through his youthful day and gave him full enjoyment of nature's sweet restorer in the night. Those were the days of flogging, of dark closets, of penitential abstinence from food; those were the days when fathers emphasized the rigor of parental law with a frowning face and a hickory switch. No wonder that this many-sided boy, with an affectionate nature, full of loving impulses, mischievous, up to all sorts and kinds of boyish tricks, fond of a joke, quick to take a point,

developed somewhat moodily. He was not an apt student of books; very few boys of that age are; but he did study his father's face, he did curiously scan the shadows in his mother's eyes. In speaking of his father in one of his sermons, Mr. Beecher said: "I recollect that, when a child, I mistook his appearance, when talking with persons that came to see him, as inconsistent with his after-state of feeling when they had gone away. I did not understand simple prudence; and it looked as though father was one thing before their faces and another thing behind their backs. It distressed me exceedingly. Except in that one instance, a cloud or a shadow never passed over my mind with regard to my father's integrity. I believed it impossible for him to think an untruth, and still less possible for him to tell one. And my mother was the law of purity and the law of honor. Therefore, I did not need much teaching on these subjects."

What a volume in that simple sentence!

Some years ago Mr. Beecher was asked to give some reminiscences of his early life, and he did so in the portraiture which is reproduced here as the best obtainable photograph. "My dear mother—not she that gave me birth, but she that brought me up; she that did the office-work of a mother, if ever a mother did; she that, according to her ability, performed to the uttermost her duties—was a woman of profound veneration,

rather than of a warm and loving nature. Therefore, her prayer was invariably a prayer of deep, yearning reverence. I remember well the impression which it made on me. There was a mystic influence about it. A sort of sympathetic hold it had on me; but still, I always felt, when I went to prayer, as though I was going into a crypt, where the sun was not allowed to come; and I shrunk from it.

"The prayer of a poor man on my father's farm was of precisely the opposite character, and impressed me in precisely the opposite way. He used alternatively to pray and sing and laugh, pray and sing and laugh, pray and sing and laugh. He had a little room, in one corner of which I had a little cot; and I used to lie and see him attend to his devotions. They were a regular thing. Every night he would set his candle at the head of his bed and pray and sing and laugh. And I bear record that his praying made a profound impression upon my mind. I never thought whether it was right or wrong. I only thought, 'How that man does enjoy it! What enjoyment there must be in such prayer as his!' I gained from that man more of an idea of the desirableness of prayer than I ever did from my father or mother. My father was never an ascetic; he had no sympathy with anything of a monkish tendency; and yet this poor man, more than he, led me to see that there should be real overflowing glad-

ness and thanksgiving in prayer. I learned to envy Charles Smith, although I was a hundred degrees higher than he in society. I learned to feel that I was the pauper and he was the rich man. I would gladly have changed situations with him, if by so doing I could have obtained his grace and his hope of heaven. I believe he rejoices in heaven now.

"My mother—she who, in the providence of God, took me into her heart when my own mother had gone to see her Father in heaven—she who came after, and was most faithful to the charge of the children in the household—she often took me, and prayed with me, and read me the Word of God, and expounded to me the way of duty, and did all that seemed to her possible, I know, to make it easy for me to become a religious child; and yet there have been times when I think it would have been easier for me to lay my hand on a block, and have it struck off, than to open my thoughts to her, when I longed to open them to some one. How often have I started to go to her and tell her my feelings, when fear has caused me to sheer off, and abandon my purpose. My mind would open like a rose-bud, but, alas, fear would hold back the blossom. How many of my early religious pointings fell like an over-drugged rose-bud, without a blossom.

"My father used to make me believe that the end of the rod that he held in his hand was a

great deal more painful to him than the end which I felt was to me. It was a strange mystery to me, but I did believe it; and it seemed a great deal worse to me to be whipped on that account. I used to think that if he would not talk to me, but would whip me, I could stand it a good deal better. So I could have stood it better, and not been benefited. For a child is not whipped till the sensation goes to the heart and touches the feeling. But when my father made me cry by talking to me, and then whipped me, and then made me cry by talking to me again, I thought it was too bad. And yet it was the right way.

"I think, as I look back and reflect upon the special acts which brought me into discipline, that, though perhaps I had better been punished, for nine out of ten of them I was not really to blame. I do not mean that there was not a certain element of wrong in them; but, considering how little a child knows, how weak and imperfect his reason is, what is the force of social sympathy upon him, and how liable he is to mistakes in judgment, I do not think much blame could have been attached to me.

"I recollect being banished from the gallery in my father's church, to sit in which was the height of my ambition. The pews were square. My father's was right under the pulpit. I did not, I believe, more than once or twice, see my father in the pulpit till I was of age and had gone away from

home, because we had the minister's pew, in which I was always compelled to sit. The top of it was a foot higher than my head, and the sides were as straight as a plummet could make them. And, sitting there, I was expected to listen to the sermon, and hear every word, from a man I could not see! And when I put my hands up, some little rollers that were attached to the pew would make a noise. It was the only agreeable sound that I recollect in those days to have heard in the sanctuary.

"I remember perfectly well, when I was thus brought up in that inland village, and in that inland church, with a kind of mechanical government extending over me, all my sensations, all my little thoughts, all the little ranges of imagination through which my mind passed; and judging from them, from my own children, and from the children of my parish, I cannot but feel that of the faults that I committed, the greatest number of them were such as were inevitable to my time of life, and to the development that had taken place in my moral constitution, and that they did not indicate obliquity or depravity at all in the worse sense of the term, but simply and merely inexperience. Yet I was sometimes punished for them.

"For instance, after having been imprisoned in that pew for a long time, I desired to sit with the singers. My mother, in a day of unexpected

grace, gave me permission, with many and multiplied charges of proper conduct; and I went into the gallery with all the virtue of a dozen deacons, determined to behave well, and to earn the right of sitting there. Yes, men and angels should see that I conducted myself becomingly. But as I sat there, a martyr of propriety, on a hard seat, one of the roguish boys of the neighborhood gave me a shove, and pushed me off on the floor and tore my coat. When I went home the hole in my coat was espied, and my mother said, 'Henry, how came that hole there?' I resolved in my mind what I should say. I wanted to tell her that it was not my fault; and I thought I used the words that would convey that idea when I said, 'Oh, mother, it was done in fun.' I did not know what the meaning of fun was; but I found out! and I was not allowed for years afterward to go into that gallery where in fun I had torn my coat, though there was not a person in the church that put forth half the effort that I did to behave. And it was only my want of a knowledge of language that brought me into disgrace.

"I remember being very mad once, when I was a boy. I went out to the south side of the house, and, unable to hold in any longer, I said 'damn it!' In a minute the sky looked to me like copper. I thought that my soul was gone forever. The idea that I had sworn produced a terrible impression upon me. It was the first time I had ever done it.

I was brought up to look upon profanity with utter abhorrence, and I was frightened almost out of my wits. I really expected that the house would fall on me, or that the earth would open and let me down. In my terror I started to run, and I clipped it to the kitchen quicker than I had ever done it before. The sweat stood out on me in great drops. I felt the shock all over.

"I very well remember going back, after having arrived at years of manhood, to the school-house where I did not receive my early education. I measured the stones which, in my childhood, it seemed that a giant could not lift, and I could almost turn them over with my foot! I measured the trees which seemed to loom up to the sky, wondrously large, but they had shrunk, grown shorter, and outspread narrower. I looked into the old school-house, and how small the whittled benches and the dilapidated tables were, compared with my boyhood impression of them! I looked over the meadows across which my little toddling feet had passed. They had once seemed to me to be broad fields, but now, but narrow ribbons lying between the house and the water. I marvelled at the apparent change which had taken place in these things, and thought what a child I must have been when they seemed to me to be things of great importance. The school-ma'am—oh, what a being I thought she was! and the school-master—how awe-struck I was at his presence!

So looking and wistfully remembering, I said to myself, 'Well, one bubble has broken.' But when you shall stand above, and look back with celestial and clarified vision upon this world—this rickety old school-house, earth—it will seem smaller to you, than to me that old village school."

Aside from the rude teachings of a country school, Henry learned all he knew of books—until he entered Amherst College in 1830, when he was seventeen years old—in a private school in the town of Bethlehem, where instruction amounted to little more than a permit to swim in the brooks and romp in the fields, and in his sisters' school in Hartford, where there were forty girls and no other boy beside himself.

He got most of his instruction at home. His father's house was the head-quarters of theological disputation, and many a battle was waged across the hospitable board, while big-eyed children listened to that which no one could explain. Modest and retiring in his manner, Henry regarded attentively the teachings of his step-mother; but the one result in those days was to plant the seed of wonder and inquisitiveness, which grew up and bore marvellous fruit in later days. A brief period in the Boston Latin School prepared Henry Ward for college, and he entered without trouble. The obtainable record of his experience there does not show brilliantly nor compare favorably with that of scores of men

who have lived unnoticed and died unsung. In mathematics alone he was proficient, a fact which stands out clearly and strangely when it is remembered that in later life he was a perfect child in figures, and could never keep the simplest account with any degree of accuracy. In public references to these days of endeavor, Mr. Beecher often said that he owed his inspiration for manly living to three persons—his dead mother, whose spirit seemed ever near him as a guardian angel; a negro servant, who chopped wood and sung hymns in his father's shed; and the professor of mathematics in Amherst College.

He did not study hard in college.

He much preferred the excitement of debates, the cheer of the river through the meadows, the singing of birds, and out-door sports, in which he was an adept. That he was a natural, born orator is unquestioned, but his shyness so thoroughly controlled him that, when a student for a brief time in Mount Pleasant, just before he entered college, his teacher was compelled to reason, plead and almost use force with him to induce him to "speak a piece" in the presence of his fellows. Gradually that bashfulness wore away, and when he entered college he brought the reputation of a ready and graceful speaker. At that early age he had acquired a taste for physical and physiological science. He was fond of reading in a desultory way, and although his habits

were not formed and his tastes were crude, he made the acquaintance of classic writers whose sturdy and vigorous English was to him at once an object of admiration and a lesson.

The doubts and fears which were born in the wide-awake nature of this boy, developed by the Calvinistic teaching of his father and the gravity of his mother's mien at all times were as much part and parcel of his make-up as were the externalities of his physique. To them, to his desire to attain the right to understand the unattainable, rather than to caprice or instability, must be credited the evolutionary ideas, thrown out so freely during the latter portion of his ministry.

Why, even here in his eighteenth year, while a boy in college, he was in the dark.

The doctrine of Christ, the doctrine of Christ's love, the doctrine of God the Father overflowing with the love of a father toward his children, good or bad, which permeated his preaching from his earliest years to his last, and never so significantly as in the last, was something of which the boy had never heard, and which the young man in college longed for with unutterable longings, although in ignorance of what he wished.

When it came, it changed the world.

When it came, all nature assumed a different look.

Read what he says of it himself: "I was a child of teaching and of prayer; I was reared in the

household of faith; I knew the catechism, as it was taught; I was instructed in the Scriptures as they were expounded from the pulpit and read by men; and yet, till after I was twenty-one years old, I groped without the knowledge of God in Christ Jesus. I know not what the tablets of eternity have written down, but I think that when I stand in Zion and before God, the brightest thing which I shall look back upon will be that blessed morning of May, when it pleased God to reveal to my wandering soul the idea that it was His nature to love a man in his sins for the sake of helping him out of them; that He did not do it out of compliment to Christ, or to a law, or a plan of salvation, but from the fulness of His great heart; that He was a Being not made mad by sin, but sorry; that He was not furious with wrath toward the sinner, but pitied him; in short, that He felt toward me as my mother felt toward me, to whose eyes my wrong-doings brought tears; who never pressed me so close to her as when I had done wrong, and who would fain, with her yearning love, lift me out of trouble. And when I found that Jesus Christ had such a disposition, and that when His disciples did wrong He drew them closer to Him than He did before; and when pride, and jealousy, and rivalry, and all vulgar and worldly feelings rankled in their bosoms, He opened his heart to them as a medicine to heal these infirmities; when I found that it was Christ's

nature to lift men out of weakness into strength, out of impurity to goodness, out of everthing low and debasing to superiority, I felt that I had found a God.

"I shall never forget the feelings with which I walked forth that May morning.

"The golden pavements will never feel to my feet as then the grass felt to them; and the singing of the birds in the woods—for I roamed in the woods—was cacophonous to the sweet music of my thoughts; and there were no forms in the universe which seemed to me graceful enough to represent the Being, a conception of whose character had just dawned upon my mind. I felt, when I had, with the Psalmist, called upon the heavens, the earth, the mountains, the streams, the floods, the birds, the beasts, and universal being to praise God, that I had called upon nothing that could praise Him enough for the revelation of such a nature as that in the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Time went on, and next came the disclosure of a Christ ever present with me—a Christ that never was far from me, but was always near me, as a companion and friend, to uphold and sustain me. This was the last and best revelation of God's Spirit to my soul. It is what I consider to be the culminating work of God's grace in a man; and no man is a Christian until he has experienced it. I do not mean that a man cannot be a

good man till then; but he has not got to Jerusalem till the gate has been opened to him, and he has seen the King sitting in His glory, with love to him individually. It is only when the soul measures itself down deep, and says: 'I am all selfish, and proud, and weak, and easy to be tempted to wrong. I have a glimmering sense of the right, and to-day I promise God that I will follow it; but to-morrow I turn the promise into sin. To-day I lift myself up with resolutions, but to-morrow I sink down with discouragement. There is nothing in me that is good. From the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, I am full of wounds and bruises and putrefying sores'—it is only when the soul measures itself thus, and when it sees rising up against this conviction of its own unworthiness the Divine declarations, 'I have loved thee; I am thy God; I have called thee by my name; thou art mine; and I will be thy salvation'—it is only then that a man has passed through death to life, from darkness to light, from sorrow to joy."

After leaving college in 1834, which he did without any marked honors or reputation, Beecher entered Lane Seminary, near Cincinnati, Ohio, where his venerable father was president. His vocation had then been decided on. In fact, good old Lyman Beecher, who was then waging fierce Presbyterian battle with characteristic vigor, had known from the first that Henry was to be a cler-

gyman. Indeed, that any son of his should be anything but a minister had never entered the old gentleman's mind. All his sons were brought up with the knowledge that they were foreordained to be clergymen, and although two of them, Henry and James, had for a time other views in life, they eventually joined hands with the rest. In the seminary Henry made a deep impression on the faculty and his fellow-students by his oratorical excellence. His father was surprised that he took so little interest in the battle of the Presbyterians, and looked with some doubt on the future usefulness of his son. Nevertheless he was proud of his abilities and did all he could to ground him in the faith of his fathers. This was a difficult task, and caused the old gentleman many an anxious night, for to him the doctrines were firm and steadfast, and any questioning that tended to unsettle them, or any one of them, was heresy a little less than blasphemy.

Heresy or not, blasphemous or not, the questions came unbidden. Here it was that mighty problems wrestled for supremacy in his mind. Here it was that in vain he attempted to separate the antagonists, that he might solve the one and the other to the satisfaction of his conscience. The seed which subsequently bore superb fruit, and made his Plymouth pastorate a rose blossoming in the great desert of agnosticism, began to nestle in the warmth of his heart. It was impos-

HENRY WARD BEECHER AT TWENTY-FIVE.

sible for the young man, filled with love for his fellows, to accept, without a murmur at least, the character of his Heavenly Father as pictured by venerable divines, who quibbled among themselves as to the minor concerns of spiritual life, the details of ordinance and the refinement of procedure, while agreeing upon the solid, fundamental rock of predestination and foreordination to everlasting peace or eternal punishment.

But Henry entertained a wholesome fear of his father. He disliked more than anything to appear for an instant to traverse the paternal belief, or oppose his father's will; to add an atom of distress to one bearing himself so gallantly in the midst of a conflict so terrible.

So he pondered alone. In the watches of the night his mind went out searching for new light. His great heart, surcharged with an honest desire to do what was right, what was fair, what was honest, literally bled as it pushed from point to point seeking a rest that was not obtainable.

Is it difficult to imagine Henry Ward Beecher depressed? Not for those who knew him and loved him. Not for those who watched and carefully studied him. Not for those who companioned him with comradic fidelity through the vales and deep depths of trouble in later years. That very refinement of temperament, that nicety of moral sense, that great-heartedness looking toward the good of his fellow-man, high or low, rich or poor,

which made him so tremendous a force in vital affairs, made him also a victim of melancholia.

He was subject to periods of brooding.

He wondered, he discussed with himself as he walked the streets, as he sailed the ocean, as he lay upon the green sward of his Peekskill home. Just so he did when a young man, and it may be doubted if, in the stormy cycles of his later life, when the very tree of his existence seemed likely to be torn ruthlessly from its home by the roots and thrown out upon the broad current of a reckless stream, he suffered as much, as keenly and as intensely as he did in the early day of his outreaching toward light, when as a student his moral nature, asserting itself, rebelled against the teaching of his father and the old school philosophers.

What did he do?

He did what all men do in times of perplexity. He sought change; he endeavored, when overcome by doubts and fears, and perplexed by problems he could not solve, to change the current of his thought into other channels.

Already a good speaker, with ideas, opportunity was offered him to write for an anti-slavery paper in Cincinnati, and it was just his luck to strike that line of work at a time when the country was wild with excitement, when the whole nation was in arms, one side or other of the slavery line; and Ohio, as well as all the then "boundary States,"

was tumultuous and prone to riot. Full of vigorous enthusiasm he jumped into the arena well equipped, but not well disciplined, and fought with all the eagerness of a new recruit making his mark, so that he quickly became recognized as a foremost soldier in the army of which he subsequently was an honored leader.

But was that plan successful?

Partially, but not entirely.

It was not until his brother-in-law, the venerable Calvin E. Stowe, took him in hand and enabled him, as Mrs. Stowe says, to "present Jesus Christ personally as the friend and helper of humanity, Christ as God impersonate, eternal, and by a necessity of his nature helpful and remedial and restorative; the friend of each individual soul, and thus the friend of all society," that the door was opened through which he entered upon a ministry to close only with his life, a ministry on which his soul rested as the worthiest possible object of his constant endeavor.

II.

HIS WESTERN PASTORATE.

THAT any son of Lyman Beecher could remain long uncalled to a pastorate was not then likely. So in 1837, when he was twenty-four years of age, Henry Ward Beecher became the pastor of an Independent Presbyterian Church in Lawrenceburg, Ind. He had previously met, wooed, won and married Miss Eunice Bullard, a daughter of Rev. Dr. Bullard, a lady slightly older than himself. Miss Bullard was well born and bred, as the children of Presbyterian clergymen generally are. To an unusually acute wit she united physical and emotional power of rare development. Her energetic nature was a needed complement to the careless dreaminess of the young preacher, and in all his early life she was the spur and director of his affairs. Children followed in quick succession, as they did in the family of Dr. Lyman Beecher; poor pay, hard work, cheap living, constant drudgery did their duty, and before middle age was reached the wife was apparently worn out, and became a nervous, fitful woman.

HENRY WARD BEECHER AT FORTY

In the two years of his Lawrenceburg pastorate Mr. Beecher made his mark.

As a preacher he was eloquent; as an orthodox teacher he was not over-zealous; as a sympathizing pastor he was of average merit only. His meetings were well attended and he made himself felt. His personal magnetism was great, the flush of vigorous health was in his veins, and he stirred up the dry bones of his neighborhood to such a degree that the attention of a wider circle was attracted, and he was called to take charge of a similar church in Indianapolis, the capital of the State. Here he narrowly escaped being switched off on another and very different track. A new railroad was projected and a superintendent was to be chosen. A bank president, who was one of the chief directors, had been greatly impressed by the go-ahead manner and zeal of the young parson, and, concluding that he was possessed of the qualities that would make him a firstrate railroad official, proposed his name. The contest was close; Beecher lost by one vote, and thus the railroad interest of the West was spared the disgrace of pulling from the American platform the man who has done the most to make that platform famous.

Of his pastorate in Lawrenceburg Mr. Beecher says: "Where I first settled in the ministry the ground was low and subject to overflow, some-

times from the Big Miami, sometimes from the Ohio, and sometimes from both. The houses that were built in the early days of poverty were low; and generally twice a year, in the autumn, and in the spring when the snow melted on the mountains, the Ohio came booming down and overflowed, and men were obliged to emigrate. They found themselves driven out of their houses. Their cellars were submerged, and frequently the lower stories of their dwellings would fill with water, and they betook themselves to the table-land, a little back, in boats.

"I go back now to my ministry. I have got to begin to talk about myself as an old man, before long. I have been, thus far, talking as though I were young, but I find that I am remembering back too far for that, when I go back to the time when I first became the pastor of a church. It was twenty years ago. I remember that the flock which I first gathered in the wilderness consisted of twenty persons, Nineteen of them were women, and the other was nothing. I remember the days of our poverty, our straitness. I was sexton of my own church at that time. There were no lamps there, so I bought some; and I filled them and lit them. I swept the church, and lighted my own fire. I did not ring the bell, because there was none to ring. I opened the church before prayer-meetings and preaching, and locked it when they were over.

I took care of everything connected with the building. And do I not remember every one of those faces? I think there were but two persons among them that did not earn their daily living by actual work; and these were not wealthy, they were only in moderate circumstances. We were all poor together. And to the day of my death I never shall forget one of those faces, or hear one of those names spoken, without having excited in my mind the warmest remembrances. Some of them I venerate, and the memory of some has been precious as well as fruitful of good to me down to this hour."

In 1839 Mr. Beecher was called to Indianapolis, where he made friends in several new circles. His church was small and his ministrations at first were held in a room in the second story of the town academy. As the son of Lyman Beecher he was accorded a courteous welcome, but it was not long ere he was esteemed and followed for his individual merit.

Here too, in a sense, he began to live.

Hitherto he had been little more than a home missionary, and indeed he was for some time a beneficiary on the books of the Home Missionary Society. His entire income was less than $300 nominally, and part of that was paid in corn, potatoes and other products of the soil. When he needed a house to live in, he hauled the logs. His neighbors aided him to put it up. The white-

wash and paint he attended to himself. The rapidity with which his children followed each other and the malarial condition of the section in which he lived broke down the strong constitution of his faithful wife, and, as they were unable to pay a servant, threw on him the domestic drudgery. He chopped the wood, drew the water, peeled the potatoes, cooked the food, served it, washed the dishes and cleaned up the house. When sickness necessitated frequent washings of soiled clothes, it was he who did the work. Part of the time he did double duty, and rode twenty miles through the woods and across the prairies to the log school-house in which service was held, preached, rode back again, cooked the dinner, preached in his own church, returned to nurse his sick wife and attend to the children, got the supper and spent the evening in the prayer-meeting. At times he was so poor that an unpaid letter, on which eighteen or twenty cents were due, remained in the post-office with news from the East, uncalled for because he did not have the money with which to pay the postage.

Added to the poverty of his pocket, the incessant drain of his sympathy at home, the continuous necessity of physical toil in the house, the garden and the wood-shed, and the preparation of his sermons, was a doubt, an uncertainty in his beliefs. The little cloud, small as a man's hand, that frightened him when a boy, made him

gloomy when in college and shadowed him in his first charge, now assumed vast proportions.

He was all afloat.

All that kept him from sinking—humanly speaking—was his own honest expression of doubt.

Had he kept it to himself and brooded over it in secret he might have been carried over the falls of infidelity or gone to the fool's refuge—suicide. But Beecher was then, as always, open-mouthed. What he felt, thought or knew, he told. Secretiveness was never fairly developed in his nature.

He never could keep a secret.

He made friends readily, and the last person with him invariably knew his mind. He was easily deceived, for although he had constant experience in human strengths and human weaknesses, he was by nature confiding and trustful. Truthful himself, it was next to impossible to persuade him that any one would be false in speech or inference to him. He knew all about wickedness in general, but special cases bothered him. When doubts assailed him, instead of taking them to his study he used them as illustrations in the pulpit. If he questioned the possibility of forgiveness of sin, he became the example. It was his breast that he beat, his doubt he asserted, his fears he expressed. In picturing the estate of a lost soul, the imagery lost nothing of its power by

a personal application. Enthusiastic in everything, from the culture of a flower to the worship of his Saviour, Mr. Beecher carried his zealous search for remedies in this state of doubt to the extremity of his passionate nature.

Crowds attended his preaching.

Waves of religious feeling carried all classes of people before them. The State of Indiana was in an uproar. The Presbyterian Churches looked on amazed. Dr. Lyman Beecher thanked God that he had given him such a son, and in the same breath beseeched Him to guide him, lest he should fall. The legislature sat in Indianapolis, and in its train followed the evils that generally accompany the camp-followers. Intemperance, gambling and kindred vices were rampant in the place.

Everybody knew it.

The sores affected the entire body politic.

The members of the legislature knew it as well as the rest, and winked at it like the rest. This seemed to Beecher a fair target. He announced a series of lectures to young men, and delivered them in his church. The feeling engendered by them was intense. Those who were hit were indignant. All classes went to hear them, and before they were concluded a revival arose that swept the city.

The lectures to young men were seven in number on the following subjects: "Industry and

Idleness," "Twelve Causes of Dishonesty," "Six Warnings," "The Portrait Gallery," "Gamblers and Gambling," "The Strange Woman," and "Popular Amusements." In one sense crude, these lectures were sketched with the hand of a master. The advice and important warnings given to young men were emphasized with marked fidelity, and produced an unusual effect. Avoiding the abstract or formal, he pointed out the evils and advantages which surround the young vividly; his thought was bold and original, his expression independent. It was the judgment of the best critics of the time that his warnings were not only attractive but profitable; and while it might well have been judged that it would be difficult to find in lectures of that nature anything new, the peculiarity of the garb in which the author presented them made them exceedingly attractive. It has often been asked how he could reconcile his subsequent friendship for actors of distinction, and his subsequent visits to theatres on occasions of notable productions, with the tremendous indictments drawn in his lectures to which reference is made.

The lectures were delivered in 1840.

Mr. Beecher died in 1887.

In that great stretch of time, nearly a full half of a century, that must forever stand monumental among its fellows, everything changed, and it would be odd and sad indeed if the Church alone

should refuse to profit by the advancement of science, the progress of art, and the general upliftment of the people of the earth from the sloughs of ignorance toward the plane of independence, of self-support, and therefore self-respect.

But enough of that.

The lectures were part and parcel of the man.

Industrious himself, he abhorred the idler. Happy in his own hearty industry, he pitied those who were slaves to idleness. In his judgment industry was a substitute for genius, and on that point the following unveils a suggestion of humor which will be enjoyed by all who remember how frequently the great preacher relieved tediousness by flashes of wit, whether in the pulpit or on the platform. Concerning industry as a substitute for genius, he says: "Where one or more faculties exist in the highest state of development and activity, as the faculty of music in Mozart, invention in Fulton, ideality in Milton, we call their possessor a genius. But a genius is usually understood to be a creature of such rare facility of mind, that he can do anything without labor. According to the popular notion, he learns without study, and knows without learning. He is eloquent without preparation; exact without calculation; and profound without reflection. While ordinary men toil for knowledge by reading, by comparison, and by minute research, a genius is

supposed to receive it as the mind receives dreams; his mind is like a vast cathedral, through whose colored windows the sunlight streams, painting the aisles with the varied colors of brilliant pictures.

"Such minds may exist.

"So far as my observations have ascertained the species, they abound in academies, colleges, and Thespian societies; in village debating clubs; in coteries of young artists and among young professional aspirants. They are to be known by a reserved air, excessive sensitiveness, and utter indolence; by very long hair, and very open shirt-collars; by the reading of much wretched poetry, and the writing of much, yet more wretched; by being very conceited, very affected, very disagreeable, and very useless—beings whom no man wants for friend, pupil, or companion. In the ordinary business of life, industry can do anything which genius can do; and very many things which it cannot. Genius is usually impatient of application, irritable, scornful of men's dulness, squeamish at petty disgusts. It loves a conspicuous place, a short work, and a large reward. It loathes the sweat of toil, the vexations of life, and the dull burden of care.

"Industry has a finer muscle, is less annoyed by delays and repulses, and, like water, bends itself to the shape of the soil over which it flows; and if checked, will not rest, but accumulates, and

mines a passage beneath, or seeks a side-race, or rises above and overflows the obstruction. What genius performs at one impulse, industry gains by a succession of blows. In ordinary matters they differ only in rapidity of execution, and are upon one level before men, who see the result but not the process.

"It is admirable to know that those things which, in skill, in art, and in learning, the world has been unwilling to let die, have not only been the conceptions of genius, but the products of toil. The masterpieces of antiquity, as well in literature as in art, are known to have received their extreme finish from an almost incredible continuance of labor upon them. I do not remember a book in all the departments of learning, nor a scrap in literature, nor a work in all the schools of art, from which its author has derived a permanent renown, that is not known to have been long and patiently elaborated. Genius needs industry, as much as industry needs genius. If only Milton's imagination could have conceived his visions, his consummate industry only could have carved the immortal lines which enshrine them. If only Newton's mind could reach out to the secrets of nature, even his could only do it by the homeliest toil. The works of Bacon are not midsummer-night dreams, but, like coral islands, they have risen from the depths of truth, and formed their broad surfaces above the ocean by the minutest

accretions of persevering labor. The conceptions of Michael Angelo would have perished like a night's phantasy, had not his industry given them permanence."

At another time, when lecturing on the "Causes of Dishonesty," he drew a portrait of a well-known statesman as follows: "A corrupt public sentiment produces dishonesty. A public sentiment in which dishonesty is not disgraceful, in which bad men are respectable, are trusted, are honored, are exalted—is a curse to the young. The fever of speculation, the universal derangement of business, the growing laxness of morals, is, to an alarming extent, introducing such a state of things. Men of notorious immorality, whose dishonesty is flagrant, whose private habits would disgrace the ditch, are powerful and popular. I have seen a man stained with every sin, except those which required courage, into whose head I do not think a pure thought has entered for forty years; in whose heart an honorable feeling would droop for very loneliness;—in evil he was ripe and rotten; hoary and depraved in deed, in word, in his present life and in all his past; evil when by himself, and viler among men; corrupting to the young;—to domestic fidelity, a recreant; to common honor, a traitor; to honesty, an outlaw; to religion, a hypocrite;—base in all that is worthy of man, and accomplished in whatever is disgraceful. And yet this wretch could go where he would;

enter good men's dwellings, and purloin their votes. Men would curse him, yet obey him; hate him and assist him; warn their sons against him, and lead them to the polls for him. A public sentiment which produces ignominious knaves cannot breed honest men."

And from a passage in another portion of the same lecture it will be seen that the present decade is not singular in a certain line of financial developments: "Absconding agents, swindling schemes, and defalcations, occurring in such melancholy abundance, have at length ceased to be wonders, and rank with the common accidents of fire and flood. The budget of each week is incomplete without its runaway cashier, its thief and defaulter; and as waves which roll to the shore are lost in those which follow on, so the villanies of each week obliterate the record of the last."

One would almost think this to be an extract from an editorial of the papers of to-day.

At that time, as now, there was a languid interest felt in the condition of our Indians, and then, as later, there were occasional suggestions in the papers, and utterances by missionaries from the Far West, which would seem to indicate that all was not well with them, and of course then, as ever, the sympathy of the young preacher, like the heart-throb of the old preacher, was always in the interest of the under-dog; so, utilizing an oc-

casion when the vast legislative hall was packed, the governor and the senators and the representatives and all the wealth and influence of the State were gathered together, he said: "Behemoth is seen lurking among the Indian savages, and bringing the arts of learning and the skill of civilization to aid in plundering the debauched barbarians. The cunning, murdering, scalping Indian is no match for the Christian white man. Compared with the midnight knavery of men reared in schools, rocked by religion, tempered and taught by the humane institutions of liberty and civilization, all the craft of the savage is twilight. Vast estates have been accumulated without having an honest farthing in them. Our penitentiaries might be sent to school to the treaty-grounds and council-grounds. Smugglers and swindlers might humble themselves in the presence of Indian traders. All the crimes against property known to our laws flourish with unnatural vigor; and some, unknown to civilized villany. To swindle ignorance, to overreach simplicity, to lie without scruple to any extent, from mere implication down to perjury; to tempt the savages to rob each other, and to receive their plunder; to sell goods at incredible prices to the sober Indian, then to intoxicate him, and steal them all back by a sham bargain, to be sold again, and stolen again; to employ falsehood, lust, threats, whiskey, and even the knife and the

pistol; in short, to consume the Indian's substance by every vice and crime possible to an unprincipled heart inflamed with an insatiable rapacity, unwatched by justice and unrestrained by law—this it is to be an Indian trader. I would rather inhabit the bowels of Vesuvius, or make my bed in Etna, than own those estates which have been scalped off from human beings, as the hunter strips a beaver of its fur. Of all these, of all who gain possessions by extortion and robbery, never let yourself be envious! 'I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked. Their eyes stand out with fatness. They have more than heart could wish. They are corrupt, and speak wickedly concerning oppression. They have set their mouth against the heaven, and their tongue walketh through the earth. When I sought to know this, it was too painful for me, until I went into the sanctuary. Surely thou didst set them in slippery places; Thou castedst them down into destruction as in a moment! They are utterly consumed with terrors. As a dream when one awaketh, so, O Lord, when thou awakest, Thou shalt despise their image.'"

Then, as always, contemporaneous development was the text for Mr. Beecher's discourse in the sanctum, in the pulpit and on the platform. His church was in Indianapolis, the capital of a then far-western State. He was thrown into constant contact with the great men of his day in all lines

of thought, religion, politics, commerce and enterprise. He mingled with them all, and when he announced his fourth lecture, "The Portrait Gallery," every man in the State knew what classes would be pictured through the media of individual photographs. Among others whom he delighted evidently to nail to the wall was a cynic, and without individualizing and particularizing he drew a well-recognized portrait as follows: "The Cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light, mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game. The cynic puts all human actions into only two classes—openly bad, and secretly bad. All virtue and generosity and disinterestedness are merely the appearance of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear them, to send you away sore and morose. His criticisms and innuendoes fall indiscriminately upon every loving thing, like frost upon flowers. If a man is said to be pure and chaste, he will answer: 'Yes, in the daytime.' If a woman is pronounced virtuous, he will reply: 'Yes, as yet.' 'Mr. A is a religious man;' he will reply: 'Yes, on Sundays.' 'Mr. B has just joined the church:' 'Certainly; the elections are coming on.' The minister of the Gospel is called 'an example of

diligence:' 'It is his trade.' Such a man is generous: 'Of other men's money.' This man is obliging: 'To lull suspicion and cheat you.' That man is upright: 'Because he is green.'

"Thus his eye strains out every good quality and takes in only the bad.

"To him religion is hypocrisy, honesty a preparation for fraud, virtue only want of opportunity, and undeniable purity asceticism. The livelong day he will coolly sit with sneering lip, uttering sharp speeches in the quietest manner, and in polished phrase transfixing every character which is presented. His words are softer than oil, yet are they drawn swords.

"All this, to the young, seems a wonderful knowledge of human nature; they honor a man who appears to have found out mankind. They begin to indulge themselves in flippant sneers; and with supercilious brow, and impudent tongue wagging to an empty brain, call to naught the wise, the long-tried, and the venerable.

"I do believe that man is corrupt enough; but something of good has survived his wreck; something of evil religion has restrained, and something partially restored. Yet, I look upon the human heart as a mountain of fire. I dread its crater. I tremble when I see its lava roll the fiery stream. Therefore I am the more glad if, upon the old crust of past eruptions, I can find a single flower springing up. So far from rejecting appear-

ances of virtue in the corrupt heart of a depraved race, I am as eager to see their light as ever mariner was to see a star in a stormy night.

"Moss will grow upon gravestones; the ivy will cling to the mouldering pile; the mistletoe springs from the dying branch; and, God be praised, something green, something fair to the sight and grateful to the heart will yet twine around and grow out of the seams and cracks of the desolate temple of the human heart!"

While in the height of his popularity in the West he was hampered as few men would care to be. He was hungry for books and papers, but could not afford to pay for them. His ambition was great, but he was tied to a stake in a contracted field. He strove to live outside of himself, made many pastoral calls, talked with men about their business trials and sympathized with women in their domestic woes. At his own home his hands were full. His wife was broken in health and discomforted in spirit. She did not like the West and the West was unkind to her constitution. It was a serious question whether she could much longer endure the strain on her physique, and this wore on the sympathetic nature of her husband. He was entirely unselfish, but the attrition of years of complaint worried him. He did the best, all in fact he could, but to no use. Finding himself depressed, Mr. Beecher resolutely set to work to drive his fits of despond-

ency away. He became interested in trees and flowers. Aided by friends he started an agricultural paper and posted himself from books on floriculture and read the fat and prosy volumes of Loudon. His fresh and novel mode of treating these subjects won him fame, but no fortune. His own garden gave evidence of his skill, and the fairs were not niggardly in premiums to the amateur gardener.

The name of his paper, which he edited and published in Indianapolis, was the *Western Farmer and Gardener*. Concerning this work he said: "At that time, and for years afterward, there was not, within our knowledge, any other than political newspapers in the State, no educational journals, no agricultural or family papers. The *Indiana Journal* at length proposed to introduce an agricultural department, the matter of which should every month be printed in magazine form, under the title, *Indiana Farmer and Gardener*, which was afterward changed to the more comprehensive title, *Western Farmer and Gardener*. It may be of some service to the young, as showing how valuable the fragments of time may become, if mention is made of the way in which we became prepared to edit this journal.

"The continued taxation of daily preaching, extending through months, and once through eighteen consecutive months, without the exception of a single day, began to wear upon the

nerves, and made it necessary for us to seek some relaxation. Accordingly we used, after each week-night's preaching, to drive the sermon out of our heads by some alterative reading.

"In the State Library were Loudon's works, his encyclopædias of horticulture, of agriculture, and of architecture. We fell upon them, and for years almost monopolized them. In our little one-story cottage, after the day's work was done, we poured over these monuments of an almost incredible industry, and read, we suppose, not only every line, but much of it many times over; until at length we had a topographical knowledge of many of the fine English estates quite as intimate, we dare say, as was possessed by their truant owners. There was something exceedingly pleasant, and is yet, in the studying over mere catalogues of flowers, trees, fruits, etc.

"A seedsman's list, a nurseryman's catalogue, are more fascinating to us than any story. In this way, through several years, we gradually accumulated materials and became familiar with facts and principles, which paved the way for our editorial labors. 'Lindley's Horticulture' and 'Gray's Structural Botany' came in as constant companions. And when, at length, through a friend's liberality, we became the recipients of the London *Gardener's Chronicle*, edited by Professor Lindley, our treasures were inestimable. Many hundred times have we lain awake for hours, unable to

throw off the excitement of preaching, and beguiling the time with imaginary visits to the Chiswick Garden, to the more than oriental magnificence of the Duke of Devonshire's grounds at Chatsworth. We have had long discussions, in that little bedroom at Indianapolis, with Van Mons about pears, with Vibert about roses, with Thompson and Knight of fruits and theories of vegetable life, and with Loudon about everything under the heavens in the horticultural world.

"This employment of waste hours not only answered a purpose of soothing excited nerves then, but brought us into such relations to the material world, that we speak with entire moderation when we say that all the estates of the richest duke in England could not have given us half the pleasure which we have derived from pastures, waysides, and unoccupied prairies."

At that time he published what he called "Our Creed:"

"We believe in small farms and thorough cultivation.

"We believe that soil loves to eat, as well as its owner, and ought, therefore, to be manured.

"We believe in large crops which leave the land better than they found it, making both the farmer and the farm rich at once.

"We believe in going to the bottom of things and, therefore, in deep plowing, and enough of it. All the better if with a subsoil plow.

"We believe that every farm should own a good farmer.

"We believe that the best fertilizer of any soil, is a spirit of industry, enterprise, and intelligence. Without this, lime and gypsum, bones and green manure, marl and guano will be of little use.

In those days his bump of humor was well developed.

It seemed impossible for him to preach a sermon, to give advice, to write on the humblest topic without lightening it up, as it were, by this most excellent gift. His advice to farmers was always read because it was readable; as, for instance, take his catalogue of shiftless tricks:

"To let the cattle fodder themselves at the stack. They pull out and trample more than they eat. They eat till the edge of appetite is gone, and then daintily pick the choice parts; the residue, being coarse and refuse, they will not afterwards touch.

"To sell half a stack of hay and leave the lower half open to rain and snow. In feeding out, a hay knife should be used on the stack; in selling, either dispose of the whole, or remove that which is left to a shed or barn.

"It is a shiftless trick to lie about stores, arguing with men that you have no time, in a new country, for nice farming, for making good fences, for smooth meadows without a stump, for draining wet patches which disfigure fine fields.

"To raise your frogs in your own yard; to permit, year after year, a dirty, stinking, mantled puddle to stand before your fence in the street.

"To plant orchards, and allow your cattle to eat the trees up. When gnawed down, to save your money, by trying to nurse the stubs into good trees, instead of getting fresh ones from the nursery.

"To allow an orchard to have blank spaces, where trees have died, and when the living trees begin to bear, to wake up and put young whips in the vacant spots.

"It is a dirty trick to make bread without washing one's hands after cleaning fish or chickens; to use an apron for a handkerchief; to use a veteran handkerchief just from the wars for an apron; to use milk-pans alternately for wash-bowls and milk; to wash dishes and baby linen in the same tub, either alternately or altogether; to chew snuff while you are cooking, for sometimes food will chance to be too highly spiced. We have a distinct but unutterable remembrance of a cud of tobacco in a dish of hashed pork, but it was before we were married!

"A lady of our acquaintance, at a boarding-house, excited some fears among her friends, by foaming at the mouth, of madness. In eating a hash (made, doubtless, of every scrap from the table, not consumed the day before) she found herself blessed with a mouthful of hard soap,

which only lathered the more, the more she washed it.

"It is a dirty trick to wash children's eyes in the pudding-dish; not that the sore eyes, but subsequent puddings, will not be benefited; to wipe dishes and spoons on a hand-towel; to wrap warm bread in a dirty table-cloth; to make and mould bread on a table innocent of washing for weeks; to use dirty table-cloths for sheets, a practice of which we have had experimental knowledge, at least once in our lives.

"The standing plea of all slatterns and slovens is, that 'everybody must eat a peck of dirt before they die.' A peck? that would be a mercy, a mere mouthful, in comparison with cooked cartloads of dirt which is to be eaten in steamboats, canal-boats, taverns, mansions, huts and hovels.

It is a filthy trick to use tobacco at all; and it puts an end to all our affected sqeamishness at the Chinese taste, in eating rats, cats and birds' nests. It is a filthy trick to let the exquisite juice of tobacco trickle down the corners of one's mouth; or lie in splashes on one's coat or bosom; to squirt the juice all over a clean floor, or upon a carpet, or baptismally to sprinkle a proud pair of andirons, the refulgent glory of the much-scouring housewife. It a vile economy to lay up for remastication a half-chewed cud; to pocket a half-smoked cigar; and finally to bedrench one's self with tobacco juice, to so besmoke one's clothes

that a man can be scented as far off as a whale-ship can be smelt at sea.

"It is a shiftless trick to snuff a candle with your fingers, or your wife's best scissors; to throw the snuff on the carpet, or on the polished floor, and then to extinguish it by treading on it!

"To borrow a choice book; to read it with unwashed hands, that have been used in the charcoal bin, and finally to return it daubed on every leaf with nose-blood spots, tobacco spatter, and dirty finger-marks—this is a vile trick!

"It is not altogether cleanly to use one's knife to scrape boots, to cut harness, to skin cats, to cut tobacco, and then to cut apples which other people are to eat.

"It is an unthrifty trick to bring in eggs from the barn in one's coat-pocket, and then to sit down on them.

"It is a filthy trick to borrow of or lend for others' use, a tooth-brush, or a tooth-pick; to pick one's teeth at table with a fork, or a jack-knife; to put your hat upon the dinner-table among the dishes; to spit generously into the fire, or at it, while the hearth is covered with food set to warm; for sometimes a man hits what he don't aim at.

"It is an unmannerly trick to neglect the scraper outside the door, but to be scrupulous in cleaning your feet, after you get inside, on the carpet, rug, or andirons; to bring your drenched

umbrella into the entry, where a black puddle may leave to the housewife melancholy evidence that you have been there.

"It is soul-trying for a neat dairy-woman to see her 'man' watering the horse out of her milk-bucket; or filtering horse-medicine through her milk-strainer; or feeding his hogs with her water-pail; or, after barn-work, to set the well-bucket outside the curb and wash his hands out of it."

In this utilization of whatever was at his hand Beecher was pre-eminent. Take this for instance: "How one exhales, and feels his childhood coming back to him, when, emerging from the hard and hateful city streets, he sees orchards and gardens in sheeted bloom—plum, cherry, pear, peach, and apple, waves and billows of blossoms, rolling over the hillsides, and down through the levels! My heart runs riot. This is a kingdom of glory. The bees know it. Are the blossoms singing? Or is all this humming sound the music of bees? The frivolous flies, that never seem to be thinking of anything, are rather sober and solemn here. Such a sight is equal to a sunset, which is but a blossoming of the flowers.

"We love to fancy that a flower is the point of transition at which a material thing touches the immaterial; it is the sentient vegetable soul. We ascribe dispositions to it; we treat it as we would an innocent child. A stem or root has no sug-

gestion of life. A leaf advances toward it; and some leaves are as fine as flowers, and have, moreover, a grace of motion seldom had by flowers. Flowers have an expression of countenance as much as men or animals. Some seem to smile; some have a sad expression; some are pensive and diffident; others, again, are plain, honest, and upright, like the broad-faced sunflower and the hollyhock. We find ourselves speaking of them as laughing, as gay and coquettish, as nodding and dancing. No man of sensibility ever spoke of a flower as he would of a fungus, a pebble, or a sponge. Indeed, they are more life-like than many animals. We commune with flowers; we go to them if we are sad or glad; but a toad, a worm, an insect, we repel, as if real life was not half so real as imaginary life. What a pity flowers can utter no sound! A singing rose, a whispering violet, a murmuring honeysuckle, oh! what a rare and exquisite miracle would these be!

"When we hear melodious sounds—the wind among trees; the noise of a brook falling down into a deep, leaf-covered cavity; birds' notes, especially at night; children's voices, as you ride into a village at dusk, far from your long-absent home and quite homesick; or a flute heard from out of the forest, a silver sound rising up among silver leaves, into the moonlighted air; or the low conversations of persons whom you love, that sit

at the fire in the room where you are convalescing; when we think of these things we are apt to imagine that nothing is perfect that has not the gift of sound. But we change our mind when we dwell lovingly among flowers, for they are always silent. Sound is never associated with them. They speak to you, but it is as the eye speaks, by vibrations of light and not of air.

"It is with flowers as with friends; many may be loved, but few much loved. Wild honeysuckles in the wood, laurel bushes in the very regality of bloom, are very beautiful to you, but they are color and form only. The seem strangers to you. You have no memories reposed in them. They bring back nothing from time. They point to nothing in the future. But a wild-brier starts a genial feeling. It is the country cousin of the rose; and that has always been your pet. You have nursed it, and defended it; you have had it for companionship as you wrote; it has stood by your pillow while sick; it has brought remembrance to you, and conveyed your kindest feelings to others. You remember it as a mother's favorite; it speaks to you of your own childhood—that white rose bush, that snowed in the corner by the door; that generous bush that blushed red in the garden with a thousand flowers, whose gorgeousness was among the first things that drew your childish eye, and which always comes up before you when you speak of childhood. You remem-

ber, too, that your mother loved roses. As you walked to church she plucked off a bud and gave you, which you carried because you were proud to do as she did. You remember how, in the listening hour of sermon, her roses fell neglected on her lap, and how you slyly drew one and another of them; and how, when she came to, she looked for them under her handkerchief, and on the floor, until, spying the ill-repressed glee of your face, she smiled such a look of love upon you, as made a rose forever after seem to you as if it had smiled a mother's smile. And so a wild rose, a prairie-rose, or a sweetbrier, that at evening fills the air with odor (a floral nightingale, whose song is perfume), greets you as a dear and intimate friend. You almost wish to get out, as you travel, and inquire after their health, and ask if they wish to send any messages by you to their town friends."

"He was full of sentiment," say his critics.

Yes, he was, and if he had not been "full of sentiment" he never could have written as he did when a lad, when a man, when an old man, to friends about friendship, to his people about the love of Christ, to the public about the everlasting arm of protection, a protection attainable by every one who cares to ask it.

Read this bit of sentiment.

He is fishing and moving along the bank of the Connecticut river hoping for trout. He says: "The

trout are yonder. We swing our line to the air and give it a gentle cast toward the desired spot, and a puff of south wind dexterously lodges it in the branch of the tree. You plainly see it strike, and whirl over and over, so that no gentle pull will loosen it. You draw it north and south, east and west; you give it a jerk up and a pull down; you try a series of nimble twitches; in vain you coax it in this way and solicit it in that. Then you stop and look a moment, first at the trout and then at your line. Was there ever anything so vexatious? Would it be wrong to get angry? In fact you feel very much like it. The very things you wanted to catch, the grasshopper and the trout, you could not; but a tree, that you did not in the least want, you have caught fast at the first throw. You fear that the trout will be scared. You cautiously draw nigh and peep down. Yes, there they are, looking at you and laughing as sure as ever trout laughed! They understand the whole thing. With a very decisive jerk you snap your line, regain the remnant of it, and sit down to repair it, to put on another hook; you rise up to catch another grasshopper, and move on down the stream to catch a trout!

"Meantime, the sun is wheeling behind the mountains, for you are just at the foot of the eastern ridge of Mount Washington (not of the White mountains, but of the Taconic range in Connecticut). Already its broad shade begins to

fall down upon the plane. The side of the mountain is solemn and sad. Its ridge stands sharp against a fire-bright horizon. Here and there a tree has escaped the axe of the charcoalers, and shaggily marks the sky. Through the heavens are slowly sailing continents of magnificent fleece mountains—Alps and Andes of vapor. They, too, have their broad shadows. Upon yonder hill, far to the east of us, you see a cloud shadow making gray the top, while the base is radiant with the sun. Another cloud shadow is moving with stately grandeur along the valley of the Housatonic; and, if you rise to a little eminence, you may see the brilliant landscape growing dull in the sudden obscuration on its forward line, and growing as suddenly bright upon its rear trace. How majestically that shadow travels up those steep and precipitous mountain sides! How it scoops down the gorge and valley and moves along the plain!

"But now the mountain shadow on the west is creeping down into the meadow. It has crossed the road where your horse stands hitched to the paling of a deserted little house.

"You forget your errand. You select a dry, tufty knoll, and lying down you gaze up into the sky. O! Those depths! Something within you reaches out and yearns; you have a vague sense of infinity, of vastness, of the littleness of human life and the sweetness and grandeur of

divine life and of eternity. You people that vast ether. You stretch away through it and find that celestial city beyond; and therein dwell, oh, how many that are yours! Tears come unbidden. You begin to long for release. You pray. Was there ever a better closet? Under the shadow of the mountain, the heavens full of cloudy cohorts, like armies of horsemen and chariots, your soul is loosened from the narrow judgments of human life and touched with a full sense of immortality and the liberty of a spiritual state. An hour goes past. How full has it been of feelings struggling to be thoughts, and of thoughts deliquescing into feeling. Twilight is coming. You have miles to ride home. Not a trout in your basket! Never mind, you have fished in the heavens and taken great store of prey. Let them laugh at your empty basket. Take their raillery good-naturedly; you have certainly had good luck."

Full of sentiment—can any read this and regret it?

The eight years of hard work soon sped away, leaving, at the close, the Beechers in about the same physical and pecuniary condition as when they had left Lawrenceburg. The father had grown mentally, morally, physically; his reputation had extended, his foot was pressed more firmly upon a highway which bade fair to lead to prosperity in time, he had made a marked im-

pression by his writing, he had stirred up revivals of religious feeling, he had benefited his town, every substantial fellow-citizen was his friend; but the wife and mother had failed. Whatever may have been the fact, she was convinced that Indianapolis was no place for her. Physicians even were in vain, and despair apparently held the key to the situation, when a door, facing eastward, was providentially opened, and a step was invited, which, when taken, led to the possession of a very continent of effort, success and corresponding influence.

III.

REMOVAL TO BROOKLYN

IN 1847, Henry Ward Beecher was thirty-four years of age. Mentally he had now become broader and looked over wider fields than when he began to labor. Morally he was as sincere, as truthful, and as ingenuous as when he opened his big blue eyes with astonishment at the Bible stories he heard at "Aunt Esther's" knee. Physically he was a picture of vigorous health. He stood about five feet eight inches high. His large, well-formed, well-developed head sat defiantly on a short, red neck, that grew from a sturdy frame, rampant and lusty in nerve and fibre and blood and muscle. He had no money, owned no real estate. His capital was in his brains, and they needed the culture procurable in the metropolis alone, where libraries and book-stores, art galleries and men of thought were to be met at every turn. A career in the East was far from Beecher's thoughts, and yet his sick wife seemed to need a medicament not to be found in the West.

Among the many merchants, who from time to time returned to their New York homes to report

the singular sayings and Pauline preachings of the Western orator, was one who lived in Brooklyn, and had incidentally learned that two or three members of the Church of the Pilgrims were contemplating a second Congregational church in that city. To them he communicated his impressions of the man he had heard in Indianapolis, and advised them to send for him. The step seemed risky, for even then Brooklyn was known as the City of Churches, and men of mark in divers denominations were drawing audiences to their feet. Among others at that time were Dr. Bethune, of the Dutch Reformed Church; Dr. Constantine Pise, of the Roman Catholic Church; Dr. R. S. Storrs, Jr., of the Congregational Church; Dr. T. L. Cuyler, of the Presbyterian Church, and *facile princeps*, Dr. Samuel Hanson Cox, of the First Presbyterian Church, one of the oldest organizations in the country.

Obviously to bring an untried man to a place like Brooklyn was venturesome, to say the least.

So it was arranged that Mr. Beecher should be invited to come East for the purpose of addressing the Home Missionary Society, which was shortly to celebrate an anniversary, and that then the Brooklyn church should ask him over to fill its pulpit one or more Sundays.

The plan worked like a charm.

Mrs. Beecher was overjoyed at the prospect of a trip that might benefit her health and enable

her to see her Eastern relatives and friends, and Mr. Beecher was more than glad of anything that would relieve the monotony of a sick-room and bring him in contact with a side of the world that was as truly Greek to him as—well as Greek itself. With scanty wardrobe, old-fashioned and rusty at that, the couple started eastward. The difference in their appearance may be inferred from a remark made by an old lady on the cars. Mr. Beecher had jumped from the train to the platform at one of these stations to get "Ma," as he always called his wife, a sandwich. "Ma" sat gloomy and sad-faced, and attracted the attention of the old lady, who approached her and said, sympathizingly: "Cheer up, my dear madam, cheer up. Surely, whatever may be your trial, you have cause for great thankfulness to God, who has given you such a kind and attentive son." That settled Mrs. Beecher for the remainder of the journey, and made her cup of misery more than full. However, though the lady knew it not, she was rapidly nearing the haven in which she was to find a glowing welcome, reinvigoration of mind and body, and an anchorage of safety for life.

Mr. Beecher was a success from the moment he opened his lips in the Broadway Tabernacle.

In those days "Anniversary Week" was an institution.

The great men of the nation spoke from their platforms. The evangelical expeditions against

the Heathen, Intemperance and Slavery were organized, equipped and started then and there. Each year the respective advocates returned with their reports. The Tabernacle was always crowded, and some of the best thoughts of the churches' best men were uttered in speeches from that pulpit.

Henry Ward Beecher, *per se*, was unknown; but his father and his elder brother and sister were known to every one at all familiar with church affairs.

Consequently, when the sturdy son of Lyman Beecher rose to speak he was greeted by a friendly audience, and soon found himself at home, although his garb was not in accordance with the fashionable cut of his hearers. He attended the dedication of Plymouth Church, but was as innocent as a lamb of any knowledge that he was ever to become part and parcel of it. He felt hampered here. His heart was in the West, and he longed to be home again. He was invited to remain and preach a few Sundays. That meant $25 and a welcome each week in the house of one of the churchmen. The health of Mrs. Beecher seemed to improve, and her husband reluctantly consented to continue awhile.

David Hale, John T. Howard and Henry C. Bowen were the original promoters of the Plymouth Church movement. The First Presbyterian Church then worshipped in a brick edifice

fronting on Cranberry street and running through to Orange, which, as they were about to remove to a new building on Henry street, was for sale.

It stood on revival ground.

There the Rev. Dr. Carroll had converted and baptized hundreds of the children of the leading families of the city. There the Rev. Dr. Samuel Hanson Cox had fought with characteristic vigor the battles of the church. There it was that Dr. Cox made his famous reply to a criticism on his vocabulary. "He coins too many words," said one of his hearers. "If you read your dictionary more, you would find that the words are already coined," replied the Doctor. There the fashion and the culture and the wealth of young Brooklyn had for years gathered. But Brooklyn was growing. Its handful of villagers had now developed into a cityful of 50,000 people. Communication with the metropolis was comparatively easy. The advances of art and science were utilized by the corporate authorities, and surface roads were contemplated through some of the principal streets. It seemed a pity to tear down the old church, even though fashion was moving away from that section of the city. So when its trustees were approached for the purchase of the church building, with the understanding that it was to be continued for church use, they listened with acquiescence, and as Mr. John T. Howard, who made an offer for it, had a brother and three brothers-in-law in the

ministry, he was informed that he could have it at a bargain. $20,000 was the price asked, whereupon Mr. Howard gave his individual check for $2,000, ten per cent., to bind the bargain; and this, by the way, was the only money ever paid by individuals, as the Plymouth Society, immediately upon its organization, assumed the bargain and paid the $20,000 to the representative of the First Presbyterian Church.

Plymouth Church was then organized. And after a few sermons by Mr. Beecher, who had been invited to speak there, a formal offer was made to him, concerning which he hesitated. It seems he had been called to the Park Street Church, in Boston, about the same time. Both churches wanted him, and concerning the struggle that ensued Mr. John T. Howard writes as follows: "It was on that first Sunday when, although no church was yet organized, we had earnestly opened our hearts to Mr. Beecher and told him of our desire that he should come and work with us. Mr. Bowen and I were walking up Hicks street with Mr. Beecher, after the morning service, urging our suit. He had received a marked compliment in the shape of a formal call from the old Park Street Church, Boston; 'But,' said he, 'I don't want to go there. I don't want to build on another's foundation, and I must confess that I find myself very strongly attracted to your enterprise, because here I could start my own church

my own way, and build it from the ground as I think it ought to be.'

"Well, that gave us hope, of course. But he went away under no pledges, and we were still pleaders. He was strongly anchored in the West, both by his own affections and by strong influences brought to bear upon him. During the following months our hopes went up and down. The venerable Dr. Beecher, his father, wrote to me, begging that we would not tempt Henry away from the West; he was settled in Indianapolis, the political and business centre of a great State, at a point of great influence, where he could do great good, and it would be folly to remove him. The good Doctor said also, in conversation, to some friends, that in Indianapolis Henry would make a mark, but in the vicinity of New York he would simply sink out of sight among the greater men, and have no especial influence, except in a very limited sphere.

"Yet, we urged our suit, aided by Mr. Cutter and other friends, and, still other influences concurring (the health of Mrs. Beecher, who was suffering greatly out there, being a prime consideration), he began to yield.

"It would probably seem rather a comical sight to the younger members of the church to see Mr. Bowen and myself in each other's arms, crying and laughing and capering about like a couple of school-boys; yet that sight might have been

seen the evening that Mr. Bowen came to my house with a letter which he had received from Mr. Beecher. It was sealed with one of those little picture-seals of paper in vogue in those days. The picture was of a gate thrown from its fastenings, and the motto, 'I'm all unhinged.' That told the story, and the result we are rejoicing over during this happy week."

But to continue: The council that assembled to examine the young candidate soon found that their task was no ordinary one. They asked the set and formulated questions, but received very strange and unexpected answers. On the broad ground of God's supremacy and man's responsibility they found him sound, but he seemed to put more faith in the love of Christ, in the doctrine of charity and in the oneness of the Father and his children, than in the time-honored dogmas and doctrines of the churches. The wise-heads doubted, and for awhile it was by no means certain that they would take the responsibility of seating him in the pulpit. They might have saved themselves their trouble. If every man of them had voted "no," it would have made no difference. Then, as now; then, as through the dark days of outspoken abolitionism; then, as in the perilous period of the war for the Union; then, as in the sickening scandal, Plymouth Church believed in Henry Ward Beecher first, last, and all the time. He was adopted and settled, in spite of the pro-

test of his venerable father. "Don't, I beseech of you," he wrote to Mr. Howard, "don't induce Henry to leave the West. He has a great field here, and is brought in contact with men of influence and all the members of the legislature. He will be buried in the East." There is no doubt that the son shared the father's apprehension. "I came East," he said, "with a silken noose about my neck, and did not know it."

That the benefit his wife would derive from a residence here was a great point with Mr. Beecher is well known to his friends. He felt that she had been overtasked in all her early married life, and desired that she should now begin to enjoy the advantages of civilization. At all events, he sold out his few effects and came to Brooklyn. His wardrobe was in a sad condition, and that of his wife was worse. One of the first things done by their friends was to replenish their stock of clothing and make them presentable.

Although the new pastor was thirty-four years of age, he appeared about twenty-five.

He wore his hair long, no beard was permitted to grow, and a wide Byron collar was turned over a black silk stock, and his clothes were of conventional cut. His hair was thick and heavy. His eyes were large and very blue. His nose was straight, full and prominent. His mouth formed a perfect bow, and when the well-developed lips parted they disclosed the regular, well-set teeth.

There was nothing clerical in his face, figure, dress or bearing. He was more like a street evangel—a man talking to men and standing on a common level. The first thing he insisted on was congregational singing. The organ was not a very fine instrument, but it did its duty, and a large volunteer choir led the singing—at first. "At first," but after a while the congregation was the choir and the organ the leader. Mr. Beecher had the pulpit cut away, and on the platform placed a reading desk. In this way he was plainly visible from crown to toe, and whether preaching or sitting, every motion was in full view of the crowded assemblage. Instead of resting a pale forehead on a pallid hand, and closing his eyes as if in silent prayer while his people sang, Mr. Beecher held his book in his red fist and sang with all his might. Although not a finished singer, he had a melodious bass voice, and he sang with understanding. As he did so his eyes would take in the scene before him, and it needed no wizard's skill to detect its power over him. Ever impressible, and as full of intuitions as a woman, he felt the presence of men and women.

Time and again the tenor of his discourse was altered at the sight of a face.

Incidents of the moment often shaped the discourse of the hour.

He laid great stress on the influence of con-

BEECHER IN HIS PRIME AND IN HIS PULPIT.

gregational singing. It brought the audience to a common feeling. It made them appreciate that they were not only in the house of worship, but that they were there as worshippers; part of their duty being to sing praises to the Most High.

His prayers, too, attracted great attention.

The keenest eye, the most sensitive ear never detected an approach to irreverence in Mr. Beecher's manner in prayer. He prayed, it is true, as a respectful son would petition a loving and indulgent father. It was noticed that he addressed his prayers very largely to the Saviour. In his sermons it was the love of Christ on which he dwelt. It seemed as if he delighted to put away all thought of the Judge, and to keep always present the tenderness of the Father and the affection of the Elder Brother. The little church was overcrowded. Hundreds applied in vain for seats. It became the fashion to "go to hear Beecher." Thousands went to criticise and ridicule. Thousands went in simple curiosity. It

Already the newspapers had discovered the pith of the preacher and made him noted in the land. His utterances were never commonplace, his manner was always fresh, his illustrations ever new. He never avoided issues. Indeed, it was charged that he was sensational because he talked and taught about the topics of the hour. He rarely preached a doctrinal sermon, and when he did there was a kind of explanatory protest with

it, as much to say, "I don't really believe I know anything about this, but it can't do any harm." At first he dealt largely in practical lessons to the young men who formed a large part of his congregations. It was often remarked that while the proportion in other churches was five women to one man, in the Tabernacle, and later in Plymouth Church, the proportion was reversed. This is accounted for by two facts—young men, clerks, students and those who lived in boarding houses felt at home in that church; and the hotels of New York sent over hundreds every Sunday, who considered "hearing Beecher preach" one of the essentials of their business in New York.

At all events there they were, and Mr. Beecher made it a rule of his life-work to address himself to them.

He never bombarded the Jews, he left the heathen to their normal guardians, he avoided a decision of questions raised in the Garden of Eden, and left the sheep and the goats of ancient history to follow the call of their shepherd.

His flock was before him.

His duty was to care for the men and women who sat in the pews of his church and thronged its aisles and packed its galleries. He was human and avowed his love for man. Their weaknesses were his, and he called on them to seek a common physician.

The clergyman of fashion was pale and fragile;

he of the people was florid and muscular. He had no attendant to remove his hat and cloak. He had no comfortable study in the church building where he smoothed his hair and arranged his cuffs. He declaimed before no full-length mirror, and never wore a pair of patent leathers in his life. When he ascended the platform, threading his way through the men and women on its steps, and patting the curly hair of boys perched on the ledge, he slung his soft felt hat under a little table, put one leg over the other while he removed his rubbers, threw back his cloak, settled himself in his chair and gave a sigh of relief as he drew a restful breath after his quick walk from home. In other words, he was a man bent on man's duty. If the air seemed close he said so, called an usher and had the windows lowered. If he desired a special tune sung to the hymn he gave out, he turned to the director and told him so. If he forgot a date or a name, he asked one of the people near him what it was. If strangers sitting close to the platform were unprovided with hymn-books, he leaned forward and handed them several from his desk. As he said, "I am at home; they are our guests. What is proper in my house is eminently proper in the house of the Lord!"

IV.

AN OLD-TIME SKETCH OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

IN 1862 the compiler and editor of this sketch, having access to original letters, documents and minutes, prepared the accompanying story of Plymouth Church, which will be found valuable in its details of names, dates and documents, and is therefore presented in this chapter by itself.

"Throughout the broad continent Plymouth Church is known. Children-churches are christened with its name in every western State, and its graduates are found earnest workers in the cause of the Master, 'on every shore, by every sea.'

"How many love its fame, how many curse its influence, it would be hard to estimate. It occupies no neutral ground, is no half-friend to man or measure. From its doors are not turned away the poor or the despised. Free speech is there asylumed, and to all just causes liberal donations are made, while it is yet doubtful if there is anywhere a church in which there is a larger proportion of man-worship and kindred evil, than in the one of which we write.

"In all its nobility, in all its crudity, I propose to present it, trusting, that if by reason of many years constant attendance at the worship in that church I am able to do so fully, I am so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of fair play which is earnestly taught there, as to be guilty of neither overpraise nor unjust criticism.

"Four men are responsible for the initiation of the enterprise:

"David Hale was one of the best of men. His head was clear, his heart was warm, his every impulse Godward and manward, and his life one round of philanthropy and benevolence. His public career is matter of record, but no account was ever kept of the numberless deeds of private charity, of unmentioned assistance rendered to fellow-creatures in distress, or of moneys by the quantity disbursed unostentatiously, for the benefit of others.

"Henry C. Bowen was a man of rare executive ability; prompt, quick to conceive, with great power of combination, of extensive commercial connection, and of undoubted business sagacity.

"Seth B. Hunt possessed unusual perceptive faculties, a kind heart, sound judgment, the confidence of a large circle of 'solid men,' and qualities otherwise most desirable in a leader.

"John T. Howard combined with extraordinary tact a most rare and valuable faculty of absolute reticence, which, with his undoubted goodness of

heart, his extensive experience in the conduct of religious enterprises, and his large social acquaintance, rendered him a 'good man to have around' at times when reserve of speech and go-aheadity of action were desired.

"These persons, in the year 1846, were members, the first mentioned of the Tabernacle Church in New York city, the others of the Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn. Although not exactly dissatisfied with their then existing relations, they were convinced that a wide and unoccupied field of influence was open to them in the city of Brooklyn, and they determined at all events to take the first step towards the starting of a church by procuring a house of worship. At that time the First Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn was the pastorate of the venerable and excellent Samuel H. Cox, D. D., and occupied premises, then situated in Cranberry street, between Henry and Hicks streets, on what was known in years gone by, when Admiral Stringham was a boy, and paid court at the shrine of Miss Hicks, as the 'Hicks farm.' The boundaries were irksome to the church, it needed more room, and although the delightful memories of the days of Sanford and Carroll were most intricately intertwined with the very structure itself, it seemed necessary that a change of location should be made, and it was generally understood that if any orthodox church should desire to purchase or lease the prop-

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

erty, there would be no obstacle placed in its way. This fact attracted the attention of the four gentlemen mentioned above, and they determined, if all things worked well, to buy the property and organize a Congregational church.

"Between the rather liberal Congregationalists and the somewhat straitlaced Presbyterians there was not at that time the friendly feeling which happily now exists, and it was a very doubtful matter whether the bargain could be as favorably made if it was known for what purpose the property was wanted.

"The negotiations were placed in Mr. Howard's hands, and he proceeded to sound the owners as to their views in the matter. No amount of pumping or cross-examining could draw from the negotiator his purpose in the purchase, and at last it was suggested by, I think, the worthy president of the Union Ferry Company, Hon. Cyrus P. Smith, that, as Howard had some half dozen brothers-in-law in the Baptist ministry, he was no doubt acting for some new society which proposed to settle some one of the brothers as pastor. However that may be, they soon came to terms, and for the moderate sum of $20,000 the church, lecture-room, pastor's study and eight lots of ground, with the bell, clock, fixtures and furniture were transferred from the First Presbyterian Church to the gentlemen as named. The sum of $2,000 was paid by the purchasers to bind the

bargain, and upon their notes, discounted in Wall street, they raised the entire purchase money, thus obviating any personal inconvenience, while they secured for the use of the then unborn society a most desirable property.

"The First Presbyterian Church could not, of course, at once remove from the old edifice, and until the spring of 1847, no further action was taken in the matter. The property was then vested in David Hale and his fellow-purchasers with the intention of forming, at an early day, a religious society to which the same should be transferred, it assuming all incumbrance and obligation. The regular anniversaries were soon to be held, and it was thought that at that time it would be well to inaugurate the enterprise.

"When the Church of the Pilgrims was started, and its membership was casting about for a pastor, Mr. Howard, then a member of that society, presented for consideration the name of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, but so little was known of him by the members generally, and so desirous were they all to secure, as they eventually did, a man of the first order of intellect, of culture and influence, that when the vote was taken Mr. Beecher received but one vote, and that the vote of his proposer. At this time, however (1847), Mr. William T. Cutter, a well-known citizen of Brooklyn and a friend of Mr. Hale, was travelling at the West, where he heard Mr. Beecher in

his own pulpit. He was greatly impressed by his manner and matter, and wrote fully concerning him to Mr. Hale, simply as one would write to a friend of any man or thing whose characteristics are striking.

"The seed fell upon good ground, and Mr. Hale, with no acquaintance with Mr. Beecher, wrote him a kind and generous invitation to come on to the anniversary. The invitation tallied with Mr. Beecher's inclination and he accepted.

"He attended the meetings, spoke, created a sensation, stirred up the dry bones, caused much spectacle-wiping, and in fact became a lion among the lions, and awoke to find himself famous.

"Just prior to this event, on the night of May 9, 1847, a meeting of those interested in the establishment of a new Congregationalist church, was called at the house of Mr. H. C. Bowen, in Willow street. There were present at this most important gathering but six persons, namely: David Hale, John T. Howard, David Griffin, Jira Payne, Henry C. Bowen, Charles Rowland.

"Mr. Bowen opened the meeting with prayer, after which Mr. Hale made a detailed statement concerning the property which had been but lately deeded by the First Presbyterian Church to the imaginary body known as the Plymouth Church, which in reality consisted but of the original purchasers.

"And here I will digress for an explanation of

the how and wherefore of the above-given title. At the house of one of the gentlemen interested was gathered a little company when the matter of the new church came up, and names were called for. It was deemed desirable to select one which in some way referred to the days of the Pilgrim forefathers. 'Pilgrim' and 'Puritan' had already been adopted by church organizations, and the tide of suggestion was low when a lady mentioned the 'Plymouth Brethren' as a significant and appropriate title. Amendments were offered, and finally Mr. Bowen struck upon 'Plymouth Church,' simple, stately, strong. It was at once adopted and, like the immortal statesman, 'still lives' though perhaps to more purpose than he.

"To return to the meeting.

"After Mr. Hale had fully and clearly stated the facts of the case, he continued: 'And now, gentlemen, the hour has come for action. On to-morrow week the church will be vacant. The First Presbyterian Church will hold its farewell service there to-morrow. Shall we not go on at once with our project, waste no time, and plant the seed for certain results without further delay? I think so decidedly, and in behalf of the owners of this property I cheerfully offer its use for purposes of religious worship on the Sunday following to-morrow.' Mr. Bowen then offered the following resolution, which was carried unanimously:

"'*Resolved:* That religious services shall be commenced, by Divine permission, on Sunday the 16th day of May."

"The next week was a busy one. The house was cleaned, the cushions brushed up, and all things internal put in apple-pie order. The friends interested in the enterprise, felt concerning it very much as a mother does about her new baby, only in this case they were not quite sure that the baby would survive its nativity.

"In the columns of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, then as now a live newspaper, friendly to the Plymouth enterprise, on the 15th day of May, 1847, was inserted the following notice:

"'*New Congregational Church.*—The Congregational Church in Cranberry street (late Rev. Dr. Cox's) will be opened for religious worship to-morrow morning, afternoon and evening, at the usual hours.

"'Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, from Indianapolis, Indiana, is expected to preach morning and evening, and Rev. N. H. Eggleston, from Ellington, Conn., in the afternoon. The friends of the new enterprise, also all who are willing to aid in the establishment of a new church in that section of the city, are respectfully invited to attend.'

"Late that Saturday night the movers in the enterprise were at church, gathered in the little

study so long occupied by Dr. Cox. They had done their every duty and now it was in the hands of the people. 'Shall we be sustained?' was the question which above all others interested them, as after a last long talk they knelt in prayer, beseeching the bright smile of the Ruler of all upon this matter, which was, they sincerely believed, initiated for the spreading of His Gospel and the glory of His name. Sunday the 16th of May, 1847, dawned bright and beautiful. Every kindly element of nature lent its aid for the perfection of the morning and the cheerful starting of the little venture.

"Early the excited pilots were at their post, anxious lest their hopes might be unanswered, trembling lest but two or three should gather together, fearful lest their Elder Brother should meet but a cool reception.

"The bell sounded its first invitation, and was answered by the coming of scores and hundreds.

"Long ere it had ceased tolling its solemn introduction, the pews, the galleries, the *standees* were filled. Eagerly, curiously the trustees walked the aisle examining closely each crowded pew, that unfilled seats might be rendered available. Middle-aged heads (now fifteen years ago) were put together, and as a result all the get-at-able boys were sent from house to house for chairs. The aisles were filled with long benches from—I don't know where, with chairs and stools and

crickets, while on the pulpit steps, high up, even to the very platform itself, sat a crowd of boys more or less well-behaved, myself amongst the number, who shared the anxieties of their fathers, the complacency of their well-pleased mothers, and the curiosity of the audience generally.

"I have been unable to ascertain the subject of Mr. Beecher's first sermon, although I remember very well that it was an earnest and hearty appeal to the sinner; a pioneer, whether intentional or not, for the powerful revival sermons which came soon after. The effect was electrical. The entire service was unlike those of ordinary celebration.

"As clearly as the doings of yesterday is left upon my mind the reading of the hymn. The sentiment was brought out, the petition seemed real, earnestness characterized the delivery, and it affected men and boys alike. Persons who for years had occupied the time devoted by the pastor to the reading of a hymn in looking about the house, found themselves following word by word the prayer of the poet; and others who, comfortably snuggled upon the handkerchiefed pew-back, never missed a refreshing nap during the 'long prayer,' lost themselves as they accompanied the speaker in praise, thanksgiving and petition to the Most High; and one of the 'Salt Cellars' of the earth said to me concerning it, 'he's the only man whose preaching has succeeded ever in taking my thoughts off from my business.'

"The success was genuine.

"There had been no clap-trap resorted to for the procuring of an audience. The four addresses made by Mr. Beecher in New York before the American Board of Missions, the Tract Society, the Bible Society, and another, had attended to his advertisement.

"The audience which for years had gathered regularly on those occasions to be prayed over, talked beyond, and ineffably bored, and who on this anniversary had been prayed with, talked at, and unspeakably delighted by new thoughts presented in a human way, knowing that the 'Star of the Season' was to preach, had joined their numerous host to those who were drawn by other motives, and to them all it was that the word of God, pure, simple, untrammelled by prejudice or dogma, was presented forcibly, earnestly, and affectionately.

"In the evening it was a similar success.

"Throughout the City of Churches his name had spread, and scores of prayer-meetings were that night deserted by deacons, elders, and other brethren who had not failed in attending for years, but who could not resist the importunities of their families, or the promptings of their curiosities to go and see what the new man was like.

"Had Mr. Beecher been settled pastor of the people, and had he determined in his mind to prepare the ground for a revival work, he could not have struck more boldly and truly for it, than he

did on that Sunday night. The crowded audience, very many of whom were members of long standing of churches in the city, many of whom were gay and thoughtless youths whose only motive in attending service was that of curiosity, and others whose hearts were bound up with the success of the enterprise, were absolutely thunderstruck. They had come for intellectual enjoyment, they received a moral thrashing; they had come to enjoy the peculiarities of a young Western eccentric, they went away beaten with the flail of God's messenger.

"The New York *Tribune* furnished a full report of the evening sermon, and sold thousands of copies, which, while it preserved the letter, could not, as no report ever did, give the spirit, the 'gism,' the indescribable.

"On Friday evening of the week following, namely, May 21, 1847, the first prayer-meeting was held, and after the regular services, on motion of Mr. Hale, a committee of five—Messrs. Bowen, Hale, Howard, Rowland and Payne—was appointed to take measures for the organization of a Congregational church.

"Mr. Beecher had then gone to Boston. While there he was in constant correspondence with the movers in the enterprise, and although no formal proposition had been made to him, it was tacitly understood that without doubt he would be called to the pastorate. Being called, and accepting, how-

ever, are by no means synonymous. In the course of the correspondence, Mr. Hale, whose ideas of large liberty and absolute independence of thought in church matters were well known, indicated his belief that very many good people would flock to such an offer, and be glad to work heart and soul in the prosecution of Christ's work under such a banner. This drew from Mr. Beecher a word of caution, to which Mr. Hale replied, explaining more clearly his personal position, and drew from Mr. Beecher the following letter which, never before published, and obtained from the records of the church, is so filled with characteristic goodness of heart, love to God and love to man, so broad and yet so orthodox in its views, that I regard it worthy of the utmost publicity. This letter, written years ago, has served as the text from which his every sermon has been preached, as the guide by which his every step has been directed. Read in it the evidence of his bigotry, of his selfishness, his ambition and his vanity.

"'BOSTON, June 4, 1847.

"'*Dear Sir*:—I received your letter mailed June 2, this morning. . . . . It is always easy to gather a crowd by an enterprise which will allow them to work under the inspirations of pride or selfishness. Such a church will have a rapid growth, or rather it will become much swollen, but will have in itself the seeds of punishment.

The very sharpness with which they may have censured and broken away from others would, in time, be turned within, upon each other.

"'What Christ says, "without me ye can do nothing," is as true of the church as of an individual.

"'Should it be my lot to labor with you in this enterprise, it will be my whole soul's desire that the spirit, and feeling, and heart of Christ should be reproduced in the church. I have not the slightest fear of a bold-thinking church, an independent church, an enterprising and ever-reforming church, but I have a horror of a church under the influence of malign feelings, without gentleness, or softness, or richness of Christian experience, which I cannot express. . . . .

"'There are two enterprises proposed to me in Boston, to neither of which I am inclined to yield. My judgment would be entirely against a settlement here.

"'I hope to be in New York on Saturday, the 12th, and to remain over two Sabbaths, when I shall proceed homeward . . . .

"'Please give my best regards to all friends, and believe me truly yours,

"'H. W. Beecher.

"'David Hale, Esq.'

"The council which was called to advise, consult with, and consider the papers of the new

church was composed of the following gentlemen, some of whom have gone to another world, but the majority of whom are yet living:

"From the Church of the Pilgrims: Rev. R. S. Storrs, Jr., pastor; Chandler Starr, delegate.

"From the Second Congregational Church: Rev. I. N. Sprague, pastor; A. B. Davenport, delegate.

"From the Broadway Tabernacle Church, New York: Rev. J. P. Thompson, pastor; David Hale, delegate.

"From Chrystie Street Congregational Church, New York: Rev. D. C. Lansing, D. D., pastor; Seymour Whiting, delegate.

"This council met on the night of the 12th of June, 1847, at the house of Mr. Howard, in Hicks street, and received from the Committee on Organization, etc., a report of what had been done, which included the preparation of the Articles of Faith, the Covenant, and other manualistic documents, all of which were found to be orthodox, correct, and worthy of approval. It was then determined that on the Sunday following, namely, the 13th of June, the church should be solemnly organized with all due form and ceremony.

"There were but few who, at that time, were willing to be recognized as members of a Congregational church which started with the very foundation idea of liberty, in the church and out

of it, and these few I shall introduce here, at the risk of being considered personal. They were:

"Henry C. Bowen, Lucy Maria Bowen, Eli C. Blake, Benjamin Burgess, Mary Burgess, Mary Cannon, David Griffin, Richard Hale, Julia Hale, John T. Howard, Rachel Knight, John F. Morse, Rebecca Morse, Jira Payne, Eliza Payne, Charles Rowland, Maria Rowland, Alpheus R. Turner, Louisa Turner, John Webb, Martha Webb.

"On the appointed day these persons, in the presence of a very fair audience, voluntarily covenanted with God and each other, that they would conserve and advance His interests on the earth, and that towards all men the utmost Christian charity should be shown.

"Rev. Dr. Storrs preached a sermon, and the occasion was one of unusual interest.

"Of course, the first question in order was: Having a church, what shall we do with it? The most absolute unanimity prevailed, and one object was in common view.

"On Monday evening, June 14, 1847, the church considered the question of extending a call to their pastorate, and having resolved to invite some one at once, the motion to invite Mr. Beecher was carried, eight votes being cast in his favor and none for any one else. Mr. Beecher was duly notified of the call, but delayed answering for several weeks. It was an entirely new idea for him; he had regarded the West as his

home, and the Western people as the field wherein he should work, and it required no little force of argument and persuasion to convince him that duty demanded his acceptance, even of so flattering a position and such brilliant prospects. It is doubtful whether he would have accepted a call from an established church, but there was, as he said, something pleasant in the idea of beginning an enterprise, of fashioning its build, of watching its growth and directing its labor, which appealed directly to his love of work and harmonized with his mode of operation.

"Many letters passed between him and the leaders of the movement, in which points doctrinal, practical, national and local were fully discussed and explained, after which he wrote the following letter of acceptance:

"'INDIANAPOLIS, August 19, 1847.

"'*Dear Brethren:* I desire to convey through you to the Plymouth Church and congregation, my acceptance of the call to the pastoral office tendered by them to me.

"'I cannot regard the responsibilities of this important field without the most serious diffidence; and wholly putting my trust in that Saviour whom I am to preach in your midst, I can heartily adopt the language of Paul, "Brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified."

"'It will be necessary for me to remain yet for some time in this place, but I hope to arrive in Brooklyn in the middle of October, or at the furthest by the first of November.

"'I am in Christian love, most truly yours,

"'H. W. BEECHER.

"'To JOHN T. HOWARD, H. C. BOWEN, CHARLES ROWLAND, and others.'

"On the 11th of November, 1847, a council for the examination and installation of the pastor met in the lecture-room, which fronted on Orange street, the church fronting on Cranberry street.

"After a tedious examination, which was only relieved from absolute stupidity by the amusing controversies between certain dogmatic brethren and the candidate, on the old-fashioned and in some respects cheerful doctrine of the perseverance of the saints, the council concluded that he was all right, and if he wasn't, he wanted to be, and that they would approve the choice.

"I remember distinctly looking in at the solemn assemblage, and enjoying, youngster as I was, the facile handling of the dignified body by the rosy-cheeked, solid-framed individual who was replying to their serious questionings.

"It is not necessary to reproduce the names of all the members. Rev. Dr. Cheever, Rev. Dr. Thompson, Rev. Dr. Hewitt, Rev. Dr. Beecher, Rev. Dr. Bushnell and Rev. Dr. Humphrey were

the most noted of the clergymen, of whom Rev. Dr. Hewitt was chosen moderator.

"From Dr. Storrs, Dr. Beecher and Dr. Thompson, Mr. Beecher received the most encouraging support. These gentlemen questioned him carefully and were content with the spirit, even if the absolute wording was not the most orthodox. From some of the others, however, Mr. Beecher had but little to hope. Indeed I think Dr. Hewitt would have been better content if the council had advised the young man to tarry awhile in the West, until his theological beard had attained more courtly proportions, but he was unable to secure that action.

"The council saw that the people heard him gladly, that the church was determined to have him and no one else, and that it would be folly on the merest and flimsiest technical pretence, to withdraw their countenance from a man who desired only the good of the world, and from a church which was anxious to afford him a field of labor.

"It wouldn't have been prudent or desirable to mention this little circumstance at the time, but had the council peremptorily refused to approve him, the Plymouth Church people would just as certainly have settled Mr. Beecher as their pastor. They were not made of that material which would submit to the dictum of any body of outsiders, unless that dictum was based upon the soundest

principles of right and honor, and even then, suggestions rather than dicta would the more gladly have been received.

"The installation took place that night in the church. An immense crowd witnessed the proceedings, which, though prolonged to a late hour, were of sufficient popularity to detain the entire congregation to the end.

"The following was the order of the service:

"Invocation and reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Dr. Humphrey.

"Sermon, by Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher.

"Installing Prayer, by Rev. Dr. Hewitt.

"Charge to the Pastor, by Rev. Dr. Lansing.

"'The Fellowship of the Churches,' by Rev. R. S. Storrs, Jr.

"Address to the people, by Rev. J. H. Thompson.

"Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Dr. Bushnell.

"The winter's work now began.

"Mr. Beecher waited for no ceremony. He struck at once for a revival of Christian feeling. The house was crowded every Sunday morning and evening, and the vast audience listened with eagerness to his exposition of the truth, and his entreaties for the forsaking of sin. The week's lectures were well attended, the prayer-meetings were thronged, and from one end of the city to the other was heard the cry, 'What shall I do to be saved?'

"Mr. Beecher spared not himself. Day and night, early and late he talked, counselled and variously labored for an indicated end, which end he had the supreme satisfaction of obtaining.

"Especially among the young the work was most successful and hundreds, who before, gay and thoughtless, paid no attention to serious subjects, now gave their most conscientious thought to matters of spiritual interest, and passed from gayety to cheerfulness, from thoughtlessness to labor in the cause for the Master.

"At this time the officers of the church were as follows:

"Pastor: Henry Ward Beecher.

"Deacons: Henry C. Bowen, Charles Rowland, J. F. Morse.

"Examining Committee: Messrs. Bowen, Rowland, Burgess, Richard Hale, John T. Howard, and Jira Payne.

"Clerk and treasurer: John T. Howard.

"The Sunday-school cannot be treated briefly. It is one of the features of the church, has done as much good as any other of the church organizations, and deserves what I propose hereafter to give, a detailed and faithful history. It was organized on the 5th of September, 1847. Henry C. Bowen was superintendent and John T. Howard secretary. There were ten teachers and twenty-eight scholars.

"On June 14, 1847, in accordance with the laws

of the State, a meeting was held in the lecture-room for the purpose of forming a religious society which should have charge of the secular affairs of the church, and which should act harmoniously with that body in the prosecution of the great work before it.

"The society was organized and Messrs. Henry C. Bowen, John T. Howard and Daniel Burgess were elected as trustees for the terms respectively of one, two, and three years. The two former yet live. Daniel Burgess, who was for years thereafter identified with the heart-life of the church, whose whole being was but the doing of good, and concerning whom I shall have more to say in other connections, is dead, and when he died a great light went out. The name of Plymouth Church was adopted as the corporate name of the society in conformity with the decision of the church organization.

"After a year and a half's unexampled prosperity, the membership of the church having largely and desirably increased, and the secular affairs of the society being in the best possible condition, the question of accommodation became a serious one.

"There was no room for the people; children had to be left at home, and everybody was incommoded. Some favored a new church, others thought little boats should better keep near shore; and so matters went on, until unaccountably the

building took fire and became seriously damaged. That very many of the members regretted the occurrence seems doubtful, but that any of them played the part of an incendiary has never been suggested, I believe, even by the *Herald* or the *Express*.

"In consequence of the damage done the church edifice by the fire, a meeting of the society was held in the lecture-room on Saturday, January 9, 1849. Mr. James Freeland, president of the Board of Trustees, was in the chair and announced the business of the meeting to be the consideration of the extent of the injury which had been sustained and the means of remedying the same.

"Mr. Beecher at that moment entered the room and stated that their troubles had developed the most friendly feelings in the hearts of their neighbors, of which the following facts are the fruit: the Rev. Dr. Cox had formally called to offer the use of the First Presbyterian Church in Henry street; the Rev. Mr. Hodge had offered the lecture-room of the Brooklyn Female Academy, then occupied by the First Baptist Church; the Rev. Mr. Sprague had offered the Second Congregational Church in South Brooklyn; the pastor and trustees of the Pierrepont Street Baptist Church tendered their sincere sympathy and the use of their house on each Sunday afternoon, and Messrs. Baldwin and Hale, on behalf

of the Church of the Pilgrims (Rev. Dr. Storrs), tendered their edifice each Sunday evening so long as its use might be desirable.

"The sympathy thus evinced by these sister churches, some of which are of other denominations, was cheering and gratifying, and was received in the most Christian spirit.

"The offer of the Church of the Pilgrims seemed to be the most eligible, and it was unanimously voted to accept it. A resolution was also passed that services should be held the next Sunday morning in Dr. Cox's church, in compliance with his kind invitation. During the ensuing week, as may be imagined, the trustees were far from idle. Daily meetings and consultations were had, and at the adjourned society meeting, which was held on the following Saturday night, Mr. H. C. Bowen stated that at a meeting of the trustees a committee had been appointed to prepare a report on the state of the case, and present it to the society. Upon motion the committee were requested to deliver their report.

"As this report was the basis of all subsequent action, I reproduce it entire:

"'At a meeting of the Trustees of Plymouth Society, convened at the house of John T. Howard on Saturday evening, January 13, a committee was instituted to make the following report to the society:

"'The conflagration has made it necessary to incur a large expense in repairing our place of worship. The expense of repairing the damage done by fire is estimated at about $2,400. It may not be generally known that the building is in a state requiring very general and expensive repairs, besides those for which we have no insurance.

"'The furniture of the church will require a sum not less than $400 if replaced.

"'The organ has been removed, and large expense will be incurred should another be purchased; the sash and window-frames of the building require thorough overhauling; the whole cornice and gutter of the main building require to be removed and remade, and the roof requires replacing. It is supposed that not less than $5,000 will be required to put the building into a safe condition for use, which sum is one-fourth of the whole original purchase-money.

"'Should the church be put again into good condition, it is worthy of question whether it will answer the purpose of the congregation. We have had the experience of a year and a half. That trial has satisfied us that the accommodations are far from sufficient, and are inferior in kind. The seats are not convenient and the house is especially ill-ventilated. There are multitudes who refuse to attend service in the church from reason of health. The excessive and permanent incon-

venience of a dense crowd in so limited a space, ought to be made a matter of serious deliberation.

"'It was by many supposed that this state of things was temporary and would soon pass away, but in fact there have been no signs of decline, and the tendency to increase is manifest, so that the matter assumes the form of a question of duty:

"'Namely, Is a church bound to meet the demands made upon it by the community for the means of hearing the gospel?

"'It seems to be admitted on all hands that, within five years, a larger church will have to be built, nor do we see how any other view can be taken.

"'In the light of these facts and also in view of certain moral aspects of the question, which were laid down by the pastor of the church, the trustees have unanimously resolved to recommend to the society to proceed immediately to the building of a new church edifice.

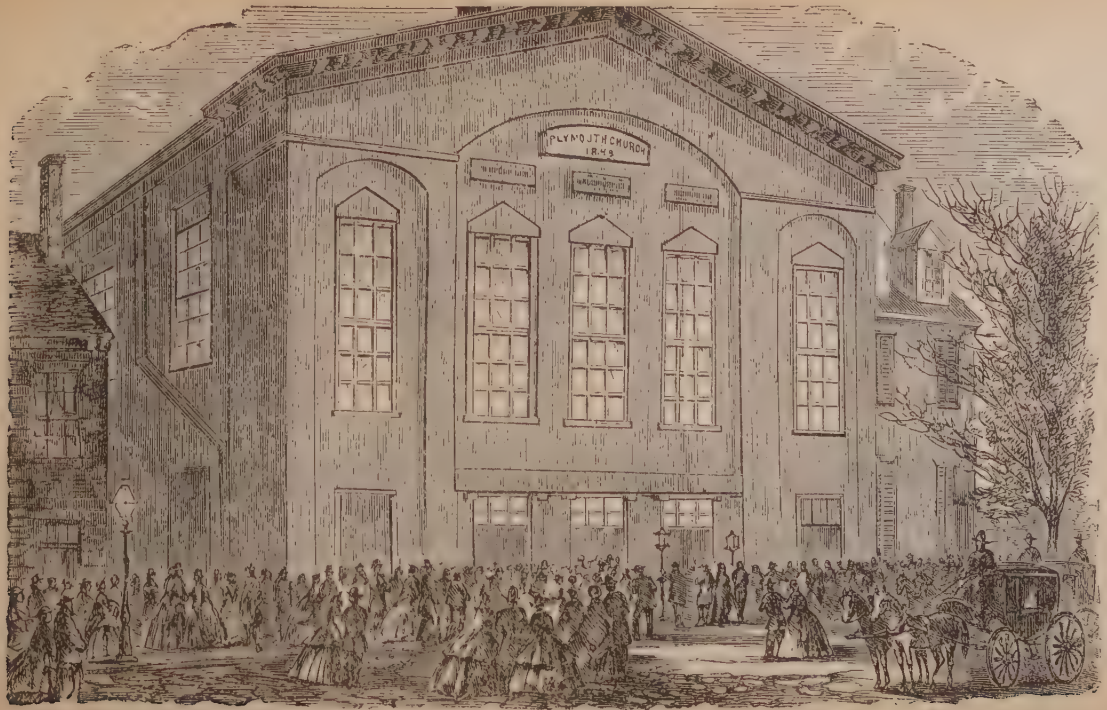
"'(Signed) H. C. Bowen,
J. W. Green,
John T. Howard, } *Committee.*'

"The members of Plymouth Society did not belong to the slow-coach organization, and it required no great length of time for them to come to the conclusion that, as a new church was needed, a new church must be had.

"Every one, however, had his own little plan, his peculiar pet idea, his invaluable suggestion, which seemed essential to the success of the enterprise, and which was pushed with energy by each originator. That great arbiter of difference, a committee, was finally appointed.

"The wants of the community were to be met; the demands of a growing and independent organization were to be satisfied; the peculiar ideas of the pastor, who had by this time become a first-class power, were to be consulted; and all were to be harmonized and interfitted so that the church itself might be perfect.

"The community for instance wanted a large church, one to which in the evening John might take Mary, where the young men and old men might go with perfect freedom, where strangers could be accommodated, and where a cheerful hour might be spent by all. The church membership desired all sorts of conveniences. They wanted cheap pew-rent, and in order to secure that there must be many pews; they wanted any quantity of little rooms for little meetings, because the pastor's boldness of speech very soon developed a temerity of diction in his followers which made many a young man an ornament to the prayer-meeting, while it also entailed upon the brethren a set of blatant whiners, whose tongues set easily on a central pivot, gabbled everlastingly and with the oiliest glibness.



PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"The pastor must, of course, have a commodious study, the trustees needed an office, the Sunday-school and weekly meetings needed their several accommodations, while last, though at that time not least, was the pastor's original idea of a suite of Social Circle Parlors.

"Mr. Beecher, than whom a more democratic person does not exist, had a desire that the members of his church should be in reality what they were technically, 'brethren.' Everybody knows that churches as a generality are hot-beds of pride, gardens of caste, conservatories of harmful vanities, and treasuries of jealousies.

"The broad middle aisle disdains the narrower side aisle; the near-pulpit pews do not visit the near-the-door pews, and all of them regard the under-the-gallery pews as inferior to the last degree.

"Isn't it so?

"Is there a church in the city of Brooklyn where social caste is done away with? where the rich and poor, the educated and the illiterate, the successful and the witless, are 'bretheren and sisterin,' even while within the consecrated walls?

"There may be, but, as I look mentally around, I don't see it.

"In addition to the accommodations desired for the social circle, it was found necessary to provide a more ample lecture-room than is afforded by most churches. Ordinarily weekly lectures

are but slim affairs. The pastor, but barely refreshed from his Sabbath-day duties, either looks up some old sermon, or else hurriedly prepares a sophomoric essay upon 'Virtue and its Desirableness,' and wearily enters the desk to find perhaps fifty or sixty persons, mainly women, in readiness for the dose. Without spirit, without nerve, without energy, without any element of manliness, he stumbles through a prayer, the audience attempts a hymn, and the essay is delivered, after which the sisters gather about the desk, sympathize with the pastoral weakness awhile, the lamps are turned off, and profitless the people go away.

"That sort of spiritual manna, however, was not dealt out by Mr. Beecher. His lectures were among the most interesting, the most entertainingly instructive of the pastoral teachings, and the room in which they were then delivered was thronged to its utmost extent.

"So, too, for the prayer-meetings it was a necessity that there should be a large room, one that would accommodate several hundred people.

"Of the prayer-meeting proper, the Friday night meeting, how different an account can be given. Such cheerful, blessed seasons of communion, such genuine heart-feasts, with such glorious results, are rarely found.

"It is the custom of Mr. Beecher to preside at this meeting, as it is the habit of hundreds regu-

larly to attend. The services are few, simple and in name similar to those at any church, but the spirit, the heartiness with which they are performed, and the invariably good-natured faces and lightened hearts which are ensured by the evening's operations, are a feature at once peculiar and permanent.

"Mr. Beecher generally opens the meeting with a hymn of thanksgiving, one with the music and words of which the audience are familiar; Mr. Zundel accompanies with the piano-forte, and the utmost cordiality of feeling is the normal result. Everybody joins. Many are fine singers, others can yet only stumble, but the same road is traversed by each, and from the solid bass of the pastor to the enfeebled tenor of Brother Grim, through the varied attempts of the hundreds of choristers the same words, the same sentiment, the same spirit of thanksgiving, are the utterance of the congregation.

"The reading of some appropriate passage from the Bible follows. Mr. Beecher is a peculiar reader. The graces of elocution are not apparent in his reading; the effects are. His voice is round, full, deep; his enunciation clear, absolute, distinct; understanding the intent of the sentence, he gives it rather than the wording, and no one can listen to his reading of prose or verse without noticing the singular absence of technical elocution, and the unusual clarity of meaning.

"Following this is the opening prayer by the pastor.

"Prayer is a good thing.

"How many, many times I have seen men whose pale faces, sunken eyes, and stooping shoulders indicated the most absolute weariness, slouched down in their seats, careless, tired and inattentive during the earlier services, revived by the refreshing inspiration of the pastor's prayer. His whole heart is in it. There is no Adam and Eve, no Hebrews, no roaming in and about the Delectable Mountains, no groping in the labyrinth of sentencism, but a hearty, straight-out, Saxon-worded petition, confession, congratulation. Earnestness characterizes the manner, and truthfulness the language. It is no wonder that the audience bend their heads, refrain from idle gaping about, join silently in the prayer, and frequently exclaim, in the sincerity of their endorsement, Amen and Amen.

"The effect is like that of a summer shower. Old men wipe their eyes, tired clerks look bright, every one feels at home, the cheerful, sympathetic magnetism of coinciding heart-current pervades the entire assemblage, and they wait for further enjoyment.

"Mr. Beecher's personal experience often serves as illustration of theory or idea advanced, and his reminiscences of early days, told in a quiet, familiar manner, as if to his home-circle, are oftentimes

prolonged to the extent of a small biography, and are interesting in the extreme.

"The reading then is good.

"The praying by the pastor is heart-resting, soul-inspiring, body-refreshing.

"The singing is familiar, congregational, sympathetic. The instruction is practical and popular.

"The lay praying is as it may be. Some persons have the gift of unmistakable gab. They can rattle off hifalutin confessions of the utmost depravity as they would unwind a spool of cotton; they apostrophize the Lord, as they would in a charade address a mock king; they suggest comprehensive plans for salvation in the most facile and jolly manner, and sit down with a sigh of satisfaction and a smile of complacency which irritates the toe of every honest man's boot.

"Others pray with feeling, but with feeble tongue. Their utterances are heartfelt but inaudible, and their attitude, their manner, are so suggestive of humility that the veriest cynic would grant them full credit for sincerity and truthfulness.

"Others are happy from beginning to end. They are in the path of honor, nothing disturbs them, their virtue is safe, their God is the Lord, and their Lord their intimate friend.

"And so from year to year these meetings have gone on. They are always cheerful, always well attended, and always productive of good.

"Mr. Beecher considers it the spring from which the fountain in the church beyond draws its constant supply. Without it the church would die; without it the general feeling of good-natured interest which its attendants manifest in each other's welfare would be unknown.

V.

MR. BEECHER AT HIS WORK.

WE are so accustomed to think of Mr. Beecher as an old man, that it seems little less than profanation to recall him in any other guise then as he appeared with long silver hair upon his shoulders, his sturdy and rather corpulent figure borne with dignity and evident strength along the streets whereon he had moved the greater part of half a century. Yet Henry Ward Beecher, who in 1887 was laid to rest covered with flowers, followed by the benedictions of a nation, attended by the prayers of a race, had lived more in his seventy-four years than one hundred ordinary men.

His boyhood was peculiar.

Cribbed, cabined, confined here, compressed there, held in all over, he was like a bubbling spring which, seeking its normal outflow, finds itself sat upon by huge stones which, preventing its natural exodus, necessitate searching for places of exit here, there and everywhere. Theology, foreordination, predestination, and hell, with an occasional glimpse of heaven, were continuously

before him in all his early years. Read this little story; it is a capital index, showing how the bent of the boy's mind was made:

When his father, the venerable Lyman Beecher, was settled in Litchfield, Conn., a city friend made him a present of a dinner-service of crockery. This was duly packed in a large crate and sent by stage to the Doctor's house. It was taken into the kitchen and carefully opened by the good lady of the house, in the presence of the youthful Henry. As plate after plate was removed, cup after cup, gravy-boat, and so forth, the boy, who had been devouring the sight with eager eyes, began to drop silently tear after tear, as he remembered the text of his father's last sermon, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of Heaven;" and finally, unable to bear the awful thought that his father might be included in the condemned list, broke out, "I snum! Ma, aint Pa rich?" "No, my son," replied his mother, "but you must not say 'I snum.'" Meanwhile the unpacking continued, and the service upon the table assumed so formidable an appearance as to compel the reiteration of "I snum! Ma, aint Pa rich?"

"Henry! leave the room; your father is not rich, but when he comes home I shall be compelled to tell him of your wicked words."

The boy left the room silently, but could not resist the temptation to look into the room,

through the hole which the old-fashioned latch had made in its frequent risings and fallings, and, seeing the continually increasing pile of dishes, rendered enormous by the addition of large platters and meat dishes, was overcome by the force of the feeling, now rendered intense, that his father would certainly be damned; and to his mother's astonishment he burst into the room shouting at the top of his voice, "I snum! Ma, aint Pa rich, and—and—and wont he go to hell?" By this time his mother got an inkling of what was going on in his sensitive mind and by questions ascertained the nature of his fears, and soon quieted them. Of course when the good Doctor came in he enjoyed a hearty laugh, which was all the punishment he thought his boy deserved.

The timid, apprehensive boy had grown a man enthusiastic, pushing, sincere and industrious in many lines.

When he came East he was but thirty-four years old. Men, especially clergymen, rarely attain eminence at that age. There have been statesmen at twenty-one; not many.

Napoleon was a great general at twenty-five.

But Napoleons are infrequent.

Beecher had made a reputation in the pulpit, in the forum, as an assaulter of the vices of the age, as a voluminous writer along the line of agriculture, horticulture and floriculture. And yet he was crude and awkward.

In those days—thirteen years before the war; a war which had been ended twenty-two years at the time of his death—the chief topics of discussion upon the political platform were such as took hold of the relations, already strained, between the North and the South, and more especially bearing upon the question of human bondage.

Mr. Beecher's idea of the pulpit was that it is a place in which to teach men how to live rather than how to die, and, as in those days the rancor existing between the North and the South took hold upon every line of mercantile effort, it will be readily understood that every intelligent person in his Sunday audience was more or less interested in the solution of the great problem of the day. Their feeling pro and con, their interest, one way or the other, would of necessity swerve, this way or that, their actions, unless a moral purpose could be infused which might radiate and ultimately dominate the situation and direct their conduct. So, little by little, Mr. Beecher used his pulpit as a place for teaching men how to act politically, how to bear themselves as citizens, how to conduct their affairs in the early days of that great struggle when the contest was between mind and mind, as it ultimately became between force and force.

It was not then as now the custom to report sermons to any great extent.

The *Tribune* was at one time paid for publish-

ing Mr. Beecher's sermons. The preacher knew nothing of it, but it was a kindly desire on the part of one of the parish to bring the Plymouth Church utterances before a wider audience than could be seated in the church. The *Herald* occasionally gave brief reports, but it was not the habit, and, in fact, until 1860 it did not become the universal custom to report Mr. Beecher or any other clergyman *verbatim*.

But the anti-slavery meetings that were held in the Broadway Tabernacle were reported.

The speakers were lampooned, their fiery and vehement outbursts were ridiculed, and a great deal of feeling was stirred up throughout the entire community on both sides the line. As Mr. Beecher was foremost among this class of orators he naturally received the largest share of abuse from pro-slavery journals, and incurred the lion's part also of mercantile, commercial and social displeasure.

The pro-slavery feeling was quite as strong in some churches as the anti-slavery feeling was in others, and so bitter was the sentiment that all manner of weapons were utilized to satire, to ridicule, to bemean and to counteract the influence of the chief spokesman on either side.

Harper's Weekly, for instance, printed a full page cartoon of Henry Ward Beecher refusing to administer the communion to George Washington because George Washington owned slaves.

There was no epithet too low, no name too mean, no characterization too offensive to be applied to Mr. Beecher, and those who followed him, by the so-called "friends of the South" in New York and vicinity.

The name of Beecher became a hissing and a by-word.

By many he was regarded as the inspirer, and by very, very many as the author of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the fact being that he knew nothing about it until her arrangements had been made and her story had been begun under a contract with the Washington journal, in which it first made its appearance as a serial story. As the years went on, this feeling, already intense, already bitter, became absolutely the rudder which steered one party from the other. The South determined to secede, and the North was divided between those who were willing that the "wayward sisters" should "depart in peace," and those who determined that the Union should not be disrupted, but should be maintained in its integrity at all hazards.

Considering slavery to be the crime of the age, Mr. Beecher directed his batteries against it.

He determined that Plymouth Church and Plymouth pulpit should be known as an organization devoted to the downfall of sin, as well as to the upbuilding of virtue. His idea was to make men and women stronger, better, and to radiate

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

them as missionaries throughout the whole country. This fact alone would have crowded his church, but there was there not only a man with a purpose, but an orator with an unequalled vocabulary, with a picture-gallery such as no mortal eye had seen within the memory of a generation; with dramatic force and fire, with mental activity and physical vigor, stirred by a magnetism of manner which enabled the speaker to sway his people as wind-storms sway the grain.

Still his horizon was limited.

Still his reputation was to a certain extent confined.

Incessant labor from 1847 to 1856, especially labor with the pressure, mental and physical, Mr. Beecher's nature compelled, would kill any man. His intimate friends saw, in the latter part of 1849, that their pastor was breaking down.

Whether he missed the wildness of the West, the freedom of his old-time home, and pined for friends and places unattainable, or whether it was the industry with which he entered upon all untried fields of work, was a mooted point. But that he was breaking down was painfully evident, and in 1850 he was sent abroad, not to remain for any time, but in a hope that the restfulness of the trip over and the trip back, with a few weeks unaccustomed sight-seeing, would restore him to his natural condition.

He went.

He remained but four weeks. During that time he wrote a series of letters to his family and intimate friends, some of which have been printed heretofore, some of which have never seen the light, in every one of which the artist, the lover of nature, the believer in God, and the fellow of his fellow-man, with no thought of ultimate publicity, with no care save that of desire that his friends at home should participate in his joy.

He returned from England in good health and went at once to work.

From that time on the printed and spoken utterances of Henry Ward Beecher were taken as the key-note of the great campaign against slavery, and its extension into the free Territories of the North-west. Some of his people had objected strenuously to their pastor's course. They thought it lowered the pulpit and brought religion and politics to a common level.

Mr. Beecher met their objections good humoredly but seriously.

That any man worthy the name could contemplate the slavery of his fellow and seriously defend an institution whose corner-stone was the defilement of the image of God, seemed to him an abasement of human intelligence. "Tell me," he said, "that you mean to hold on to slavery because it is profitable, or because you love power, and I will respect at least your truth; but if you attempt to justify your infamy by scriptural

quotations or specious arguments about rights, I spew you from my friendship." The "silver-gray" merchants who demurred at his constant agitation of this subject, and who affected to regard him as a mountebank, he bombarded without mercy. They were rich and in positions of influence, therefore they were the more dangerous, and he spared nothing that would convict them of treachery to the Master whose children and servants they professed to be.

Finally, after years of agitation, from the labors of the little coterie was born the Republican party. Mr. Beecher was one of its few fathers, and tended it carefully from its birth. He took great interest in the campaign when John C. Fremont was nominated as Presidential candidate, and addressed large audiences in Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania. He was then forty-three years old and in perfect health. With the exception of several months in 1849, when he was so seriously ill as to prevent his preaching from March until September, and three months in 1850, when he made the convalescing trip to Europe, he had not been absent a Sunday from his pulpit. The national peril in 1856 seemed so great, that he was induced by his political friends to accept a leave of absence from his church and travel through the Middle and Western States on a kind of oratorical pilgrimage. Wherever he went his fame preceded him, and in that memo-

rable fight he added laurels of imperishable renown to those already won.

The defeat of Fremont, which Mr. Beecher and many others believed to be the work of Pennsylvania tricksters, consolidated the Republican party, intensified the growing hatred of the sections and afforded the extremists both sides of Mason and Dixon's line a never-ending theme of discussion.

Plymouth pulpit had become a national institution.

The streets of Brooklyn leading from the ferries were busy with processions of men from New York looking for "Beecher." The policeman never waited for a stranger to conclude his question, but invariably interrupted him and said, "Follow the crowd." That hundreds heard Mr. Beecher preach from Sunday to Sunday who hated him and his doctrines is undoubtedly the fact. Some of the "best people" in the city refused to speak to him, and all over the land he was villified and abused.

Some of his people left his ministry.

And where one went, twenty new ones came.

He demanded a free platform for himself, and accorded it to others. His people did not servilely believe anything because he said it, for they often maintained opinions different from his to the end.

Fortunately Mr. Beecher was a many-sided man.

His superabundant health and exuberant flow of spirits made him fresh and full of life. Cares, troubles and work seemed but to inspire him. The more he had to do the easier he did it. The habits of his life were regular. For years after he began his Brooklyn work he slept an hour or two every afternoon. He ate sparingly. At first it was his habit after the evening service to go with his wife and a few friends to the house of a parishioner and eat a hearty supper—cold roast beef, roast oysters, cold fowl, or whatever—but as he grew stout and older he gave that habit over. So far as the public were concerned he was equable in temper. He always bore himself good-naturedly, and from the first met strangers, old and young, with a frank look and a pleasant smile. At this period—1856 and on—he was writing for the *Independent*, lecturing two or three times a week, preaching twice every Sunday, lecturing in his chapel Wednesday evenings and talking with his people in the prayer-meetings of Friday; this, in addition to pastoral calls, funeral services, weddings, and the thousand and one importunities to which popular men of all professions are liable.

But even this did not seem to be enough.

Throwing his heart into the work, he endeavored, in spite of great national excitement, to turn the thought of his people heavenward, and in 1857–59 the most "extraordinary works of

grace were in progress" in his congregation. In the early summer of 1858 a perfect harvest of young people was gathered into the church, the total number being 378.

Meantime, Mr. Beecher, in his pulpit and by his pen, stirred the depths of the heart of the nation, and although to many it appeared as if pastor and church were monomaniacs, it must be admitted that they stood together in stormy and troublesome times, faithful witnesses to the great truths of human right and human liberty. Later on, when, as the result of such agitation, discussion broke out into a flame of war, they did not flinch, but gave their sons and daughters, sending them to the field and hospital. He kept a vigilant eye upon affairs and was one on whom men in authority leaned for counsel. He had worked hard to elect Abraham Lincoln, and often thanked God that He had raised such a man from the level of the people. As the nation hesitated in its first step, the clarion cry of Beecher recalled it to its duty. Later on, when disaster and defeat sent a thrill of dismay through the North, the voice of Beecher warned the people of the danger of neglecting duty and the infamy of desertion. He wrote, and spoke, and urged, and worked without rest. He counselled the President, cheered the troops, and encouraged the people.

VI.

WAR TIMES.

AMONG the young men with whom Mr. Beecher associated immediately after his coming East, were Horace Greeley and Henry J. Raymond. Later, in the early days of the Republican party, he found in Mr. Raymond a congenial companion and friend, with whom he held frequent consultations as to policy, platform, candidates. In 1860 Mr. Raymond, when asked as to the authorship and attending circumstances of a notable address issued by a large convention of delegates from all the non-slave-holding and some of the slave-holding States, held in Pittsburgh in February, 1856, said, "I wrote the address. So far as the mere phrasing of it goes I alone am responsible, but for much of its argument and all its conclusions Henry Ward Beecher is quite as much responsible as I. The whole scope was discussed between us before pen was put to paper, and the arraignment of the men then in power for high crimes against the Constitution, the Union and humanity, was suggested and all but phrased by Mr. Beecher."

With pen and voice, in newspaper, in pulpit and on platform, the Plymouth pastor, the people's tribune, worked incessantly for the advancement of the purpose of the Republican party then born, and to secure if possible the election of Fremont and Dayton, its first candidates. The subsequent defeat, so narrow in one sense, so broad in another, had an inspiring effect upon Mr. Beecher and his comrades, and, renewedly devoting themselves and all there was in them to the furtherance of the progress of the principles that underlaid that party, they pushed on toward the end.

When Abraham Lincoln came to New York, in 1859, he sought an interview with Mr. Beecher, attended services in Plymouth Church, and dined with him in the house of a friend.

The contrast between the two men of the West was marked, and the impression produced by their conversation was deep and lasting.

Mr. Beecher was an absorber, and the facility with which he drew information from all sources at his command was one of the rare gifts that made him, in combination, so tremendous a force, so thoroughly-posted an advocate, so well-guarded a defender.

Living issues were all in all to him.

The sins of the aborigines had passed away for settlement with those who committed them, but the sins of to-day, committed by the nation which endorsed individual transgression, black-

ened the escutcheon of the country and smirched the reputation of the land to such an extent that all her patriotic sons felt chagrined, humiliated, in the presence of foreign critics.

Mr. Lincoln was infinitely more conservative then than his clerical host.

He was disposed to listen patiently, if not with entire acquiescence, to the suggestions of Mr. Greeley and others, who believed in peace at any cost. He counselled moderation, preferring to suffer yet a little longer rather than do anything which might precipitate a conflict, concerning the issue of which he, like a vast majority of thinkers, had very grave doubts.

Not so Henry Ward Beecher.

Whatever may have been the inspiration, who can doubt the magical outcome? Whether it be that he was dominated by sympathy, and that his feelings were stirred upon occasion by what he saw, he heard, he felt, who that heard, who even that has the privilege to-day of reading his flaming discussions, his exciting appeals, his solemn warnings, doubts that he meant precisely what he said, standing as he did, a prophet in the very gateway of disaster?

By the merest accident Mr. Beecher was not a delegate to the convention which met in Chicago in 1860 and nominated Abraham Lincoln. He had but to say the word, and he could have gone as delegate-at-large from New York, or any one

of four other States. He did not believe in the wisdom of nominating William H. Seward. He admired excessively Salmon P. Chase. He had firm faith in Abraham Lincoln, and he had a very pronounced conviction concerning the desirability of placing Horace Greeley in that, or any other executive position.

The labors of Mr. Beecher during that great campaign were simply tremendous.

Every word he uttered was reported, and believing the election of Abraham Lincoln a necessity to the public, and arguing, as he always did, that a consultation of the interests of the Republic was a religious duty to every citizen, and, practising what he preached, that the pulpit was the place from which citizenship in its highest and noblest and truest sense should be taught, he made it a point every Sunday night to deliver a discourse which should have a practical bearing upon the duties of the hour.

Now it will be remembered that Plymouth Church is in Kings county, New York State. New York State is one of the most evenly balanced of all the Northern States between the two parties, but the strength of the Democratic party is found in the two cities, New York and Brooklyn, and anything that tends to reduce the Democratic majority in those cities goes far, of course, to help possible preponderance of the Republican party in the State. The result in New York

State in 1860 gave Lincoln 353,804 votes and Douglas 303,329 votes, and without discussing in any sense how far that outcome was due to Mr. Beecher's efforts it will suffice to say that upon him were centred very largely the threats, the insults, the annoyances which came from the defeated party, North and South, with the vehemence of a torrent's rush.

Communication was at once opened between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Beecher in reference to a cabinet formation,

Mr. Beecher did not favor the selection of William H. Seward as Secretary of State, but he did recognize the wisdom of a policy which brought into the council-chamber of the beleaguered chief all the disaffected and opposing elements which had arrayed themselves against the chief prior to his election. With Mr. Chase, Mr. Beecher's relations had for many years been warm and friendly. The other members of the cabinet he knew but little of. He had never seen Simon Cameron, and when Edwin M. Stanton succeeded Mr. Cameron, he asked who he was. Of Gideon Welles, of Connecticut, he had no opinion whatever, for he knew nothing of him. He had very serious doubts concerning the desirability of Edward Bates as Attorney-General, and was decidedly opposed to the selection of Caleb B. Smith, of Indiana, as Secretary of the Interior. Of Andrew Johnson, as Vice-President,

he entertained great hope, and expressed repeatedly a belief that he would not be found wanting.

This is no place in which to discuss the war, or the rebellion, save in their relations to the subject of this sketch. Suffice it that at first matters did not apparently work out toward a desired end, and Mr. Beecher, like all the lion-hearted leaders at the North, was fretted and worried with reasonable apprehensions. He wrote, he lectured, he preached, he advised. He wore himself out.

In 1863, for the benefit of his health, he visited Great Britain and the Continent with President Raymond, of Vassar College. On his arrival he was asked to speak, but he preferred not. It was generally believed that one reason for his trip was the desire of our authorities to counteract the anti-Union impressions and prejudices that seemed to control the English people; but there was no ground for such belief, and Mr. Beecher left the country and, with his friend, made the Continental tour. On his return he found the friends of the Union cause down-hearted. The Confederates were not only not put down, but they were having their own way. The Union authorities were not only unsuccessful, but they appeared to be paralyzed and discouraged by the magnitude of their undertaking. Without consultation with him, the Americans in Great Britain had arranged that

Mr. Beecher should speak in Manchester, Glasgow, Liverpool and London.

It was very easy to "arrange." The task was for the speaker.

Stirred by long-nursed hatred of the man and his principles, the Southern agents, aided by their English friends and blockade-runners, organized gangs of roughs to attend and, if possible, to break up the meetings. Fortunately, Mr. Beecher had entirely recovered his health. He was in prime condition. He knew his subject, and his whole heart was in his work. The largest hall was engaged. The largest hall was packed. When the orator appeared, at once there rose so wild a yell, such a storm of hisses and such an outburst of opprobrium, that braver men would have been justified in declining to face them

Not so Mr. Beecher.

He advanced to the front of the platform and benignantly smiled. He was the embodiment of good nature—fat, round and jolly. His bump of humor was erect and took in the situation. Of physical danger—and there was plenty of it—he had no fear. All he wanted was silence and attention. He made friends with the reporters at once. They spoke to him and he to them. Gradually the uproar diminished and he began to speak. It then repeated itself only again to subside. After a little Mr. Beecher suggested the propriety of fair play in the matter, and expressed his perfect

faith in the desire of every Englishman present to give him at least half the time.

That broke the spell.

It was useless to fight a man who laughed.

It was folly to spend the evening in shouting at a man who was content to wait until his opponent's throat was choked with hoarseness, and they allowed him to proceed. They soon felt the warmth of his nature, and yielded to the magnetism of his manner. Before he had spoken an hour he held the audience in his hand. Then came the tug of war. Scattered in the audience were the Confederate agents. They knew Beecher of old. They appreciated his power and feared precisely what had happened. To divert the audience was their evident cue.

But how? By disconcerting Mr. Beecher!

To accomplish this, one after another asked him questions. That was his opportunity. Every question was a text. Each interruption was a chance. Repartee and rejoinder flashed from his lips. Wit and eloquence flowed like water. Possessed of all the facts, historical and political, familiar with the social tendencies of slavery, posted about the leaders and alive to the importance of his victory as to the cause of his country, Mr. Beecher gave that audience a specimen of zealous patriotism, American eloquence and sledge-hammer argument that compelled them to confess judgment, and cheer him to the echo.

That he won his oratorical battles in every place he spoke even his enemies declared. Every word he uttered was reported and printed. He displayed himself in all his best array. He made the people listen to his sober arguments, laugh at his wit, and weep when he mourned. The man who had hitherto been known as "Ward Beecher, a brother of Mrs. Beecher Stowe," now had his own firm foundation. Social attentions were showered on him, and he became the rage, but the same self-respect that had sustained him when he was literally ignored before, now kept him from the abasement of recognizing aught that did not benefit the cause he served.

Concerning his work Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the *Atlantic Monthly* of January, 1864, wittily says:

"Mr. Beecher made a single speech in Great Britain, but it was delivered piecemeal in different places. Its exordium was uttered on the ninth of October at Manchester, and its peroration was pronounced on the twentieth of the same month in Exeter Hall.

"The fruit of Mr. Beecher's visit will ripen in due time, not only in direct results, but in opening the way to future moral embassies, going forth unheralded, unsanctioned by State documents, in the simple strength of Christian manhood, on their errands of truth and peace."

The newspapers which at first vilified him began to report him. Then they gave him *verbatim*. Finally they devoted pages to descriptions of him, his audience, and what he had to say. Books containing all his speeches were printed and scattered in pamphlet form throughout the United Kingdom.

VII.

NATIONAL RECONSTRUCTION.

THE life, thus far, of Henry Ward Beecher, had, it is evident, materially furnished from his brain, his heart, his hand, sufficient for an encyclopædia of teaching, of doctrine, of suggestion, of influence upon the races of the earth. Yet he had before him another quarter, and in some respects the most significant quarter of this great century.

1863–1873, the first decade in this great period has stretched from point to point a panorama of endeavor and of endurance such as no mortal man ever painted before or since.

There were the last days of the great war, with all that that implies. There was that inchoate succeeding space, when every element, North and South and East and West, seemed bent on doing its worst; when speculation was rife, and dishonesty dominant; when bankruptcy stared the nation in the eye, and all the people shrank with apprehension from the face of affairs. There was the tragic taking off of the much-loved head of the nation. There were the incoming and out-

going of his successor, Andrew Johnson. There was for Mr. Beecher herculean labor in church, in the press, on the platform of the nation. There came to him that exquisite experience, the celebration of his silver wedding with Plymouth Church, when all men rose to call him blessed, and even those who hated him wove garlands from their choicest flowers, that they too might swell the ever-increasing anthem of praise and recognition that seemed to belt the very land.

It is not too much to say than when Henry Ward Beecher returned from England he could have claimed any reward in the gift of the government, but he preferred for his reward the gratitude of the nation and the affectionate demonstrations of his fellow-citizens. He simply resumed his work, in its several lines, and continued the success of his life. As the war wore on with its ups and downs, its triumphs and its infamies, the question of presidential candidates came up. He was outspoken in his advocacy of Mr. Lincoln's re-nomination, and in the following campaign did much to secure the re-election of the man in whom he had supremest confidence from first to last.

His face was set dead against outrages at the the North. He believed in war as an ultimate necessity, and did more by voice and pen to encourage men at the front and to hold up the hands of those who fought than any twenty who might

HENRY WARD BEECHER IN 1863.

be named. His companions, his correspondents, his familiar confidants were men who believed that the Union in its integrity must be preserved, and that whatever sacrifices were necessary to accomplish that desired end should be made.

Did he practise as well as preach?

Let the answer to that be that voluntarily he relinquished a large portion of his salary, and supplemented his income, which was never overlarge for a man of his continuous drainings, by outside work with his pen and with his voice. On one occasion, when a friend of his had been arbitrarily arrested and confined without process of law, or trial, in a State where there was no necessity for martial law, and where no such thing existed, he went straight to Washington. The President and his Cabinet were in session; the presentation of his card secured an immediate audience. Flaming with indignation he arraigned the President and his Cabinet for their cowardice in permitting outrages in the North, where there was no occasion for interference with local law. Turning to him, with his caustic manner and severe tone, Mr. Seward said, "Mr. Beecher, your friend, and others like him, are fomenting disturbance in the North and upsetting all discipline." Quick as a flash Mr. Beecher retorted, "No, sir; it is you and your little bell that are subverting discipline and causing dissatisfaction in the North."

This allusion to the "little bell," though not understood possibly now, was broad and pointed then, when the whim, caprice or necessity, as the case might be, of a moment sent men, singly or in squads, as prisoners to the nation's Bastiles upon the tinkle, as it were, of an official bell.

A heated discussion ensued, and later in the day, when dining together, the President said, "Mr. Beecher, I have not enjoyed a speech like that since I heard you years ago in old Plymouth. How would you like to be chaplain to the Cabinet?" Suffice it that Mr. Beecher gained his point, and abundant apology and compensation followed for the aggrieved party.

Precisely how many men in trouble the good-hearted preacher helped in those precarious days no one knows; how constant the strain upon his purse even he could never tell. His services were in continuous demand both as preacher and orator, while his sympathies, ever alert, were ceaselessly enlisted in the interest of the armies of the nation.

When finally the war was happily ended, and peace declared, he was the first to stretch the hand of reconciliation across the bloody chasm, and in an ever-memorable discourse preached the doctrine of brotherly love. The re-occupation of Fort Sumter and the raising of the old flag was made an occasion of national rejoicing, and Mr. Beecher was chosen as the orator of the day.

But grand and gay as were the festivities of that hour, they paled into insignificance before the return of the patriotic party from their mission of re-establishment, in the presence of a bereavement that brought the nations of the earth in mourning to our national capital. The death of Lincoln stirred the deepest depths of Beecher's nature, and wrung from him a tribute of love and esteem, and thoughtful appreciation that will be forever embalmed in the literature of the age. Apprehensive of discord at Washington, Mr. Beecher was one of the first to declare in favor of universal amnesty and impartial suffrage.

He believed Andrew Johnson to be a good man, and when he wrote his famous Cleveland letter to Charles G. Halpine and his associates, he evinced more statesman-like qualities than his critics at the time understood. Friends fell from him in consequence. There were many who could not forgive and forget. They were willing to say "I forgive," but they had suffered too much to pretend to forget. These frowned on Mr. Beecher and accused him of being a time-server. At this he laughed as heartily as when the same people charged him with being foolhardy in his anti-slavery campaign. He said he could afford to wait, and he did.

He never said "I told you so," but if ever man had temptation to point the finger of derision today at his critics of yesterday he had. His Cleve-

land letter is one of the best illustrations of the assertion that he was far in advance of the people and his time that can be given.

The war was ended.

Doubtless his teachings had done as much to prepare the nation, North and South, for that war as those of any other. But both before and during the war, an essential point made by him was the difference between the sin of slavery and slaveholders themselves. The one was something to be crushed out, the other, people to be taught. Many a time and oft he traversed the feelings of his people by preaching the doctrine of "love your enemies," the enemies being the South and the holders of human chattels. With a license characteristic of the membership of Plymouth Church, short-sighted brethren often called their pastor to account for his sentiments and his utterances, but, as he wrote to Dr. Parker, of London, he always rejoiced in the courage which enabled him to say unpleasant truths to his own people, willing, if need be, to suffer that the truth should prevail. In the fall of 1866 the question of reconstruction of the seceding States was under discussion and feeling ran high, not only on account of the nature of the work to be done, but also on account of the disturbed relations between President Johnson and Congress.

President Lincoln had been assassinated, and Johnson had assumed his place.

The statesmen whose vigor and courage had carried the country through the Civil War were less adequate to the task of restoring the disrupted States to peace and unity than they had been to the sudden duties of war. In a general way, then, there were two parties, one counselling a speedy readjustment, the other a longer probation.

Prior to Lincoln's assassination he had frequent consultations with Mr. Beecher, and he also counselled much and often with Governor Andrews, of Massachusetts. They were both inclined to the policy of immediate restoration, and their views had great weight with Mr. Beecher, as confirming him in his pre-existing line of thought.

It was in the interest of this policy that a Convention of Soldiers and Sailors was called in the city of Cleveland. A committee consisting of Major-General H. W. Slocum, Major-General Gordon Granger, and Brevet Brigadier-General Charles G. Halpine, all Democrats, sent, by the hand of the present writer, to Mr. Beecher, in his home in Peekskill, an invitation to act as chaplain to the convention. Mr. Beecher was suffering with his annual attack of hay-fever, of itself a sufficient excuse from all manner of travel and labor of whatever nature.

His sympathies were in direct harmony with the policy this convention was called to initiate. The leaders of the movement were known to him

personally, and in them he had entire confidence. After some little discussion as to the best mode of indicating his endorsement of the programme outlined, Mr. Beecher decided to write a letter, which in a very short time became known as "Beecher's Cleveland Letter," and was used as a flail upon his devoted head by sundry hairbrained and thick-skinned members of his flock, but which to-day might well serve as a monument to his sagacity, to the largeness of his heart, to his lofty patriotism.

VIII.

HIS LITERARY LIFE.

THE Cleveland Letters, as they are called, made a great sensation all over the country. Plymouth Church people were assured on every hand that they were finally and forever extinguished, that their influence and that of their pastor was *nil*. The *Independent*, then considered "Mr. Beecher's paper," came out in a most abusive editorial, charging Mr. Beecher with being "as much an enemy of his country as was Vallandigham the traitor."

The article was from the pen of Theodore Tilton.

To be called a "traitor" was more than even Mr. Beecher's great loving heart could pass over. For several weeks after this outburst the weekly sermon was omitted from the columns of the *Independent*, and Mr. Beecher then gave notice (according to contract) that at the expiration of three months he should withhold all further communication with the paper. To a personal friend he said, "I am about tired of helping to shape a club that is used for the purpose of dashing out

my own brains." No notice was taken at first of his intended withdrawal, but as the time drew near every effort was made by the proprietor and editor of the *Independent* to induce Mr. Beecher to reconsider his determination.

In vain. Never was a man more firm when a certain point was reached, although seemingly, so often and so easily persuaded, and so forgiving to those who had injured him.

Just at this time a proposition was made to him to become the editor of a new paper to be called *The Christian Union*, whose main feature was to be the drawing together of all Christians, irrespective of creeds, by the absence of all unkindly criticism, and melting minor differences in the atmosphere of love. He consented to take the position, and then and thus was planted a little seed of envy and discord in the hearts of his old associates, that was destined to swell and bring forth bitter fruits in after days.

This would seem to be an appropriate place to consider, irrespective of chronologic sequence, Mr. Beecher's marvellous industry as a writer.

It is interesting to note with what different emphasis Mr. Beecher's character and efforts strike differing minds. To one he was simply a great orator, to another a great preacher; some considered his acting qualities as the chief gift with which he was endowed. Many of his people preferred to hear him pray, and his prayers were

unquestionably a revelation. He was not an editor in any true acceptation of that much abused term, but he was a marvellous writer; his mind was stored with the fulness of riches along so many lines. His published works on flowers and trees, and horses, and theologies, his lectures to young men, his talks with students, his marvellous descriptive powers of all that is in the air above or in the waters that belt the world, show how each in its turn opened a wide-horizoned plane of observation on which this many-sided man exploited and succeeded.

In the West he was for a while acting editor of the Cincinnati *Journal* and of the agricultural paper, the *Western Farmer* to which allusion has heretofore been made; and earlier than that even, when his venerable father was on trial for heresy in the West, young Beecher reported for the New York *Observer* the daily proceedings of the august body in whose presence his father was arraigned. He contributed also to the Boston *Recorder*, and then, after brief service under Joseph P. Thompson, Leonard Bacon and R. S. Storrs, he for a while acted as editor of the *Independent*, but preferring to be responsible for his own utterances alone, he subsequently chose the wiser course and, over the signature of a star, wrote weekly articles for that paper. The feeling engendered by his Cleveland letters led, as recorded, to his departure from the *Independent*, after contributions for a

series of years of such force and vitality as to make its name a household word at the North, where its power for good was unmeasurable, and at the South, where it was hated at the leader of a fast-growing anti-slavery sentiment.

These "Star Papers," some of which were subsequently published in a series of volumes, show the man's love of nature, almost as clearly as they disclose his love for his fellow-man. In them he discourses on flowers, on death, on New England graveyards, on towns and trees. Vividly he portrayed the contrast between inland and sea-shore, lovingly recalled the first breath in the country, facetiously described his experience while whipping a mountain stream for trout, and, as one finds in a kaleidoscope an ever-changing picture, so may one find in these books a ceaseless round of ever-varying experiences, stirred always by the one thought, love to God and love to man. Even then, thirty odd years ago, when a dollar was worth one hundred cents, and fortunes were not so readily picked up as they have been in later years, there was a feeling existing between the rich and the poor. The tendency even of those times was to make the rich richer and the poor poorer, and envy made critics censorious. Mr. Beecher was then as fond of pictures on canvas as he was in later years. He was not so well-informed, because he was younger and all his life he was a student, but he knew the value of beauty,

he appreciated the helpfulness of art. He understood the power of wealth, and, bringing an intelligent mind to bear upon art and wealth and beauty, he contended that all that was good and pure, and beautiful, and great should be brought to the service of God, in helpfulness to God's creatures; and at a time when there was much caustic and absurd criticism in the religious press against the expenditure of money for selfish gratification, he wrote an article which went quite the world around, on "Christian Liberty in the Use of the Beautiful," a portion of which is here reproduced.

"In an age when men more and more feel the duty of employing their strength and their wealth for the education of their fellows, it becomes a question of supreme moment, to what extent a Christian man may surround himself with embellishments and luxuries of beauty.

"There be many who would walk through a noble gallery of paintings with an accusing conscience, repeating to themselves, with poignant sincerity, the hollow words of the old traitor, when the alabaster box of precious ointment was poured upon his Master's head, 'To what purpose is this waste? . . . . . Why was it not sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor?'

"Nor is the self-accusation lessened when one perceives that elegance and luxury are most often employed as a shining barrier, built up between

the cultured and the vulgar, the barrier around a class more impenetrable than the conventional distinctions of artificial nobility. For no customs of law or usage have such force as those which spring from the soul's own living consciousness of difference and superiority. Many earnest men, therefore, have associated embellishments with selfishness, and forswear them as a part of their fealty to benevolence.

"It seems to me that God has ordained a usefulness of the beautiful, as much as of knowledge, of skill, of labor and of benevolence. It was meant to be not alone a cause of enjoyment, but a positive means of education. Is wealth allowable, if one will employ it benevolently? Is philosophy allowable, if one will apply it to the uses of men? Is scholarship virtuous, if it be a treasure held in trust for all kinds of ignorance? Is skill praiseworthy, if employed to promote the human weal? And why is not the possession of architectural beauty, of art-treasures, of landscape beauty, the beauty of grounds and gardens, of homes and furniture, if they are held conscientiously amenable to the law of usefulness?

"Society grows, as trees do, by rings. These are innumerable circles formed, with mutual attractions. The lowest section feels and emulates that which is next above; that circle is aspiring to the level next above it. This one in its turn is attracted by one yet higher; and that by an-

other. There are some influences to be sure that are general, and that strike right through from top to bottom of life. And there are many special influences which, like comets, come unexpectedly, blazing along their orbits with streaming influences, long-trailed. But there are certain organic conditions of life founded upon gradations of mind-power, or of development.

"The ditcher aspires to the position of a husbandman; the apprentice emulates the prosperous master-mechanic; the mechanic looks up to those whose wealth is allied to education; the plainly-bred citizen aspires to the mental activity of professional men and scholars; and these, in turn, acknowledge gradations among themselves to the very top of genius; and all men are reaching after some ideal, or some example that hangs above them. So that, when a man has no longer any conception of excellence above his own, his voyage is done, he is dead—dead in trespasses and sins of blear-eyed vanity!

"We cannot always tell the exact gradations, nor mark off the sections like inches on a rule. Society is so vast a thing, that its growths are like the luxurious upsproutings of a tropical forest, choked with abundance, forcing up its vines and plants and trees, in sinuous interlacings that quite bewilder the eye that would trace the outward form, or the research that would follow the flow of sap from rootlet to topmost leaf. Yet, we

know that it is in society as it is in vegetation. It is not the sun upon the root that begins growth in a tree, but the sun upon its top. The outermost wood awakes and draws upon that below it, and sends progressing activity down to its root. Then begins a double circulation. The root sends up its crude sap, the leaf prepares it with all vegetative treasures, and back it goes on a mission of distribution to every part, to the outmost root. And thus, with striking analogy, is it in society. The great mass are producing gross material that rises up to refinement and power, that, in turn, sends back the influence of refinement and power upon all the successive degrees, to the bottom!

"It is in this point of view that the very highest forms of literary and scientific institutions are to be judged and justified.

"An astronomical observatory may seem to have no relation to the welfare of a community. What have eclipses and planetary transits to do with human life? When the invisible paths of all stars are traced by mathematical faith, what have parallaxes and multitudinous calculations to do with men's ordinary business? But experience will, in a generation, show, that those who first feel the fruits and elevation of such pursuits will be few; but they will become broader, deeper and better. Through them, but diluted and not recognized, the next class below will be influenced

—not by astronomy, but by the moral power of men who have been elevated by astronomy. Every part of society is affected when men are built up. They impart their own growth to whatever they touch. Enlarge men and you enlarge everything.

"There be some who rail at universities as too remote from practical life and living wants, and who propose colleges to teach men their very trades and professions. But these subordinate colleges will depend upon the superior influences of institutions above them that are the standards —the chronometers of learning. There never can be too many libraries, too many cabinets, too many galleries of art, too many literary men, too much culture. The power of mind at the top of society will determine the ease and rapidity of the ascent of the bottom, just as the power of the engine at the top of the inclined plane will determine the length of the train that can be drawn up and the rapidity of its ascent.

"This marks the distinction between natural and artificial nobility. All societies have nobles. We have a nobility as really as do monarchies. But in England it is an order separated from those below; and there is no free circulation. No one can rise into it by force of moral excellence and culture, though he may be really equal to its members. Artificial aristocracy stands looking down upon the mass of men, as did Father Abraham,

saying: 'Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed, so that they which would pass hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us that would come from thence.'

"Natural aristocracy is the eminence of men over their fellows, in real mind and soul. They are above men because they are wiser and better; and any one may join them whenever he is as wise and as good. They are above society, not to spread their roots in the great democracy and sustain the glory of the field by filching out its strength, but rather, as clouds are above the earth, to open their bosoms and cast down fertilizing rains, that all the earth and every living thing may rejoice.

"It is upon this great principle that men may become the benefactors of their race by the indulgence of beauty and embellishments, if they be employed generously and public-spiritedly. Every mansion that enlarges men's conceptions of convenience, of comfort, of substantialness and permanence, or of beauty, is an institution.

"It may have been selfishness that built it; extravagance may have been the ruling spirit. The owner may have been some imbecile for whose vanity some noble architect wrought; the completed work may leave the luckless owner bankrupt, and all may deride the folly of costly buildings and expensive grounds; every reproach may fall upon his empty head most righteously;

yet his folly may have done more for the village than the wisdom of all the rest!

"The work is done. What that stately mansion is, it is in itself. It stands through generations a form of beauty lifted up. When its owner's history is a legend, its lines will stand unbroken, its shadows will be as fresh as on the day when they first fell trembling from the glances of the sun. The old trees will outlive generations of men. They will proclaim the glory of God to the eye by day, and awake at midnight, in the summer winds, to sing their solemn song of praise!

"But how much more will all this be if such a structure is in due proportion to its builder's means; if it be no creature of his vanity, but born legitimately of his sense of grandeur and beauty; if it be the magazine, too, of his beneficence, so that out of it shall issue all gentleness, all due humility, all neighborly love, all grace and purity of life, and, effluent as the golden airs of summer days, charities and public bounties, enriching the wide circle about and making angels stoop to kiss with reverent love the noble brow that lived in such joy of beauty as this!

"It is wealth selfishly kept or spent that is mean. It is architecture that shuts a man's heart in from his fellows that is mean; that stands with effrontery, saying to all who pass, 'Come and worship me!' It is selfishness, in short, under whatever form of knowledge, refinement, power, wealth, or beauty, that curses man, and is itself accursed.

"The question is not, what proportion of his wealth a Christian man may divert from benevolent channels for personal enjoyment through the element of the beautiful. For, if rightly viewed, and rightly used, his very elegances and luxuries will be a contribution to the public good. One may well say, 'How can I indulge in such embellishments in my dwelling, when so many thousands are perishing for lack of knowledge about me?' This is conclusive against a selfish use of the beautiful. But rightly employed, it becomes itself a contribution to the education of society. It acts upon the lower classes by acting first upon the higher. It is an education of the educators. And the question becomes only this, How much of my wealth given to the public good shall be employed directly for the elevation of the ignorant, and how much indirectly? How much shall I bring to bear directly upon the masses, and how much indirectly through institutions and remote instrumentalities?

"I cannot but think that Christian men have not only a right of enjoyment in the beautiful, but a duty, in some measure, of producing it or propagating it, or diffusing it abroad through the community.

"Some may build their work in words, and live in literature. Some may shape their sense into sound, and live in the world's song. Some may insphere themselves in art, and transmit the statue, the canvas, or the stately pile. Some may

contribute to this realm of beauty in that only department in which America has an original architecture, with native lines of beauty, expressed in those storm-driven temples of the deep.

"And if there are aspiring natures that wistfully ask, with empty hands, what may we with our poverty do to embellish the earth? to them I say, When all the works of man are ended, he has not approached the inexpressible beauty of God's architecture.

"Those stately elms, that teach us every winter how meekly to lay our glories by, and receive the reverses of inevitable misfortune, and that soon will teach us to look forth out of all misfortunes, and clothe ourselves afresh after every winter—what have ye that may compare with *them?* The cathedrals of the world are not traced as these, nor so adorned, nor so full of communion, nor have they pliant boughs on which with humble might they swing the peaceful singing-bird, and from whose swaying, night or day, there is music in the air for them that know the sound! Of all man's works of art, a cathedral is greatest. A tree is greater than that! Of all man's instruments of sound, an organ, uttering its mazy harmonies through the sombre arches of the reverend pile, is the grandest; but the sound of summer in the forest is grander than that! And, if we wander out from the arid city till we come to these crowned monarchs of the fields, we need

not be ashamed to stand with lifted hands and bless our God for a gift of beauty greater than any man may build!

"It is, then, here that every one may yield to life some embellishment. To the home of your youth you may return with gathered wealth to replant it with flowers. Your native village you may embosom in well-selected forests. The traveller may, in another generation, journey along our roads, overarched with elms or shaded with stately oaks.

"Your villages may grow lovely in a thousand features now unknown. Every yard and garden may be a paradise. The church, no longer gaunt, shattered, and decaying, may, by the loving hands of those whose boyhood was nurtured there, rise in renewed beauty. Or, if its hereditary ailments or proportions defy remedy, from your zeal may spring another structure, harmonious in every proportion, a joy to the eye, signalling the distant traveller with its spire, its solemn bell, through all the hours of day and night, ringing out the sound of our footsteps toward eternity!

"The old graveyard, that shame of many villages, where death and weeds reign triumphant over the forgotten graves of parents and dear hearts, hath thy hand no bounty wherewith to yield to it a reverend beauty?

"Shall the old school-house stand longer mounted in the eye of the summer sun, the very

target of the winter wind, treeless, bare, filthy? By thy bounteous hand let it be cleansed by fire, and from its ashes bid arise a phœnix that shall be just what, for the most part, school-houses are *not*.

"But in all your hopes for the beautiful, remember that its mission is not of corruption, nor of pride, nor of selfishness, but of *benevolence!* And as God hath created beauty not for a few, but hath furnished it for the whole earth, multiplying it until, like drops of water and particles of air, it abounds for every living thing, and in a measure far transcending human want, so let thine heart understand the glory of God's beauty and the generosity of its distribution. So living, life shall be a glory, and death a passing from glory to glory."

About the time he left the *Independent*, and prior to the starting of the *Christian Union*, Mr. Beecher was asked by Robert Bonner, proprietor of the *New York Ledger*, to write for him a serial story.

"He had never done such a thing and doubted his ability, but Mr. Bonner knew him better than he knew himself, and urged him with great persistency. Mr. Beecher put him off and off, but finally Mr. Bonner, with rare sagacity, induced the hesitant, who had already been writing for the columns of the *Ledger* several years, to accept the then marvellous offer of $25,000 for a story which should, after use as a serial, make a

book of 500 or 600 pages. Facetiously enough Mr. Beecher thus tells the story of his yielding to temptation.

"Before the Civil War I had for several years been a regular contributor to the *New York Ledger*. During that great conflict I had almost entirely ceased writing for it. But when the war was closed, I was not unwilling to seek rest or relaxation from the exhausting excitement of public affairs, by turning my mind into entirely new channels of thought and interest.

"In this mood I received Mr. Bonner's proposal to write a story for the *Ledger*. Had it been a request to carve a statue or build a man-of-war, the task would hardly have seemed less likely of accomplishment. A very moderate reader, even, of fictions, I had never studied the mystery of their construction. Plot and counter-plot, the due proportion of parts, the whole machinery of a novel, seemed hopelessly outside of my studies. But after-considerations came to my relief. I reflected that any real human experience was intrinsically interesting; that the life of a humble family for a single day, even if not told as skilfully as Wordsworth sung the humble aspects of the natural world, or as minutely faithful as Crabbe depicted English village-life, could hardly fail to win some interest. The habit of looking upon men as the children of God, and heirs of immortality, can hardly fail to clothe the

simplest and most common elements of daily life with importance and even with dignity. Nothing is trivial in the education of the King's son!

"By interesting my readers, if I could, in the ordinary experiences of daily life among the common people, not so much by dramatic skill as by a subtle sympathy with nature, and by a certain largeness of moral feeling, I hoped to inspire a pleasure which, if it did not rise very high, might, on that account, perhaps, continue the longer. I had rather know that one returned again and again to parts of this most leisurely narrative, than that he devoured it all in a single passionate hour, and then turned away from it sated and forgetful.

"I can only wish that all who use the pen might fall into hands as kind, as considerate, and as forbearing, as I have. 'Norwood' was mostly written in Peekskill. There is not a single unpleasant memory connected with it. It was a summer-child, brought up among flowers and trees.

"When the last sheet of the manuscript of 'Norwood' was read for the press, I sent the following letter with it:

"'*My dear Mr. Bonner:* You have herewith the last line of "Norwood." I began it reluctantly, as one who treads an unexplored path. But as I went on I took more kindly to my work, and now that it is ended I shall quite miss my weekly task.

"'My dear old father, after his day of labor had closed, used to fancy that in some way he was so connected with me that he was still at work; and on one occasion, after a Sabbath-morning service, some one in a congratulatory way said to the venerable and meek old patriarch:

"'"Well, Doctor, how did you like your son's sermon?"

"'"It was good—good as I could do myself." And then, with an emphatic pointing of his forefinger, he added, "If it hadn't been for me, you'd never have had him!"

"'If anybody likes "Norwood," my dear and venerable Mr. Bonner, you can poke him with your finger and say, "If it hadn't been for me, you would never have had it."'"

After "Norwood" was done, uniting with J. B. Ford & Co., Mr. Beecher purchased the *Church Union* and changed its name to *Christian Union*, and from which his exit was believed to be a step in the interest of others rather than his own.

A queer idea!

Not at all. It was ever thus. He collated the sacred songs that made his hymn-books—others reaped the reward. He delivered sermons to the people—others published them and made fortunes from them. Book after book, giving his very life-thoughts, found their way into the literary current—for the benefit of others. All his life long Henry Ward Beecher devoted thought

MR. BEECHER'S LITERARY WORKSHOP.

and industry and patience and good-nature and knowledge and power to the pecuniary benefit of other people. It will not be doubted, it cannot be denied, that his name was the tower of strength from which flaunted the fortunate flag of the *Independent.*

Did he own it? Did he own any part of it? Did his wife and children inherit one dollar's interest in the *Independent?*

And what there was of the *Christian Union*, what good was it to him? Did he continue its editor? For a while he and his brothers and his sisters were weekly contributors. Almost in the twinkling of an eye that was changed, and he and his brothers and his sisters were conspicuous by their absence from the columns of the paper which, without his name, would never have been heard of.

Down to this time he had published ten volumes of sermons of 475 pages each; four volumes of sermons of 600 pages each; a book entitled "A Summer Parish," of 240 pages; "Lectures to Young Men," 500 pages; 600 pages of "Star Papers;" 498 pages of "Talk about Fruits, Flowers and Farming;" "Lecture-Room Talks," 384 pages; "Norwood; or Village Life in New England," 549 pages; the "Overture of Angels;" "Eyes and Ears; or Thoughts as They Occur;" "Freedom and War;" "Royal Truths;" "Foundation and Experiences of Religious Subjects;"

and all this in addition to his writings—volumes beyond description—on agriculture, politics and general subjects, added to his routine work of preaching twice on Sunday and a monologue, as it were, at his Friday night prayer-meetings, and his special trips for lecturing before literary societies or speaking before miscellaneous audiences.

Was there ever a busier man than he, who, in addition to all this, being greatly interested in church music and more especially in the form of congregational singing, compiled books of hymns and tunes for the use of his own and sister churches?

For obvious reasons Mr. Beecher's "Life of Jesus the Christ" deserves more than a mention in the list of his writings.

During many years he had loved, believed in and taught his people concerning Jesus Christ, in whom all the vitality of his faith appeared to centre.

To him Christ was everything, and he cared to know no more.

But it was destined that the "Life of Christ" should not be finished. For reasons to be given hereafter Mr. Beecher suspended his labors at that time. A few months prior to his death he began to work upon it again, but it was unfinished, and his own life went out leaving with it that which he hoped might be his chief monument still incomplete.

The "Life of Christ" he left unfinished—woe to the impious hand that attempts to take it up.

At this time it would have been impossible to find a man on the face of the earth on whom the sun of fortune shown more brilliantly than Henry Ward Beecher.

He was honored by the nation. His influence with the government and the people was equal to that of any one.

He was in constant demand as a lecturer, and his appearance in popular assemblages was invariably a signal for genuine and welcoming applause. Although not rich he had an enormous income, which he spent freely and generously. His paper, the *Christian Union*, had attained a phenomenal circulation, and prosperity seemed to be hand in hand with him wherever he went and in whatever he undertook.

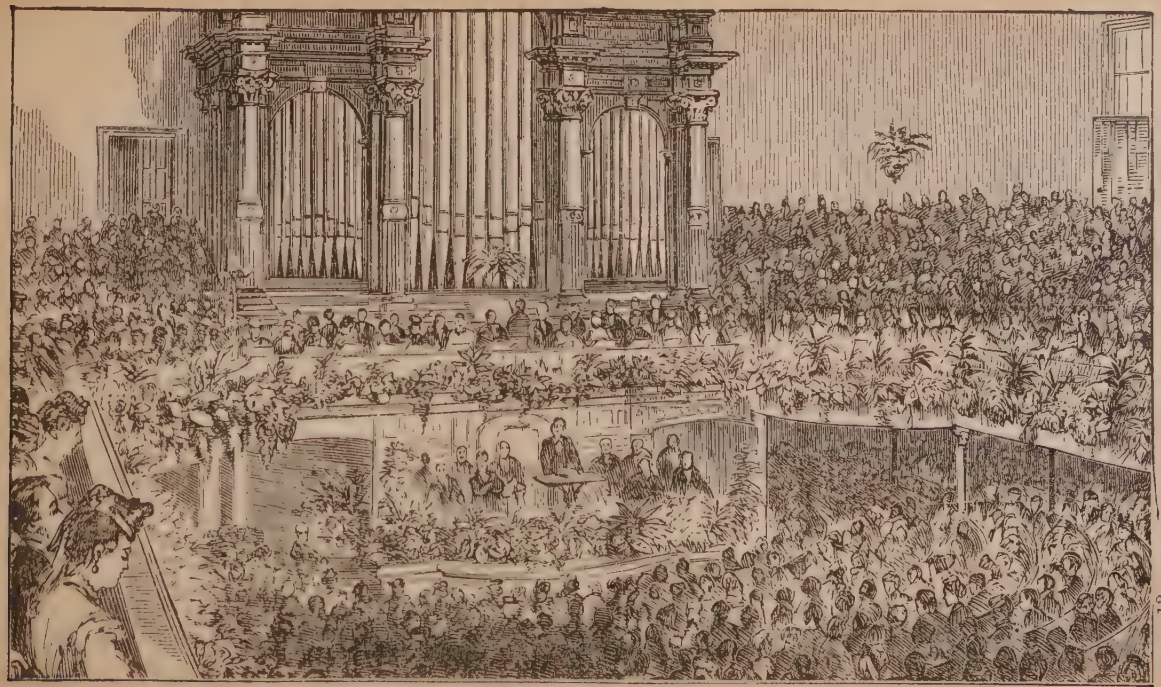
He had been for twenty-five years pastor of Plymouth Church, and in October of the year 1872 their Silver Wedding was celebrated.

Exercises of various character and extending through several days were held, among them, Children's Day, Teachers' Day, Church Day, etc. Great crowds were present at every service and the most delightful enthusiasm prevailed. Mr. Beecher was at his best throughout, and his reminiscences were positively charming.

But perhaps the most remarkable of all the tributes paid Mr. Beecher on that memorable Silver Wedding occasion was that of Richard S.

Storrs, who, as a representative of the Christian community, extended to him a compliment of which any man in Christendom might well be proud. He at great length analyzed the elements of his power, which he classed in the following sequence—First, a thoroughly vitalized mind, its creative faculties in full play all the time; second, immense common-sense, a wonderfully self-rectifying judgment; third, a quick and deep sympathy with men; fourth, mental sensibility; fifth, his wonderful animal vigor, his fulness of bodily power, his voice, which can whisper and thunder alike; his sympathy with nature, and an enthusiasm for Christ which has certainly been the animating power of his ministry.

He spoke of him as the foremost preacher in the American pulpit and, after continuing in a most eulogistic strain a long time, in the presence of an immense and silent congregation he advanced to Mr. Beecher, who arose, and taking him by the hand said: "I am here to-night to give you the right hand of congratulation on the closing of this twenty-fifth year of your ministry, and to say, God be praised for all the work that you have done here. God be praised for the generous gifts which he has showered upon you, and the generous use which you have made of them, here and elsewhere, and everywhere in the land! God give you many happy and glorious years of work and joy still to come in your ministry on earth!



PLYMOUTH CHURCH "SILVER WEDDING" CELEBRATION, October 10th, 1872.

May your soul, as the years go on, be whitened more and more in the radiance of God's light and in the sunshine of his love! And, when the end comes, as it will, may the gates of pearl swing inward for your entrance, before the hands of those who have gone up before you and who now wait to welcome you thither! And then, may there open to you that vast and bright enternity, all vivid with God's love, in which an instant vision shall be perfect joy, and an immortal labor shall be to you immortal rest!"

"This magnificent concluding passage," said a local paper the next day, "was uttered with an eloquence that defies description. At this conclusion Mr. Beecher, with tears, and trembling from head to foot, arose, and placing his hand on Dr. Storrs' shoulder, kissed him upon the cheek. The congregation sat for a moment breathless and enraptured with this simple and beautiful action. Then there broke from them such a burst of applause as never before was heard in an ecclesiastical edifice. There was not a dry eye in the house."

IX.

THE GREAT PREACHER'S TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

BUT all this must have an end.

In less than a month, suspicions were excited, friends were estranged, the church was in arms and the country rang with a scandal exceeding any that had preceded it. Aside from volumes of irrelevant or pertinent matter published by the press concerning the suit of Theodore Tilton against Henry Ward Beecher, the facts are as follows:

First: In the early days of Mr. Beecher's Brooklyn ministry, Theodore Tilton and Elizabeth Richards, young members of Plymouth Church, were married. Tilton was a reporter on the *Tribune*, and reported Mr. Beecher for the *Independent*. When Beecher became editor of the *Independent* Tilton was engaged as his assistant. They were warm friends, and interchanged visits, although those of Tilton were discouraged by Mrs. Beecher, who never fancied him. As time wore on, Tilton, encouraged and aided by the countenance of his pastor, essayed public speaking and, having adopted his anti-slavery ideas,

was soon a favorite with extreme abolitionists. He succeeded Mr. Beecher when the latter left the *Independent*, and was persuaded by his friends that his pastor was the one man who stood between him and the chief place among the orators of the nation. So far as the outside public knew, the two men were like David and Jonathan, and at a reception given to General Grant in the Fifth Avenue Hotel they were seen arm in arm together—a feature of the reception, which was made at the special request of Tilton, and greatly to the annoyance of the intimates of Mr. Beecher. The friendship between Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton continued as of old, and Tilton's course of comment and of ill-disguised hostility to Beecher was a prime element in the young wife's unhappiness.

Second: On November 2, 1873, *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly* charged Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton with adultery. The paper was suppressed and the editors imprisoned for a time, the indiscreet friends of Mr. Beecher being prominent in their prosecution. The parties implicated gave the lie direct to their accusers. The impression gathered from Tilton's talk was that there was some sort of foundation for some charge, but that as told, it was a gross fabrication. Mr. F. D. Moulton, a "mutual friend," also said the same. Tilton was in business embarrassment; moody and garrulous, and his wild way of talking

and strange habit of methodically hinting as to what he knew and what he could do, precipitated matters, and a charge was made that he, a member of Plymouth Church, had slandered the pastor. Tilton met pastor and church face to face, and said he was prepared to answer any charge Mr. Beecher might make. To the unutterable amazement of all present and the wonder of the world Mr. Beecher replied that he made none. Tilton further said that he was not a member of the church, as he had voluntarily retired long since. The church adopted that view of the matter and dropped his name from its rolls, though that of Mrs. Tilton remained.

From this simple circumstance arose a voluminous and interesting correspondence between Mr. Beecher, Dr. Storrs and Dr. Buddington, out of which grew a famous council of Congregational churches in March, 1874, and some almost interminable letters of Dr. Bacon. In a nutshell, the case is this: Mr. Beecher declared that no man, by joining a church, divests himself of the right to withdraw from it, and that though ordinarily such withdrawal should be with the expressed consent of the church, yet in contingency every man has an indefeasible right to separate himself from the church by his own sole right. His opponents dissented and claimed that Congregational usage dictated certain methods of procedure that must be followed. Mr. Beecher ar-

gued that the word of God made no such provision, and that each church organization had the right to make its own rules for the conduct of its affairs. They could not agree, and when a council was called, Plymouth Church declined to participate, contenting itself by presenting a written declaration of its principles and the assertion that its pastor having been abundantly vindicated (in the church investigation that followed the publication of the scandal), it could not permit any outside interference with its internal economy.

The council met, and Dr. Bacon presided.

Its sessions were long, and much bitterness of feeling was manifested, but the conclusion was far different from that expected. The council adopted a report indirectly charging Plymouth Church with "want of fellowship" with other churches, but directly praising it for its willingness to obey the manual discipline.

In other words, it decided nothing.

Much ill-feeling grew out of this.

Dr. Storrs and Mr. Beecher, who had publicly embraced and kissed each other—three thousand witnesses applauding—were now separated forever.

Brooklyn society was divided.

The press took sides and the country was amazed. Dr. Bacon delivered a lecture to Yale's students on the subject, and discussed it at length in the *Independent*, from which Tilton had been

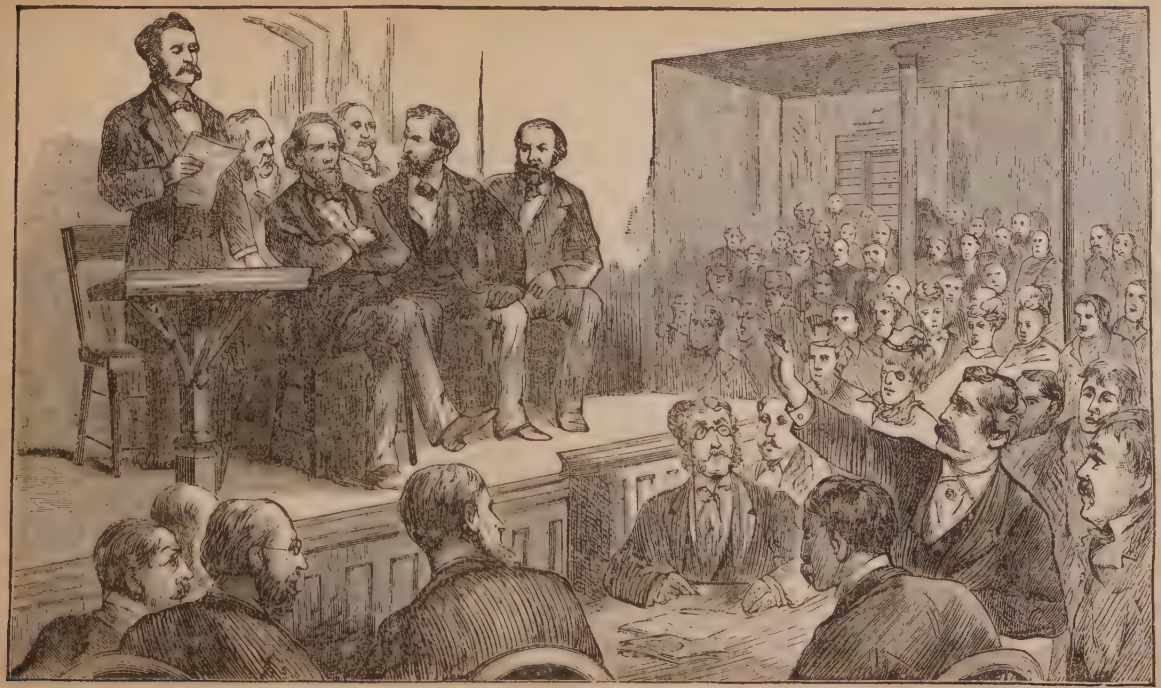
removed. This annoyed the friends of Mr. Beecher, who kept strangely silent, although he preached better than ever, and was in greater demand, which worried Tilton beyond measure. Tilton's egotism and vanity, already sorely wounded by failure and disgrace, were pricked to the quick by the merciless criticisms of the logicians. All efforts to suppress the matter failed, and Tilton published an article in which he said he had left Plymouth Church in 1870 because he had learned that, in that year, Mr. Beecher had committed against him an offence which he should forbear to name or to characterize; and he further stated that Mr. Beecher had brought disgrace on the Christian name.

After this followed the "scandal summer," in which Mr. Beecher asked his church to investigate the scandal itself—not the church discipline matter, but the direct charge of Tilton—and it did so.

Mr. Beecher's indiscreet friends, believing in the policy of silence, had their meetings in secret. Reporters were compelled to glean their points where they could find them.

The Tilton party, aided and abetted by Moulton, were always ready to talk, and the consequence was the public were continually fed on charges, innuendoes and slanders of the most prurient nature.

Mrs. Tilton, always a talky person, did her part also. Leaving her husband's home, she lived



THE VINDICATION.

with members of Plymouth Church. Women constantly talked with her and repeated what she said, with their eccentric notions added. The committee fondly hoped to be able to keep the details of their investigation from the public eye. Tilton had handed in two "statements," not to be published. Moulton did the same. Beecher was examined also. The committee reported in favor of the pastor and the church held a joyful meeting.

But it was the beginning only of an end never attained.

It was not long before the Tilton story found its way to the public press, and then it appeared that Tilton charged Beecher with the ruin of his wife, the details of which, he said, he gave. The most extraordinary letters, purporting to be from Beecher to Tilton, or Moulton, were published, and ere long it appeared as if the social structure of Brooklyn in general, and Plymouth Church in particular, had been for years upon the crest of a boiling volcano. Through the long summer and autumn the war of bitter words and recriminations continued, until it culminated in a suit for $100,000 damages brought by Tilton against Beecher.

Third: The trial of this case was one of the best illustrations of the power of money and the uncertainty of the law the books can disclose. The simple question was, "Has the defendant damaged the plaintiff by adultery with his wife, and

if so, is he damaged to the extent of $100,000?" But, simple as the question was, it took one judge, twelve jurors, and ten bright lawyers six months to ascertain that they could not answer it. The plaintiff had as counsel ex-Judge Samuel D. Morris, ex-Judge William Fullerton, William A. Beach, and Judge Morris' partner, Mr. Pearsall. Mr. Beecher was defended by William M. Evarts, ex-Judge John K. Porter, General Benjamin F. Tracy, Thomas K. Shearman, John B. Hill, and Mr. Abbott. Judge Neilson, of the Brooklyn City Court, tried the case. At first it appeared to be his intention to permit the legal net to draw in every kind of fish the dirty pool contained, and the trial went on and on.

Tilton's examination was as good as a play.

Mr. Beecher's was as dramatic as a tragedy.

If they had been dictating their autobiographies for an encyclopædia, wider latitude could not have been granted. The court-room was packed. Mr. and Mrs. Beecher were attended by hosts of friends. Enthusiastic admirers sent Tilton bouquets, and the scene became a daily rival to the best shows in the land. There seemed to be no idea of the fact that it was a suit for cash. The papers openly discussed the question of "Beecher's guilt." "Is he guilty?" was the universal question, and after a while the popular mind settled on the belief that Mr. Beecher was on trial for adultery and that the verdict must be "guilty," or

THE GREAT TRIAL.

"not guilty." One of the features of the case was the presentation and reading of a series of extraordinary letters written by Mr. and Mrs. Tilton to each other. The plaintiff had no tangible evidence of the defendant's guilt save (1) inference, (2) an alleged but not produced letter of Mrs. Tilton, and (3) the testimony of Mr. and Mrs. Moulton that Mr. Beecher confessed adultery to them.

The inferences were drawn from letters of Mr. Beecher which were characteristically outspoken and extravagant. It appeared, too, that since the alleged discovery Tilton had accepted $7,500 from Mr. Beecher, although Tilton said he did not know where the money came from. This was supplemented by a line sent to Mr. Beecher's pulpit just after some of the money was received by Tilton, which read "Grace, mercy and peace—T. T."

Mr. Beecher was put through a course of biographical narration, the like of which was never heard—his boyhood, his education, his lifework, his religious faith. Finally they asked a pertinent question, and he declared, in the presence of the Almighty, that he had never committed adultery.

The theory of the defence was that when Mrs. Tilton in the anguish of her soul went to consult her pastor about the misconduct and brutal treatment of her husband, Mr. Beecher referred her to Mrs. Beecher, who, after listening to Mrs.

Tilton's wrongs, repeated them to her husband, and they advised her to leave him. This, combined with other troubles and his life-long hatred and jealousy of Beecher's fame, led Tilton to conspire with other parties to pull Beecher down. After this, when Moulton explained to Beecher that Mrs. Tilton's story was a fabrication, and convinced him that he had broken up the Tilton home by advising Mrs. Tilton to leave it, and had thus opened the door for Bowen to discharge Tilton from the *Independent*, Beecher broke down, wept bitterly, and in characteristic self-condemnation said, "I humble myself before him as I do before my God," and did what he could by sending him money with which to buoy up his sunken fortune.

After six months, at least five of which were frittered away, the jury retired to deliberate. They stood ten for the defendant and two for the plaintiff.

In that way they remained a long time. A son-in-law of the foreman had made a bet that the jury would not be for the plaintiff. This was made known, and created hard feeling. At one time, it is said, they found for the defendant, and agreed to so report at the conclusion of the following day. The foreman, desiring to be placed right about his son-in-law, unwisely revived the story of the alleged wager! This renewed the discussion, and again a breach was made. No

argument could convince either section, and they reported their inability to agree. Thus, so far as the parties directly involved in the suit were concerned, Tilton failed to get his damages and Beecher failed of a legal vindication, the jury being discharged, and the public sentiment remaining about as before the trial.

About this time one of the greatest compliments paid to this object of universal compliment was an invitation by the theological faculty of Yale College to lecture before the students in the theologic course for three consecutive years. In many respects his lectures before young men in Yale College are the best illustration of Mr. Beecher's many-sidedness that are preserved in print. Learning, thought, wit, humor, sentiment, logic, all found choicest opportunity, depicting in their spontaneous outcome and in their symmetric whole the man and the preacher, the student and the orator, in such a glaring light of towering preeminence as to warrant a letter signed by Leonard Bacon, Samuel Harris, George E. Day, James M. Hoppin, George P. Fisher and Timothy Dwight to Mr. Beecher, expressing to him their high estimation of the views which they give to eloquence in general, and to that eloquence in particular which seeks to save men by the exposition and application of the Gospel, for their stimulating and inspiring effect on the hearers, and for the high ideal which they hold up.

But this was not all.

All men appeared to seek out opportunities to do him honor. Under the guidance and general management of Major James B. Pond, a firm friend and substantial ally, Mr. Beecher made two trips through the country as far as California, lecturing everywhere to audiences that were limited only by the capacity of the house. Receptions were everywhere extended him. Entertainments of various nature were gotten up to do him honor. Money flowed in upon him like water, so that he was enabled to complete the purchase of his property in Peekskill and erect a house so large and so grand that it became necessary immediately after his death, while he yet lay in a temporary tomb in Greenwood, to place it upon the market, as no one of his heirs was in position to maintain it in the style and with the expense its builder and original owner intended.

People marvelled at his vitality.

The grand old man was much upon the street, where everybody knew him. He had a smile for the humblest and a cordial greeting for the poorest. Rank and station counted nothing with him, and in every element he seemed to grow sturdier day after day.

Even his weaknesses, if the expression may be used, grew with his growth.

He was the weakest man on earth in the presence of an enemy. Not an enemy to fight, for

MR. BEECHER'S COUNTRY HOME AT PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

then no man was more manly. He could fight the enemies of his country, he could meet face to face a brutal mob intent upon destroying one of God's humblest creatures, he could assault with the potency of a battering-ram an evil or an injury menacing others, and physical fear was an element of which he had not the faintest conception. But there were men and women by the score who used him, who deceived him, who maltreated him, who backbit him, and toward those men and women he had no more power of revenge, of returning evil for evil, than he would have had in the presence of an oak whose towering height he might desire to lower or wrench its roots from the depths beneath the soil.

"Let a man do an injury to Beecher," said one of his friendly critics, "and he makes a friend of him for life." "Beecher," said another, "would go a thousand miles to help a man who has done him harm."

And it was true.

Many of his friends, his best advisers, thought he carried that idea too far, and later, immediately preceding his death, a public reception having been tendered him by the mayor and Common Council of the city of Brooklyn, a friend said to him, "What a splendid triumph over Doctor —— that will be." Mr. Beecher looked at him for a moment and quietly said, "That settles it; I shall decline the reception."

And he did.

And, by the way, that is a capital illustration of Beecher.

It cannot be shown by the record of a memory, of an act, of a written or printed utterance, that Henry Ward Beecher ever returned evil for evil. Here was an opportunity for him, the foremost citizen of the Republic, to stand judged by the jury of the vicinage! Here was an opportunity for him to accept, not to seek, but to accept a proffered garland from his friends and fellow-citizens who sought to do him honor, so that he and his could point, so long as printed page endures, to the official record, that in the city of his home, where for forty years he had stood far in the van of the entire people, he was justified, he was applauded, he was complimented, he was congratulated, he was thanked; and simply because, in the minds of some, that would be regarded as a rebuke to a man once closer to him than a brother, but who in later life did all in his Christian power to undermine his friend, and by wink and innuendo and slur and suggestion to injure him, he declined, and with graceful recognition of the grateful compliment, sent word by a disappointed committee that he would wait for a more convenient season.

There are in New York sundry societies who perpetuate certain memories, who celebrate certain anniversaries. Among these are the New England Society, St. Patrick's Society, St. David's

Society, and several club organizations whose annual dinners are occasions of festivity and of jollification. At these times Henry Ward Beecher was always the guest above all others. On one occasion, when the Press Club were favored by the presence of General Grant, General Sherman and other men known throughout the world, the reception given Henry Ward Beecher was so significant as to be the marked event of the evening. A year or two prior to his death, at a dinner given by St. Patrick's Society, he entered the room late in the evening, when, as though his coming had been the event looked forward to by every person present, the entire company rose and cheered while he was conducted down the long line to the head of the table. He was the favored guest always at the dinners of the New England Society, at the meetings of the Union League Club, and on many occasions memorable in the social, literary and associated life of New York and Brooklyn.

Why was this?

Because he was always ready, hearty, sincere, with a purpose intelligently put, intelligently carried out.

On the night of October 30, 1880, Mr. Beecher and Colonel Robert J. Ingersoll spoke on the same platform in the Academy of Music, at Brooklyn, at a Republican mass-meeting, when the great preacher introduced the great orator

and freethinker with a warmth and earnestness of compliment that brought the 6,000 lookers-on to their feet to applaud. But when the expounder of the Gospel of Christ took the famous atheist by the hand and shook it fervently, saying the while that he respected and honored him for the honesty of his convictions and his splendid labors for patriotism and for the country, the enthusiasm knew no bounds and the great building trembled and vibrated with the storm of applause.

The celebration of Mr. Beecher's seventieth birthday at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, June 25, 1883, was a wonderful manifestation of his popularity in the city of his adoption. It was not an ovation from a mere congregation to whom his labors and his eloquence had endeared him; it was a demonstration of a whole city.

From the parquet to the gayly frescoed roof of the building the Academy was packed. Not even at the great political gatherings which this structure has witnessed has the multitude been greater. Men of all classes, all parties and nearly all religious denominations joined in the jubilee.

In Mr. Beecher's address he said:

"If there is any one thing that is dearer to my heart than another, it is the belief in an immanent God, in all men and in all things; and what vanity it would be for me to stand here and say that the things of which I have been permitted to be a spectator were mine. They are the footsteps of

God. This is the progress that long ago has been predicted and of which we have seen but the opening chapters. No man is great of himself. No man is great except by that open channel in him through which God can speak or act. And whoever says anything that shall live for the sake of humanity borrows it; it is not his own. Whoever does anything that is worthy of his time and of his nation, it is God that does it. Work out your own salvation, saith God to the individual and the race, with fear and trembling and earnestness, for it is God that worketh in you to will and do of His good pleasure. When I look down, therefore, into the future, my hope and my confidence is that the religion is leading men on. My trust and my unshaken hope for the future is that God reigns and the whole earth shall see His salvation. I accept then, in some sort this gathering to-night, not as testimony to me, but as testimony to my Lord and to my Saviour."

It has been repeatedly said that Mr. Beecher was a many-sided man.

The story of his life thus far told abundantly justifies that, and yet there are other lines of industry and attainment in which he was conspicuous. Perhaps nothing more significant of his sympathy with the better ongoings of society can be shown than the promptness with which he accepted an offer of chaplaincy made by the Thir-

teenth Regiment of the National Guard, through its commander, Colonel Austen.

In January, 1878, the tender was made and accepted.

As usual, Mr. Beecher's action was canvassed and criticized in Plymouth Church, whereupon at a Friday evening prayer-meeting he said, "I did not accept, as you may readily suppose, because I had nothing to do, and because I wanted to fill up vacant time. It was not because I had any special military gifts, or that any special military proclivities led me to delight in such a position. I was as much surprised as any one could be when a request was made by Colonel Austen that I should become the chaplain of the Thirteenth Regiment, and I was informed that it was the unanimous wish of the officers of the regiment that I should accept the place. And the first impulse I felt on receiving the invitation was to say no, but the second impulse was in the nature of a query, whether there was not some duty here. The question was not exactly 'Should you accept the place?' but rather, 'Why should you not accept it?' Is it not eminently wise that a body of young men, organized as a force of citizen soldiers, should have a chaplain? In an organization of this kind, made up of young men exclusively, is there not a peculiar kind of peril? Is not a body of this kind, resembling in some respects a social club, unrestrained, and perhaps uncivilized, by the pres-

ence of women, fraught with great danger? Is it not liable to become a veritable mäelstrom in which young men may be sucked down to destruction? It seems to me there is no question that they should be surrounded by some kind of moral influence, and it seemed to be a pertinent question, whether, if some one should respond, I was not the one to do so. In my case, there seemed to be special reasons why I should respond. I was always among the foremost in the matters that led to the war, and was forward in upholding the various measures of the war, and it hardly seemed wise or proper for me to turn away from the citizen soldiery after they had done their duty in that war, thus tacitly saying that they were of no further consequence to the nation or to the community. And even more than all this was the consideration that many of the young men of the regiment are members of my own flock here. And if it is wise and prudent to have a citizen soldiery, properly equipped and ready at all times to serve as a background of support for the civil authorities, it is certainly well to have them fortified and strengthened by all the good influences it is possible to throw around them. I go not for pleasure, but hoping to do them good. I want to help them as soldiers, as well as individuals, for I don't like to have anything to do with a thing that doesn't go. The regiment has entered on a new life, and it will be

rendered more prosperous than ever. At any rate, I hope you will have its well-being at heart, if for no other sake, at least for my sake, for I should not like to do anything in which I should not have the prayers and sympathy of my people."

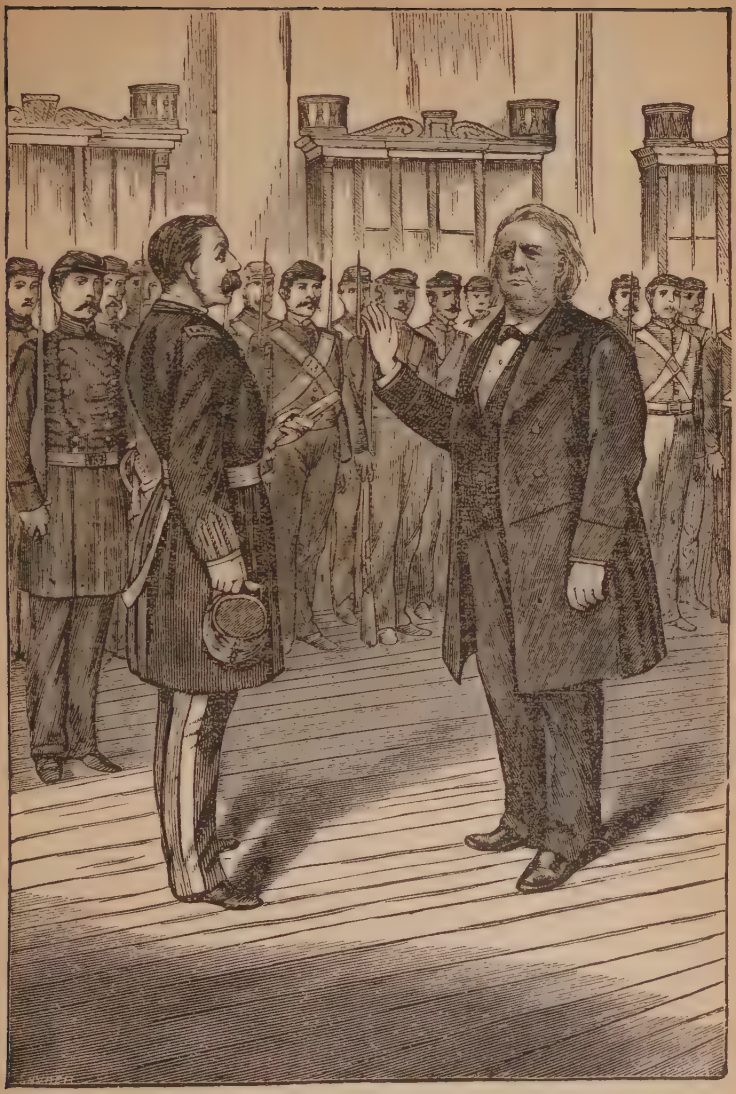
In a formal record, printed in the *North American Review*, Colonel Austen pays high compliment to his chaplain, who it appears made his first parade on the occasion of the dedication of the Martyr's Tomb at Fort Green, Brooklyn, on the 30th of May, 1878. "He had been invited," says Colonel Austen, "and an order forwarded; to which this jovial reply was received:

"'BROOKLYN, No. 124 COLUMBIA HEIGHTS.

"'*My dear Colonel:* I will be present, as requested, fully armed and equipped, as becomes a chaplain of the Old Thirteenth. Yours ever,

"'HENRY WARD BEECHER,

"'Captain Secular and Chaplain Spiritual of the Old Thirteenth—God bless her.'



MR. BEECHER TAKING THE OATH AS CHAPLAIN.

(Thirteenth Reg't, N. G. S. N. Y., March 1, 1878.)

X.

A RETROSPECTIVE INTERVIEW.

IN addition to the great demonstrations made in the Brooklyn Academy of Music on the occasion of Mr. Beecher's seventieth anniversary, the press of the country paid him unusual honor, and in significant interviews he expressed himself fully concerning men, measures and himself during the early part of his career. In the course of a long conversation with the writer the following occurred:

"Mr. Beecher, you have been at work quite fifty years?"

"Yes, more than that."

"When did you first speak and on what subject?"

"A little after 1830, when I was in Amherst College. My father, Lyman Beecher, was an enthusiastic colonizationist then. I belonged to the Athenian Society in college, and one of our early debates turned on the Colonial Society. Garrison had begun to attack that society, and, knowing that my father was a colonizationist, I naturally would have sided that way, but in the distribution of parts I was drafted to attack that society and

defend Garrison, or the anti-slavery movement. I had very able men on the other side. Well, when I came to think the matter over, I found myself drawn, not as a mere debater, but sympathetically and with conviction on the anti-slavery side; and I read up on it and studied it all around, and when I came to make my speech, I made a strong one on that side. That gave me my first impulse in that direction, and it was one that remained permanent and grew deeper and stronger to the end of my life. After I left college, I went immediately to Cincinnati, in the fall of 1834. When I was in Cincinnati, Charles Hammond was the editor of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, one of the ablest men in the West, and the Cincinnati *Gazette* was by all odds—head and shoulders—the leading Whig newspaper. Henry Clay used, before any important movement, to consult with Charles Hammond."

"Did you ever meet Henry Clay, and hear speak?"

"Yes, I thought he was the dullest old fellow I ever heard. It was at a barbecue in Indianapolis. He was jaded and tired. He was not wound up, and had nobody to stick a pin in him."

"Do you think he was an eloquent man?"

"Yes; if you take in his personal magnetism, and the adaptation of himself to the current of thoughts and feelings that were existing. Henry Clay was not a man that, out of his own day, was

or ever will be so great as he was in his own age."

"He was not as great a man as Webster?"

"No, nor as Calhoun; but a man that made passionate friends and a natural-born leader of men."

"Magnetic?"

"To the last degree, and he had all the intuitions and that union of affectionate blandishment and indignation and threat to him. He could strike or he could caress, and with either was very powerful."

"You adhered to your anti-slavery sentiment in the West?"

"Yes, although I saw that to do so was exceedingly unpopular in Cincinnati. It would alienate everybody that I knew there, and that, among other reasons, confirmed me in my tendencies, because I have always had a kind of irresistible impulse to defend the weak, especially when I saw they were trodden down by men of influence and power; to throw myself into the rescue of the wronged was as strong in me as life itself. So, when the mob rose in Cincinnati and destroyed Dr. Bailey's newspaper—Bailey was afterward editor of the *New Era* in Washington, in which Mrs. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' appeared—when the mob rose and broke in and scattered his type, dragged his press down the main street and threw it into the Ohio river, and once again the riotous spirit foamed over and they threatened

to shoot down the colored people in Cincinnati, and had got to that point that the mayor called for special policemen to protect the city and the negro quarters—I was sworn in as a special policeman and I patrolled the streets for two nights armed to the teeth to defend the negroes. In the absence of its editor, who had gone to the General Assembly in Philadelphia, I had taken the Cincinnati *Journal*, the Presbyterian religious 'new-school' paper, and was editing it. In this paper I attacked this mob spirit, and with such a vehemence, that Charles Hammond put the whole article into the Cincinnati *Gazette*. That was all along the same line of anti-slavery impulse. I then went to Lawrenceburg, twenty miles below Cincinnati, which has this last winter been drowned out by the terrible flood. There was a Presbyterian church there that would seat 150 people. There were twenty members; one man, and the rest women. With the exception of two, every one was dependent for her livelihood on her industry."

"What was your salary there?"

"Four hundred dollars. Two hundred and fifty dollars was paid by the American Home Missionary Society, and the balance was raised by people in my church."

"That was the custom, for this society to aid all feeble churches in the West?"

"All feeble churches would receive a portion

of their salary in that way. The society was organized for that purpose. I do not believe there were in my Synod ten ministers that were not more or less assisted by that society, and now all through the West it is the same thing to-day, away to the Pacific ocean."

"The knot of recognized abolitionists in those days was so very small—Mr. Tappan, Mr. Garrison and Mr. Wendell Phillips—that, I suppose, all of necessity were known to you?"

"They were, East, and I went back into Indiana as a missionary, and was working among the common people."

"And you were on the field where the fight had to come, sooner or later?"

"I was; and it may interest you to know that among the lecturers was Henry B. Stanton, who had studied theology under my father. After staying for two years and a little over at Lawrenceburg, I was called to Indianapolis. This was at the time when the division took place. The Presbyterian Church split on the rock of slavery. Theology was the mere occasion and pretence, but the root of the matter was slavery. The South was largely new school, but the new school of the North was leavened with the anti-slavery tendency to a very great extent, and the understanding was, as I heard my father state it, that the new-school ministers of the South said to the Presbyterian men: 'We will sustain you, as

against the new school of the North, if you will see to it that the Presbyterian Church at large does not meddle with the question of slavery in the South.' It was a league; it was an understood thing. It was carried out. The Southern Presbyterians, all for the sake of slavery, consented to uphold the hands of the old school Princeton, and the new school of the North was split off from them and organized by themselves, and they were, especially in the West, very generally anti-slavery. I don't know one man in the Synod of Indiana who was not an open and avowed anti-slavery man."

"This was about when?"

"About 1840–41. I went to Indianapolis, preaching in the upper hall or room of a little brick academy, which would not hold much over a hundred people, while the church was building. It is now owned by Governor English."

"Well, what then?"

"After a year we were directed by the Synod to preach once a year on the duties of the church to the enslaved."

"Did you do it?"

"Yes, I waited until the United States Federal Court came there, with Judge McLean as the presiding judge; and when all of our State courts, Supreme Court and Circuit, were in session, and the legislature was convened—so that all lawyers and public officers, men of every kind, thronged

the city—I announced that I should preach on slavery. In the morning I discussed the nature of Hebrew slavery and the way in which it ceased. In the afternoon I preached on American slavery and the duty of the American church on that subject. Well, you may depend upon it, it was a bomb thrown, and they went streaming back to the hotel, and when they sat down to dinner, some one said, 'Judge McLean, what do you think of that?' 'Well,' said he, 'I think if every minister in the United States would be as faithful, it would be a great advance in getting this question settled.' Well, that settled it. It gave the cue to the lawyers; they on the whole sympathized too, and the members of the legislature, and the consequence was, that I had preached two flaming sermons with no reaction, by a judicious adaptation to times and circumstances. I suppose that was the first anti-slavery sermon that was ever preached in the capital of the State of Indiana."

"To that circumstance you probably owe the reputation which preceded you in New York?"

"Yes."

"What did you do here first?"

"In the first sermon that I preached on the first Sunday night in the new church, when I had accepted the call and came there in the fall, I made a proclamation of my sentiments on the slavery matter, on temperance matters, on war and

peace, on all those great schemes in which I have had zeal in all my public life, in the most explicit manner. I declared to them that if they continued to attend, or any of them wished to attend my church on the supposition that I was going to be silent or prudentially dumb, I wished to remove that impression at once, for I intended to be positive, active and energetic on all those subjects. In 1847–48–49 I had become well known. My anti-slavery sentiments began to be well known in New York. Upon the establishment of the *Independent* I was invited by Mr. Bowen to furnish 'Star Papers' for the paper. And in those I avowed such anti-slavery sentiments as made it a little uncertain whether the three adjunct editors of the paper, Dr. Leonard Bacon, Dr. Richard S. Storrs, and Dr. Joseph Thompson, of the Broadway Tabernacle, could sustain me. It was a time of very great caution and prudence, but I stuck right at it!

"In 1850, when the controversy came up about Clay's omnibus bill, including the fugitive-slave laws, I was thoroughly roused, and in the pulpit, with my pen, I attacked with the utmost earnestness the infamous fugitive-slave bill. It was then that I wrote the article, 'Shall we compromise?' If any one will compare that article with Mr. Seward's subsequent speech he will find that it was reducing to a mere minimum the article on, 'Shall we compromise?' This article was read

to John C. Calhoun on his sick-bed by his clerk, and he raised himself up and said: 'Read that article again.' The article was read. 'The man who says that is right. Slavery has got to go to the wall. There is no alternative. It is liberty or slavery.' And, then, when Webster made his fatal apostasy on the 7th of March, 1850, I joined with all Northern men of any freedom-loving spirit in denouncing it and in denouncing him. Forthwith, after a paralysis of a few weeks, his friends determined to save him by getting all the old clergymen, such men as Dr. Spring, Dr. Lord, of Dartmouth, and the Andover professors —the effort was to get every great and influential man in the North to stand up for Webster, and then it was that I flamed. They failed utterly. Professor Woolsey, of New Haven, Dr. Bacon, president of the Williamstown College in Massachusetts, and various other most influential men absolutely refused to sustain Webster."

"What was the black-list of those days?"

"It was about this time, 1850, that the black-list was made in that Castle Garden Union Safety Committee, and connected with that was a black-list that was gotten up of all the merchants that were anti-slavery. It was to be sent all over the South to destroy their custom. Mr. Bowen was, of course, included in that black-list and threatened with the loss of all his Southern custom. He came to me and asked me if I would not

write a card for him, and I undertook to do it, but my head not running very clear. The only thing I got at, after making three or four different attempts, was, 'My goods are for sale, but not my principles,' but I could not lick it into shape, and I gave the paper to him and said, 'You must fix it to suit yourself.' He took it to Hiram Barney, and he drew up the card in the shape in which it appeared, including that sentence, which was the snap of the whole thing. About that time came on the Edmeson sisters. Going home one day, I saw an old negro sitting on my outside stone steps. I asked him what he wanted. He said he wanted to see Mr. Beecher. I asked him into the house, and then he told me that his two daughters had been sold to a slave-pen to be carried to New Orleans. They were very beautiful girls and their destiny was apparent. He had gone all around among the Methodists, I think, to whom he belonged, and he got sympathy, but no succor; so he called to see if I could not do something for him. A meeting was called in the Broadway Tabernacle. I agreed to be there and make a speech. I think of all the meetings that I have attended in my life, for a panic of sympathy, I never saw one that surpassed that. I have seen a great many in my day. An amount of money was subscribed, and they were bought and set free. The mother was a very old woman. She had been a nurse of a great Richmond lawyer

TAKING SUMMER RECREATION.

whose name has died out of my memory. He owed his conversion to her. He was famous in the days of Webster.

"This takes me down to 1853. Then came the bolt of the elder Van Buren and the Buffalo meeting and platform, which was anti-slavery, and that was really the originating cause of the Republican party. The materials were beginning to coalesce which constituted the Republican movement, and in 1856 Fremont was nominated as against Buchanan. Well, of course, we felt all aflame. My church voted me all the time that I thought to be required to go out into the community and speak and canvass the State of New York. I went into that canvass, frequently spoke twice and three times a week, having the whole day to myself; that is, making all the speeches that were made. I was sent principally to what we called the Silver Gray districts or counties—the old-time Whigs that were attempting to run a candidate between Fremont and Buchanan. I generally made a three hours' speech a day in the open air to audiences of from 8,000 to 10,000 people. I felt that it was very likely that I should sacrifice my life, or my voice at any rate, but I was willing to lay down either or both of them for that cause."

"Whom do you regard as being in those days the most influential leaders of public sentiment, leading the Abolitionists on the one hand and the

better grade of Whigs on the other, the point of focus as Republicans?"

"Well, I think Seward, on the whole. Greeley was off and on. Horace Greeley was one of the ablest advocates in public affairs. When wise counsel had laid down a good line, a good platform, and Mr. Greeley mounted it in defence, there was no man so able as he, but when the work was not the defence of an agreed-upon platform, but the formation of it, he was a very unwise and uncertain counsellor. I do not know whether it is worth my while to tell the history of one thing that occurred about the time of the war. There was an assembly in a hotel in New York. There were fifty Southern-born officers of our army convened there, after secession was in full swing, to discuss what their duties as officers should be, and the point was this: 'If the South is to be organized into another government, it is perfectly honorable for us to change our allegiance from the government of the North to the government of the South; but if that is not to be accepted or tolerated, then we are bound by our oath of allegiance to this government, which has educated us, not to go over to the Southern army.' On this morning appeared in the *Tribune* that wonderful declaration by Greeley: 'Let the South go!' Whereupon these gentlemen, who had said, 'All the South are agreed that there is to be this new government. The Democratic

party of the North, we know, assents to it, and the only question is, what are the anti-slavery men going to do?'—and on that morning came out that declaration of Greeley, who was regarded wrongfully as being the leader of the great anti-slavery movement, and they said, 'That settles it'—and in less than twenty-four hours every mother's son of them but one had left the North and gone pell-mell down South and offered his sword to the Confederates, because the Southern management would give these officers their rank in the order of their application, and it was important that they should get in first and not get near the tail. The last support, therefore, was kicked from under the vessel by a careless foot."

"Do you share the belief that was quite general at the time that Fremont carried Pennsylvania?"

"I do."

"Do you believe that he was elected President?"

"I do."

"Do you believe that his inauguration as President would have averted a civil war?"

"No."

"Did you know President Buchanan?"

"No, nothing more than just by sight."

"Do you believe him to have been a square man?"

"I believe him to have been a man of honest

intentions, but utterly unfit for the times which found him. He had neither courage nor any commanding discretion."

"How do you regard Douglas?"

"I regard Douglas as a very able man indeed, but dangerous, because I do not think that he acted on great lines, but rather on the inner lines of political expediency."

"Do you think he was a thoroughly loyal man?"

"I think he was a thoroughly loyal man."

"Do you think the election of President Lincoln precipitated the Rebellion?"

"Yes."

"You knew Lincoln?"

"Very well."

"In a sentence, what do you think of him?"

"I think that Lincoln was to a remarkable degree both a statesman and a politician; that he based his views of expediency on great principles, but that in executing expedient objects he was as shrewd and keen a politician as ever was in Washington. He had a broad sympathy for human nature, and he understood it very well. He was as devoid of personal ambition and selfishness as any man of whom we have a record in our history. He was a man who wanted to do that which was right and best for this whole nation, South and North, and was willing to go as near to the edge of doubtful expediency as a

man could go and not go over the precipice, but he saved himself."

"Whatever its effect upon the country, don't you think that his death, and its manner, and the time, were a great thing for him in history?"

"Yes; I think that his coffin was more than the presidential chair. It certainly gave to the whole of his career the influence of a kind of political saintship."

"Do you believe that he would have carried out a different policy from that of Johnson?"

"I know that at the time that things were drawing to a consummation he had in an inchoate form the very policy that Johnson undertook to carry out under a change of circumstances. I know it, because the Cleveland letter that I wrote was the result of conferences with Governor Andrew and President Lincoln, just preceding Lincoln's death, as to what were to be the next coming steps after the breaking down of the Rebellion; and at that time, under the circumstances, it seems to me that they had, on the whole, very wise views. It may be said almost in a sentence what their policy was. It was to say to the leading public men of the South: 'Gentlemen, you took your section out of the Union; you must bring it back. We hold you responsible. We will give you all the power necessary to do it. Slavery is gone, and as you went out with those men who have been defeated, now you must come back and we will trust you.'"

"Whom did you regard as the significant men in our war—the so-called political generals; that is, men like Butler, whose administrative qualities were called into use, or men like Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, etc.?"

"The West Point men were the ablest and the most efficient by all odds. With one or two exceptions only, were men who became generals from civil life of any great noticeable success. Terry was, and has remained so, a very able department commander, respected by all the army. Butler was not a military man. Every military element in him failed."

"What do you think of him as an administrator?"

"Under the circumstances, as an administrator he was surpassing. You could not have got a better man for New Orleans. He was in his very element in that place, where his conscience worked in the direction of patriotism with remarkable shrewdness and success."

"Did you work for Grant?"

"First, middle and last."

"You regard him as a favorite with the people?"

"I am not in a situation to determine that. I only know that when his name is mentioned in any large audience where I have been present he has carried the day with enthusiasm."

"How do you account for his non-renomination?"

"There were too many candidates with too strong a backing, and, all combined, they defeated him. The enthusiasm of the public and the enthusiasm of the political managers are two different things."

Mr. Beecher was an ever-ready talker.

He needed no preparation beyond that obtained by a half century of attrition with men and with affairs, and, as Frederic Hudson well said, "Every newspaper welcomed him and gladly gave him the freedom of its columns."

XI.

A VOLUMINOUS CORRESPONDENT.

IT was Mr. Beecher's habit to talk freely, fully and earnestly with his friends on all matters of general as well as of personal interest, and as the demand for his instruction and service extended, radiating from his home in Brooklyn to all portions of the country, and ultimately across the sea, he continued his habit of conference by letter, and some of his choicest thoughts, some of his wisest utterances, were penned while on lecturing tours, when alone in London, when longing for the society of his friends in the solitude of Western hotels.

He was a voluminous correspondent.

Years hence, when the ultimate biographer and collector shall have received from all sources, at home and abroad, the multitudinous trifles which go so far to make the comprehensive whole, far from the least of these illustrations of the greatness and goodness, the weakness and the uniqueness of Mr. Beecher's character will be found in letters sent here and there, dashed off with the rapidity of friendly utterance, or penned with

care and thought as to their effect. Fortunately for the value of this tribute to his memory, there is afforded access to many letters hitherto unpublished, some of which have been used herein simply for authentic data of interesting passages of his life, and others, many of which, with matter from different sources, are given, that the man may thus speak for himself.

One of Mr. Beecher's warmest and dearest friends was the late Dr. John Howard Raymond, first president of the Brooklyn Polytechnic, and subsequently first president of Vassar College. Himself a man of rare gifts and of unusual attainments as well, he approached friendship with Mr. Beecher with some degree of diffidence, but gradually warmed toward him with the unquenchable flame of love. Writing to his sister from Hamilton, N. Y., in May, 1848, Dr. Raymond said: "Professor Conant seems to have been much interested in what he heard of Mr. Beecher while he was in Brooklyn, and, for Tasker's sake, I certainly rejoice in his success. I give you fair warning, however, that I stand in doubt of him. At the least, he is as yet on the outside of my heart. That he is a man of generous, ardent impulses I have no doubt, and mayhap of genuine naturalness (though that is a rare attribute); but if irreverence and self-worship, in any form, are a part of his nature—that is, are characteristics—I won't love him till he gets rid of 'em. I

commend him to your instruction on these points, and according to his profiting shall be my approbation of the young man."

That Mr. Beecher's genius, eloquence and peculiar methods of presenting truth produced an electric effect on Dr. Raymond, as well as upon the general, doubtful community, and that the confidence which all who knew Dr. Raymond delighted to receive was soon given to Mr. Beecher, can perhaps be best attested by the following letter written by Mr. Beecher to Mr. John T. Howard, of Brooklyn, in July of that very year.

MR. BEECHER TO MR. J. T. HOWARD.

"CLINTON, N. Y., July 24, 1848.

"*My very dear Howard:* I believe I took no oath to write you a letter, note, or *billet-doux;* and, as I seldom write either, I wish you to have a suitable emotion of vanity at this signal exertion on my part to youward. However, in this little vacation I have improved, for I have written, besides an unusual amount to my wife, several letters to old friends and former correspondents, who will be astonished out of all propriety at receiving an actual letter from the latent friend.

"Clinton is indeed situated in a beautiful valley, and as seen from College Hill, the prospect is very fine. I believe that I should look out of the window more than I should study if I were a student here. Good-bye till I date from Hamilton."

"HAMILTON, July 26.

"In a few minutes John and I are off for the fish-pools of Heshbon; that is to say, the trout-brooks where we can catch shiners and pout.

"I have had two or three glorious talks with this same John, and we agree to a hair, so far. Indeed my heart has gone forth unto him greatly, and I find all the premonitory symptoms of falling in love with him. Here comes the buggy.

"Evening, eleven o'clock. Did ever two fellows spend a finer day together! Why, the way I talked for three mortal hours on a stretch in the morning was enough to tire a Hercules. Then we fished and caught enough to save our reputation. In the afternoon he took up the 'thread of discourse' and led off in the same self-sacrificing manner, and now I am confirmed in love and admiration, and wanted to tell him so, but 'darsent.' But I guess he was a little reciprocal, for he said at the tea-table to-night that he had taken me into the family, so that I was a regular member! I found that my good friends had prepared my way before me, and so I was ready to begin where others would have ended after weeks of acquaintance. I was captivated with Mrs. C. right off, and had begun to flirt a little with the professor himself—a deep-hearted man. I am quite delighted with Hamilton, and if I could make the people half as fond of me as I am of them, there would very soon be a mutual under-

standing between us. Indeed, I did hint a little to Kendrick and John about giving me a call to the university, and offered to go through fire (if not water) to oblige them!"

"UTICA, Friday morning.

"Here I am, an hour and a half before car-time. I rejoice with exceeding great joy to set my face homeward. I long to see you all. For although I have had one of the most various, exhilarating and delightful weeks possible, yet I begin to be homesick. What under the heavens those people can do who have nobody to love and nobody to love them, I don't know. Ah! if ever I am called to leave Brooklyn, will it not be to me like rending soul from the body? Heretofore, I have had to labor often up-hill; to carry everything, inspire everything and do everything; besides which there was sorrow in my house and sorrow in my heart. But now I seem to have gone over to the opposite extreme: what comfort is wanting—how many dear friends who love me far beyond what I deserve—whose kindnesses are ceaseless! Sometimes, when I think of all God's mercies to me, my feelings rise and almost suffocate me!

"I used to brace myself up under sore trials by saying to my soul, 'Thou art not a man if thou canst not endure all that God will lay upon thee.' But now it is a question how I shall come out of

prosperity. Will not the summer melt what the winter could not blow away? I long to live in sympathy with such a mind as Paul's. I long to have such a fulness of heart that whoever loves me shall find himself growing better for it. Could any epitaph be more simple, but noble, than this of the New Testament, 'He went about doing good?' A commentary on that sentence would be like clothes on a lily—covering up without adorning or setting forth. "H. W. B."

Bear in mind that these letters were written from friend to friend forty years ago, when Mr. Beecher was but thirty-four years of age, fresh from his Western field, with all the enthusiasm of an ever-bubbling nature, stirred by contact with a fresh class of men and women, well born, well bred, educated, appreciative and above all demonstrative in their affectionate regard for their new friend and pastor.

Read the following from Mr. Beecher to Dr. Raymond, and ask if a better photograph of a man's interior could be desired than it.

MR. BEECHER TO PROFESSOR J. H. RAYMOND.

"HARTFORD, August 30, 1848.

"*My dear Professor:* If good resolutions were only letters, what voluminous epistles you would have had from me! Alas, that a *thought-a-type* could not be invented! What an advance will

that be when one can slip a sheet of prepared paper into his hat, upon which the electricity of the mind shall act as the light does upon a photographic plate, and sally forth. Upon his return, O joy! all that he has thought would be found transferred to the paper! The advantages of this new invention promise to be so many that I hope no time will be lost in prosecuting the matter to a discovery. Thus a paralytic author might triumph over the infirmity of his hands; a mercurial head like mine might, for once, write as fast as it thought. A paper night-cap would give one in the morning all his dreams; a suitable *head-book* would register the most perfect of journals, for thus all that we think would go down—good and bad—and go down just as it happened, a thing I suspect that is not always to be found in pen-made journals. Then, too, what self-knowledge might not this afford—should we believe in our own identity? Each evening would put a new volume into our hands, for I suppose that we all *think* at least one volume in a day, if all our cogitations were written. What a fiction it would be! Alas, the strangeness of fiction and the stubborn validity of fact! For who does not throw the filmy veil of self-esteem upon his life, through whose witching colors all looks changed to a heightened excellence? Who could bear to read in a volume at evening all the *somethings* and *nothings*, all the evil and good, all the frets and

fancies, all the venturesome ranges of thinking, the vain imaginations, the hopes, fears, suppressed angers, involuntary opinions of men, and above all, the critical thoughts which one has of even the best? For who lives without great faults? and who lives with habits of attention without *seeing* them? Yet to see in full print that which otherwise only glances through the brain, and whose trace is lost—as is the stream of a meteor—would be shocking.

"There, was I not foreordained to be a letter-writer? For who can spin a longer yarn than this out of such a little lock of wool?

"New England contains so much that a reflecting mind in passing through it is in danger of having nothing to write; for no one wishes to write an encyclopædia, and yet even that would not contain the things to be written. Just at present, however, the theological world is on the *qui vive* for Dr. Bushnell's sermons. His Cambridge sermon on the atonement, and his late New Haven sermon on the divinity of Christ, together, I suppose, with one next week to be delivered at Andover, will soon be published in a volume. No sooner is that done than three or four batteries, already loaded to the muzzle, will open on him, and we shall see a great cannonade. The Princeton men, Dr. Taylor (probably), the East Windsor men with Dr. Tyler at their head, and some Boston men, will take the matter in

hand. Can't you start one of your professors to take the matter up and put the heresy under water, for its everlasting extinction? Although I cannot agree with Bushnell, I can as little with his respondents; nor do I see any benefit in a controversy. It will be a fierce technical dispute about propositions at the expense in the churches of vital godliness. It is, therefore, a joyful matter to me that the points of disagreement do not touch the *practical* use to be made in preaching and personal experience of the doctrine of Christ's sacrifice for sin. It seems to me that the only thing on earth that truth is good for is to convert men from evil to holiness. That truth which has temper to do that is manifestly divine, and to be believed for its work's sake. I am sure I am willing to stake any individual truth on the test by which Christ ventured his whole mission. When will ministers learn that putting up fences and disputing about landmarks is not an equivalent for the careful cultivation of the soul.

"As for myself, I mean to go home and labor and preach and pray for a revival, and if I can, to have so much to do within as to have no ear or heart for the storm that rages without. So others may blow the bellows and turn the doctrines in the fire, and lay them on the anvil of controversy, and beat them with all sorts of hammers into all sorts of shapes; but I shall busy myself with using the sword of the Lord, not in forging it.

"I shall not soon forget that gem of a visit to Hamilton. It is not often that everything conspires to make a visit brimful of interest without a drop being spilt to the ground. I look back upon it as upon a dream. It seems as if I had read it all in a novel, and remembered you all as so many sharply-drawn characters. You and I were rambling about so much together that I think of you as one outside the cover of the book, a reader with me."

[Here follows a humorous description, or "portrait gallery," as he calls it, of the various members of the Hamilton circle, with other personal matters.]

"This tirade has quite put my picture-gallery in confusion, upset my frame and spilt my paints; yet I will scrape up enough to give the outlines of the reverend visitor himself—for I have observed that all great painters have succeeded well in drawing their own likenesses. Imagine, then, a tall, portly man, rather precise in manners, evidently reared in a school in which etiquette ruled out nature, naturally taciturn and singularly careful when he does speak to say only the most profitable thing; whose feeling has manifestly been subdued until one doubts whether he ever had much; never venturing upon jests and humorous frivolities, and therefore wearing a face full of premature care. It is quite manifest that this reverend divine has been saved from the

cloister or the cave by being born one or two hundred years too far down the stream of time. There! If from that portrait you cannot discern the original, may heaven help your wits!

"But really this is too bad. I take my 'corporal oath' that I intended no such prolix infliction when I began, but we slipped down the epistolary hill so easily that I hardly perceived the motion. Now that we are safely at the bottom, I will save your patience the necessity of further travel by blocking up the road with the name of

"Your friend (that would be)

"H. W. Beecher."

And, in this connection, circumstantial and coincidental illustration of Mr. Beecher's *status* among thinking men can be found in the following extracts from letters written by Dr. Raymond to his sister. It was during the year of 1848 that Plymouth Church building was destroyed by fire, an incident necessary to bear in mind while reading the following:

"That name [Beecher] reminds me to say that I could not mourn very much over the burning of the old Plymouth, because I am very sure that the Lord designs it for good. Give my best love to the dominie. I do feel sad when I think of the interruption to his work, but am satisfied that the occurrence will turn to good account in more ways than one, which he can foresee better than I could

describe. Perhaps, having fewer sermons to write, he may get time to give me a scratch of his pen. That surely would be one blessing growing out of his calamity. Tell the blessed boy that my heart reaches after him through interposing space, and grapples him unto itself as with hooks of steel. I do esteem him very highly in love for his work's sake, and for his worth's sake. As to his doctrine, (is that the rub yet?) if it were my dying charge I should say to him, '*Preach what you believe*,' not on the shallow ground that what any man honestly believes is fit to be preached, but because, if I know what the gospel is, H. W. B. knows it, and beyond measure more deeply, richly, sweetly and powerfully. Only let him preach it (and he will preach it more clearly and copiously every month he lives, unless God deserts him), and I shall be satisfied; a point, the importance of which I trust he will duly appreciate. My prayer for him is that God may be with him, multiply his troubles and his comforts, his foes and his friends, give him afflictions to fight and courage to fight them, and just as much success as will not stand in the way of greater success to come; keep his proud spirit chastened to a Christ-like tenderness, his fiery and impetuous will chained to salvation's car and on the track of truth; his soul full, full, full of love, and like a gushing fountain ever toward the needy and the lost; and, in a word, everything about him just so that he may suitably and safely receive all the

honors and blessings which God has to bestow on His most highly favored ones. And if my prayer for him can in any particular be improved, let me know how, and I will amend it.

"Remember me particularly and affectionately to Mrs. Beecher, of whose discernment I have had a very high opinion, and of her love the strongest assurance, ever since she discovered my resemblance to you. I must not be forgotten, either, to the children of the Manse, because I 'took to' them and have them in my heart.

"And so, with love to all who love him, writes

"JOHN."

When it was determined by Mr. Beecher to accept the offer of his church to send him abroad for the summer in 1863, he looked about him for a companion and selected Dr. Raymond. Years after that, when the family of Dr. Raymond, who had lately joined the great army beyond the stream of time, for their own pleasure and in honor of the memory of the honored husband and father who had gone, collected memorials of his life* from various sources, Mr. Beecher was asked to give some written reminiscences of their trip abroad.

He responded characteristically, of course.

The following is his letter:

* "Life and Letters of John H. Raymond, *late President of Vassar College*. Edited by his eldest daughter [Mrs. Harlan P. Lloyd]." New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert, 1881.

MR. BEECHER TO DR. RAYMOND'S DAUGHTER.

"BROOKLYN, June 16, 1880.

"*My dear H.:* By all means use your father's letters, without regard to my name. As we were inseparable companions of voyage and travel, it could not be otherwise than that his letters to his family should carry a thousand personal details. But those are the very things that give life to a biography; to cut them out would be like taking away the pearls, and leaving only the string on which they were placed.

"I shall never have such another four months. If I had the months, I should lack the man. There will never be but one John H. Raymond; and he was built expressly for companionship in travel. Of an easy temper, looking mainly on the bright side of things; full of wit and gayety, sparkling all over with enthusiasm; full of knowledge of historical places, men and events; with hunger for all that was beautiful in art or in nature; simple as a child among friends, reserved among strangers, and dignified in all places—well, if I should go on, you might say I was painting a hero; but he was better than that—a lovable man!

"We were in the same state-room on shipboard, and congenially sick nearly all the voyage; and landed in as wet and dirty a day as ever gave reputation to England. Hardly had we stored our trunks in the hospitable house of 'Charlie Dun-

can' before we were off to Chester, the old, old city, where we walked for hours in a haze of enthusiastic wonder. A volume would not contain the contents of a single day if a true relation were made of all we saw, said, thought and felt. Dr. John was full of antiquarian lore, and could have spent a month in research. It was his nature to be thorough. He would poise himself before an angle in the old wall, or a niche in the cathedral, or some projecting old house in a narrow street, and begin to trace things back to their origin or uses, and I had to seize him by his arm and rush him along. 'Don't stop here forever, Doctor! The sun will go down before you finish one street. You are not in your study, with days and days for investigation. We are going over all Europe in two months' time, and you must learn to glance, and skim, and do the studying when you get home.' Next we went rapidly through portions of North Wales. The air was balmy, the sky of a moist and tender blue; soft banks of clouds sailed noiselessly over our heads, and all nature evidently had come out to give two Yankees the choicest things she had. Everything was beautiful; everything just right; everything joyful. We had such boundless buoyancy that even accidents seemed mirthful, and we mourned only that there were but twenty-four hours in the day and seven days in the week.

"It would be vain for me to trace the joyous

days in sombre York, at radiant Chatsworth, at Stratford-on-Avon—oh! what a day! The memorable afternoon spent by stealth within the ruined walls of Kenilworth Castle, shut up to visitors on that day, but assaulted, climbed into, and captured from the back side.

"London was to the Doctor worse than was the library to Dominie Sampson. For years he had stored his mind with all that belonged to its literary history, its haunts, its streets, buildings, hostleries, churches, galleries, mansions, and palaces. Now he had them before him. It did one good to see him recognize some resort of Johnson, Pope, Dryden, and the whole singing crew; of Milton and Shakespeare, or the streets and courts famous in history. At once he began to explain and point out, or search for some remembered thing concerning the place, and would have been there to this day pouring out like a fountain, had I not turned the faucet and jerked him away. 'Come, come, my dear fellow, this is no way; at this rate you wont get out of London all summer!' He was never annoyed by this social despotism, but waked out of his absorption with a laugh, and joined in cracking jokes upon himself. And so we went through the picture-galleries and libraries, and oh! the British Museum—that was simply a mäelstrom that sucked him in and threatened to take him forever from our sight! To Oxford we went; to its venerable colleges, to its Bodleian

Library, its Taylor and Randolph galleries, its 'Studies of the Great Masters,' from which I could hardly tear him away. There was not a thing, high or low, that did not bring him exquisite joy. He was like a stately instrument of music upon which were laid the hands of successive masters, all evoking the music of wondrous happiness. Tears and laughter and learning, and love and solemnity, and capering gayety, the wisdom of a sage, and the prankishness of a child all in succession ran through the unclouded days! If I had had no other joy it would have been happiness enough to watch the Doctor's endless enjoyment, varying every hour, and running through the whole scale of faculties.

"Our visit, you will recollect, was made in the summer of 1863, just before the capture of Vicksburg and the expulsion of Lee from Pennsylvania after the battle of Gettysburg. The prejudice against the North among all the upper classes in England was undisguised; the 'common people,' the laboring classes, were friendly. Your father and I were met on every side with abundant proffers of social kindness from men who openly avowed a wish that the Union might be dissolved. A breakfast was given us in London by the Congregational clergymen and laymen of London and vicinity. More than one hundred sat down at the tables. When it was my turn to speak, I laid the case of my country before the

gentlemen with some plainness of speech and fervor of manner. Thinking that the effect would be better if my views were corroborated by a self-contained and scholarly man, not given to undue feeling in speech, I had Dr. Raymond called out. His first sentence was like an explosion, and his speech a tremendous outburst of indignation at the lukewarmness of English friends, and of fervid patriotism such as I had never heard from him before. It electrified his audience and me too! I never set him up again to make a cool and conservative speech upon the war for the extinction of slavery and the preservation of the Union! If my speech had been fervid, his was red hot; if mine was a summer thunder-storm, his was a tropical tornado!

"But he had a magnificent power of indignation! Gentle, genial, and little apt to be aroused by anger, yet, when he did confront meanness and dishonorable conduct, he had a fury of wrath that consumed it to the uttermost.

"It would be vain to attempt a journal of our visit to Paris, to Strasburg, to Basel, to Lucerne, to Geneva, to Mt. Blanc, to Zermatt and Gorner Grat and the Matterhorn, over the Simplon, to the Italian lakes, to Milan, to Verona and Venice, across the Tyrol to Innspruck, Munich, Nuremburg, Dresden, Berlin, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Brussels, Antwerp, Ostend and London again. We nearly drove our courier crazy. Such early

rising, such incessant activity, such late retiring, a whirlwind of enterprise such as could be expected of no mortal creatures except Yankees who had determined to do a year's seeing in six weeks. Everywhere our first visits were to venerable buildings, cathedrals, churches, historic mansions; but next, and longest, to galleries of art. It was a rare day at Dresden, when we were shut up all day alone in the hall of engravings, and had a taste of the rarest and choicest bits from every school and period. It was on a day closed to the world. But the curator opened to us, and rewarded our enthusiasm with a whole day's kindest attention and service. (May his crown be bright!) It would have done you good to see your father's quiet eagerness and exquisite ecstasy in the galleries of great artists. It was a new world to him. It opened to him a realm of sensibilities and refined tastes, and subtle analyses, concerning which he had treasured up stores of fine knowledge from books for many years. I made up my mind, that, much as I enjoyed the treasures of art, Doctor John was himself about the most interesting specimen of fine art that I anywhere met.

"In all the crowded days, the glowing weeks, the over-full months, there was never a jolt or jar, a grief or groan, a rash word or uneasy moment. He was merry, wise, patient, eager, devout, reverential; yet joyous and gay as a child. He saw

everything, admired, loved, revered, judged, condemned, rejoiced, in an endless activity that, as it were, beat the hours into foam, every drop or bubble of which threw off iridescent beauty to his hungry eyes. But one single fault, one single action to be condemned in our months'-long trip; and that was when he went home and left me alone in London! The scenes and figures woven into the tapestry of those few immortal months have lost none of their color and beauty, and never will until I see him again, and am shown by him all the scenes of the New Jerusalem.

H. W. B."

CONTEMPORANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS.

However delightful the travel may have been to those two friends, it will be obvious from the following sentences taken from one of Dr. Raymond's letters, that the ocean voyage was not so jolly.

He says: "When I went into our state-room that first evening, and saw poor Mr. Beecher rolled into his berth with everything on but his boots, and listened to his pallid attempts to be facetious, I did not attempt to imitate him in the latter respect, while I made haste to do so in the former, though he had the advantage of me in the process, inasmuch as tumbling down is much easier than climbing up. . . . .

"Sunday was fine, though the wind was fresher

and the swell was higher; wherefore Henry was down, and we were all disappointed of the talk, which, in an infatuated interval of fancied escape, he had promised the captain to give us. But we had the service very enjoyably read by a reverend doctor on board, though poor Henry was groaning in his berth the while."

In another letter, from Liverpool under date of June 12, he says:

"We had not landed, yesterday, before Mr. Beecher was boarded by deputations from Liverpool and from Manchester, and it was manifestly their purpose to use him as a new-come notoriety, in pulpit and on platform, for legitimate and for selfish objects, to the utmost possible extent. The secession papers here announced that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher had come over on a visit to England, 'ostensibly for the benefit of his health, but really (as was ascertained from the most trustworthy sources) as a secret agent for the Federal Government,' and a series of public demonstrations and a free fight generally appears to have been expected, as a matter of course, by friends and foes. But that little game had been quietly blocked. Mr. Beecher informed the Liverpool deputation that he had come really for his health (which means rest and not work); that, as America understood her own interests best, and expected to take care of them without any foreign aid, so Englishmen were the proper par-

ties to enlighten Englishmen, and to save their country from the unhappy results to which selfishness, prejudice, ignorance and bad counsel were likely to lead her; that, while he sympathized with the true Christians and enlightened friends of liberty among them, and would be glad to lend them any incidental aid in his power, his first duty was to husband and recruit his energies for his own country, when and where he could labor for some object of real importance to her. The loyal Americans here are tickled out of their boots at this decision, for they shared the common expectation; and though they all would be glad to hear Mr. Beecher speak, yet they believe that no eloquence, however splendid or persuasive, could have half the effect of this dignified silence, this practical proof that we really don't regard the destinies of America as dependent on the bray of great John Bull."

Of Mr. Beecher's experiences in Paris, the writer gives the following interesting account:

"We had a funny time in getting to our quarters in Paris, no one of us speaking French and no 'interpreter' being at hand, as he should have been, at the station. I had the easy part assigned me of taking charge of the shawls and carpet-bags, while Mr. Holme started off very boldly to obtain a carriage, and Mr. Beecher undertook to engineer our trunks through the Octroi, *i. e.* the City Customs. After waiting at my post

until I became uneasy, I started first in pursuit of Mr. Beecher. He had got the trunks passed, and was trying to understand how much was to be paid, and some eight or ten Frenchmen were, with infinite good humor, helping to clear his bewildered faculties by chattering and gesticulating all at once, and dancing around him like so many crazy monkeys. He stood and looked his blankest, until a divine idea struck him; and thrusting his hand into his pocket, he drew it forth heaping full of gold, silver and copper, and held it out open before them with one of his comical and speaking looks, as much as to say: 'There! messieurs, satisfy yourselves.' This stroke of nature was received with a shout of merriment. The full significance of which became more apparent to us when one of the men picked out of the glittering heap three sous, and motioned to Mr. Beecher to put up the rest. From that time the American *gentilhomme* was the popular favorite, and nothing could be too much or too good for him."

BEECHER AT COURT.

An amusing incident attending the reception of the travellers by the King of Belgium is thus narrated by Mr. Beecher: "Our tour on the Continent drawing to a close, we came to Brussels, on our way to England, in September of 1863. Dining one day with Mr. Sanford, the American Minister, our conversation naturally turned upon

the war in America. Greatly aroused at finding our friends there somewhat despondent, and inclined to favor some compromise, I gave my own view with no inconsiderable energy. Mr. Sanford expressed a desire that I should see the King of Belgium and repeat my view to him. It was arranged that we should meet the King at Ghent, where he was to be on the following Monday at the unveiling of a statue of some famous man. Accordingly we repaired thither, nothing loath; for, to say the truth, while I did not expect much from the interview, I did hope a good deal from Van Houtte's great nursery at that place—world-renowned! We were informed that the day would be wholly consumed by the King in public affairs, but that on Tuesday morning at ten o'clock he would give us audience. All day Monday, therefore, we strolled through Van Houtte's grounds, and, it being a *fête* day, his workmen and scholars were enjoying holiday vacation, so that we had him all to ourselves.

"Our courier was named Simmons, an Englishman with a French wife, and long a resident of Paris. Simmons was a character. He had been Mrs. Stowe's courier for a year, and was quite proud when it was his good fortune to have celebrities in hand. Now, for ourselves—mere vagabond clergymen, with little time and little money, and no reputation that he had ever heard of—he had only a tolerable conceit. Even that suffered

from the indefatigable enterprise with which we had raced him, by night and by day, all through Europe. But when he learned on Monday that we had repaired to Ghent to meet an appointment with the King, and that the royal party were to remain till Tuesday expressly for this interview, joy and pride took possession of his soul. Not that he manifested it in any clamorous or indecorous way. No; he was silent, dignified and indifferent. He spoke among the servants, couriers, and waiters that thronged him with the *nonchalant* air of a man who attended royal levees every other week! To us he was more anxious. We must be put in costume; etiquette required a dress hat, swallow-tail coat, white gloves, and I know not what else. I was democratically obstinate. If the King would not see me in my ordinary clothes, he need not meet me at all. Simmons was in despair. His face grew sad as with the gloom of twenty sextons. At length, after much persuasion, I compromised on gloves and hat, but utterly refused to exchange my best frock coat. The master of ceremonies, whoever he was, winked at the irregularity.

"Tuesday dawned. A pair of milk-white horses and gorgeous open carriage had been procured by Simmons. There came with them, as they dashed up to the door, a curious crowd. Out rushed all the people of the hotel—cook, butler, steward, waiters and guests. Simmons stood

upon the sidewalk, calm and cool as a man not easily moved. At length Dr. Raymond and I came forth. A whisper ran round, 'Which one is going to see the King?' and as Raymond had altogether the best of it in looks and dignity, he carried off the honors of the occasion. We ascended; the door was closed. Simmons mounted with the driver. He took one triumphant look at the admiring crowd, parted his coat-tails, and sat down as if he were the king! and away we dashed through the crowded streets, Simmons a world happier than was the monarch we were going to see. Not an officer, not a soldier, not a courier, that lingered about the mansion where the King was to receive us, but knew in half an hour from Simmons that the King had waited over a day to meet his party.

"The King met us in a long reception-room. His Majesty, in full military dress, appeared to be a well-preserved man of sixty-five. Tall, dignified, and yet neither stiff nor cold, he entered at once into easy conversation, speaking admirable English. He kept his left hand much of the time upon the sword at his side, as a rest. Almost at once His Majesty turned the conversation upon America. I gave my views with some explicitness, and was confirmed by Dr. Raymond. Etiquette, of course, required us to address the King as 'Sire' or 'Your Majesty.' I did some times, and sometimes I forgot it and said 'Sir.'

Dr. Raymond, who took part in the general conversation, preserved the proprieties more successfully, and occasionally would follow up one of my lapses with a remark in which 'Sire' or 'Your Majesty' received a delicate emphasis, by way of hint to me. Once or twice I went back to correct the word, but finally got 'Sir' and 'Sire' so mixed up that I used both of them. The King plainly enjoyed it. A mirthful look stole into his eye, and a smile to his lips.

"We made very little impression on His Majesty's political views. He said that the war was doubtless a case for meditation, and more than intimated that he would be happy to arbitrate between the South and the North. I replied that there was no sovereign in Europe to whom with more confidence the North would turn, if they were disposed to refer the questions at issue at all; but that our people had no wish or purpose to ask any one to settle the quarrel for them; they intended to fight it out, to the last man and the last dollar.

"I was not, at that time, aware that Charlotte (or Carlotta, as she has since then been called), the wife of Maximilian, was the King's daughter. It was at the time when the French were in Mexico, and the son-in-law of the King of Belgium was spoken of for the Mexican throne. The King asked me what the opinion of our people was in regard to the appointment of Maxi-

milian as Emperor of Mexico, Quite unconscious of the ground I was treading upon, I replied that but one feeling existed in the United States as to the French invasion; it was a cowardly thing —a masked battery aimed at us. While our hands were now full with the Civil War nothing could be done, but he might be sure that as soon as the war closed the French would leave Mexico, and far more rapidly than they had entered. And, as to Maximilian, I said that I should advise any one who proposed to sit on the throne of Mexico to try Vesuvius or Hecla for a while. If he could manage to sit there quietly, he might then try Mexico.

"His Majesty naturally received these views with decided coolness, and shortly afterwards asked us how long we intended remaining in town, etc.—which is the signal for dismission. Now, although etiquette does not allow one to turn his back upon royalty, yet the floor was wooden, polished and very slippery, and, while, I began with cautious backing, I soon got to quartering, so that I could see where I was going; and near the door, losing all propriety, I turned clear around and bolted out as I would have done at home.

"No sooner had we got fairly away than Doctor John exploded with merriment. Knowing all the time that the King's daughter was the wife of Maximilian, he saw me getting myself into hot

water with the most profane enjoyment. Nor did the fun ever wear out. An allusion to my gifts as a courtier was an unfailing source of amusement."

FROM MR. BEECHER TO A FRIEND.

"November, 1852.

"The flowers that I send you, you will observe, have been able to endure the frost; they do not give up life at a little chill. Do you notice the triplicate buds?

"May you live to see and receive, not the last rose of *summer*, but the last rose of autumn for many years to come.

"I am *brooding* my Thanksgiving sermon, but the chickens will not yet run out from under the wing. Truly yours,

H. W. B."

FROM MR. BEECHER TO A FRIEND.

"BROOKLYN, January 2, 1854.

"*My dear* ——: I send this in my place to wish you a Happy New Year, and to stand as a memorial, as long as you have eyes to read it; and for your children after you, of the love, regard and affection of your friend and pastor,

"H. W. BEECHER."

FROM MR. BEECHER TO A FRIEND.

"March 1, 1857.

"*My dear* ——: You send me a white violet on

the first day of the week, and the first day of *spring* —a *harbinger*—a *memory*—a reminiscence of the country and the grove—a prophet of the future! A pure, white, simple violet! growing humbly, living tranquilly; and when it passes away, it only gathers its life up into a seed, which has in it the promise of another life and summer. Thank you. "H. W. BEECHER."

FROM MR. BEECHER TO A FRIEND.

"A tree that has grown for years and rooted deeply and widely, and bound itself to the soil so strongly that winds and storms cannot overthrow or tear it up—ought it to be troubled with a chance puff of wind? Let it blow past; and may God bless you, and love you, and keep you and *yours*. "H. W. BEECHER."

FROM MR. BEECHER TO A FRIEND.

"TROY, March 26.

"*My dear friend:* I can hardly imagine you in Rome or in Italy. You are a myth—and writing seems to me but an experiment upon vacancy. I write almost as one would to a person dead. When I go round to 150 I know that you are there, and every time the door opens I half expect to see you dart through it. Your photograph on the slab between the front windows has a kind of sad expression and sometimes, lately, almost reproachful. I don't know why unless

because I have not written to you; but that you could hardly have expected. O dear! writing is a mockery. Even in preaching the disproportion between the inward thought and the outward symbol is enough to make one weary of the imperfection. But even more when one speaks of friendship, of memory, of life itself. I have worked very hard this winter—harder than ever before. It is good for all complaints. You know that *work* is my specific for all troubles, but, more this winter than ever before, I think I have had a *sense* and premonition of the end. I do not mean that I really expect to die early, but only that life seems to me more than ever void, brief, and of little worth, relatively. Doubtless my domestic experiences have had to do with it. E——'s sickness, H——'s complaint, H——'s absence, and yours, all seem to set the foundations loose, and make me feel that nothing is stable, or safe for a resting-place. To you in Rome it may seem unkind that I do not write you. To me in Brooklyn it seems the most needless thing in the world. I never can make myself think that my letters are of account, and now less than ever. But, of one thing you should not be ignorant. Mrs. C—— probably did not intend to convey an idea that I had withheld your letter from friends, but only that *she* had not seen it. Every one that I met of our circle, saw it. The C——'s did not, simply because it *chanced* so. But what is all that? You have forgotten it before this.

"BROOKLYN, June 8. I have carried this letter in my pocket over all New England. I have written and burnt two others. But, I send this now, simply as a wrapper for some flowers, picked at Peekskill, *white violets*, grass-flower and forget-me-nots. All the flowers of the field would I give to have you back again. But the world turns over, the year rolls fast, you will soon be here, the best autumn flower that ever blossomed. Your letters have done me good, like a medicine. I wish I could pay you. But you have all Europe to write. I have nothing but home matters. Of these, others are good penmen. I am poor at letters, save when shut up, abroad, and obliged to give vent to my whole life in that only channel. E—— is not yet strong, but I hope much from the summer. Your kindness to our dear H—— has gone very near to our hearts. This is to be a friend, indeed. E—— is deeply sensible of your faithfulness to her, to us, and to your own heart necessarily.

"My place is very beautiful this summer. I am quite a farmer, an expectant of thousands of bushels of roots, grain and fruits. We have a very good superintendent. All things are fair and beautiful. We need nothing but that you should return. I am glad, *for you*, that you will stay till autumn. For your own sake, we give you up some months longer. I have gloried in your behalf that you have been borne through so much classical scenery, so wide

a realm of art, so much that will make you rich as long as you live. It seems as if we had lent you out at interest, that in due time we might again '*receive our own with usury*.' And you may be sure that your hardest scene in all your journey, is the *last* one, when we set you a-going by the tongue, and give no rest, day or night. O dear! I wish I too could see Italy and dream, under the blossom that hangs on the bough, of that land of boundless dreams and longings. But nothing seems to promise me a foreign tour and so you must come home, all in good time, to bring what may be brought to me.

"I am as ever, yours with hearty affection,

"H. W. BEECHER."

FROM MR. BEECHER TO A FRIEND.

"PEEKSKILL, Aug. 22, 1862.

"*My dear* ——: Don't faint, start, or cry out! It is I myself—and actually writing a letter—and because I want to! That I should do any such thing if you were here, is not to be conceived. But, as you are not, after waiting to see if you would see the place as it looks to me, I must tell you, that Peekskill never did itself such credit as this summer. Its clouds have been furnished in suits the most new, liberal and expensive. The looms above have been weaving very gorgeous stuffs this season. Then our sunsets have turned over a new leaf every day. One there was of

such superlative glory, a fortnight ago, that one might almost be justified in thinking that the gate of heaven was opened to let in some rare and exalted saint, and that out of it came all that gush of wondrous and unearthly light that slanted down upon our hills. It only needed other spectators, too, to have been perfect. And this by afternoon, after a day's inconstant raining. It half cleared away, and then came back the thunder-black clouds, chasing along the western hills, with ragged skirts black and lead color, while right down through them as through some aerial skylight, there fell a flood of light on the misty green hills underneath that covered them with silver and gave to their inequalities such a clear revelation that I thought I had never seen such hills in that place before. It is such down-shining from above that gives men divine inspirations, and under such influences men are not their own humdrum selves, but magnified and glorified. My cold has begun, but slightly thus far. I shall try nothing save regimen, warmer dress, and tonic diet—and as little car-riding as possible. But that last I shall not practice so but that I come next Thursday to Washington if luck serves me. I shall be down for my paper Tuesday and Wednesday, and Thursday hope to be at New Milford by noon. I shall take a buggy and ride over so as to avoid the dilatory stage. I do not think it best to preach. I have

preached for the folks here *once*, spoken at two war meetings, one here and one in Putnam county (Lake Mahopac) and that is enough for vacation. I need not say how much I have missed you here this summer; everybody has. It is a good thing to have such a gift of conferring happiness, that one is missed by all. Few have it. Those that have, ought not to run away. But, when E—— returns, we hope to have you some weeks in autumn. Now, see how disinterested I am. I write knowing that I shall get no answer, unless, indeed, you get this on Saturday; then a wee note might catch me on Monday at Brooklyn.

"Yours as ever and always,

"H. W. B."

FROM MR. BEECHER TO A FRIEND.

"Bodleian Library, Oxford, June 24, 1863.

"*My dear friend:* This is my birthday. I send you a letter asking you to congratulate me and to wish that I may have more and better years. For others must wish them for one—not I for myself. John must give his own history of Stratford, where we spent a night and a day. We came thence yesterday at 7 P. M., and reached Oxford a quarter before eight, but in these long English days it was still broad daylight, as the sun does not set till 8.30. He had a headache and I left him to go to bed at the 'Angel,' while I sallied out to find the old friend Carr, who put

me through Oxford thirteen years ago. I learned that he was yet living, well-off and prospering. At about ten, I rang at his door and sent in a card. A moment's domestic counsel, then he appeared at the end of the hall, in the open door of his tea-room saying, 'Is this Mr. Beecher from America?' 'I rather think it is.' At this he gave me the heartiest grip and welcome, scolded me for not coming directly to his house, wanted me to go right down and knock John up, and kept me till twelve, insisting on my bringing John at 8.30 in the morning to breakfast, which I did. A new wife he has, a good, kind, hearty soul, not over-sensitive or fastidious, but good, kind and demonstrative. After breakfast he took us to the gallery where are the drawings of Raphael and M. Angelo, the models of all of Chantrey's works, the Pembroke marbles and divers other curious things. Having himself to be off all day, he came at 11.30 and took us to the Bodleian, and here we are. I am eye-weary, and so rest by using my heart-eye. I am far more interested in the portraits than in the books: A Vandyke of Sir Kenelm Digby, grand—Locke, Pope, Dryden, and most of the mediæval English poets.

"This wilderness of books, like a great Sahara, is to me like a vast range of land from which nothing grows. The new books of every age reproduce all that is of worth in old ones and more besides, except in poetry and sentiment.

Only affections and imaginations have a life without dates. They are always young and always old. "H. W. B."

FROM MR. BEECHER TO A FRIEND.

"LONDON, September 24, 1863.

"*My dear* ——: John is preparing to sail day after to-morrow. His room is full of the preparations for leaving—boxes open, trunk packing, various little settlings going on. I am melancholy enough. Ever since I got back to London I have been homesick, and now that he is going off, I feel the premonitory symptoms of suicide. I have nothing to keep me up. John has been everything to me in this journey.

"There is no telling but that I might fall in love with him if we are to continue longer in company. I stay most unwillingly, and these symptoms of his departure are more sad to me than the falling of leaves in autumn or the flight of birds. What shall I do, alone, here? Could not you and T——, by F——'s influence in the spirit-land, get a shoot thro' the air to me, without waiting for a slow voyage? I know that there is no reasonable ground of expecting that you and he will come over, at any rate before I leave; but yet, I find a secret expectation of it, which, brush away as often as I will, like summer flies, still comes back to pester me. The present is dull and dreary. The past is turning to a dream. The sweet

remembrances are surely phantasms that never had reality, and will never come true in future. Well, I can be dogged when I cannot be patient, and patient when I cannot be contented. I do not dare think much of June. Indeed, if I go on this way much longer, I shall take a parish and go to work. That always supersedes causeless trouble. I hope you do not regard envy and jealousy as unchristian experiences, for I feel both of them toward Dr. John. He has no right to be seeing you and yours while I am only seeing England and Scotland. I shall clear out in the morning for Oxford, and in a day or two, make a Northern tour till the 15th of October, when I return to London for a speech on the 20th, then one at Liverpool, and one at Manchester and I am done.

"This will enable me to sail the last of October, before unpleasant weather sets in. I cannot write letters for *The Independent.* I have had but few days at any rate when I was moved to do it. My heart is at home. The affairs of the country have been heavily on my mind, and only for a few weeks in the middle of our continental tour did I lose the care. Good bye. God keep you and yours till I return once more to quiet and home.

"As ever yours,

"H. W. B.

"Love to all."

FROM MR. BEECHER TO A FRIEND.

"LIVERPOOL, Saturday, Oct. 17, 1863.

"*Dear* ——: I am sending just a line to John, with his letter, and tho' I said I should not send any more letters at my last writing, it's apt to be just so. I write again; but, only to say, that I am at full work—and with great effect—and that the devil is furious, and I am not. I shall address in London, Tuesday next, Exeter Hall audience. I have also breakfast meetings in the principal cities in view. Also many colleges' and students' meetings, and have prospect of invitations to Oxford and Cambridge; not formally to Universities, but from those connected, and in such a manner as will give me a chance to speak to the students generally. God is opening wide harvest.

"All I ask is, that my voice don't give out. It is strained in yelling to these infernal mob-meetings. "I am as ever, yours,

"H. W. BEECHER.

"Love to dear all."

FROM MR. BEECHER TO A FRIEND.

"LONDON.

"*My dear* ——: I cannot tell why it is that London breaks down my spirits as it does. I do not wonder that so many Englishmen are suicides. The very air is full of temptations to it. Had I

not friends and friendships across the water, and were not every day growing brighter with the near prospect of return, it seem to me that life would hardly be worth the cherishing. I should hardly care how soon it burnt to the socket. I am not fit, now, after the long dependence upon my social feelings for support, whatever I might have been by a different original training, for living alone. I drive about here hungry and thirsty for communion the day through, and return home weary and moody and try to save myself the sin of repining by escaping temptation under the bedclothes and in sleep.

"Doubtless, had I an abiding place, an occupation, connections with life, channels through which the activity of my mind could be directed legitimately, it would be different. Yet it is a good school. I am outside of life. I am nothing. I look on while others live. At home I am so spun and woven to the web of affairs that I cannot look at life as something outside of myself. Here I can and do. I have many thoughts that will I hope give breadth and depth to my after opinion. I certainly feel that I have had a better knowledge of men given me, short as my stay has been. It does not need a long study, if one is deeply acquainted with his fellows at home. The elements of human nature are everywhere alike. The great issues of life will be found substantially the same. If one then sees the shapes

of society, the general condition and habits of communities, he instantly runs them back to grand causes; and feels himself familiar at once with that which was new to-day.

"I am thinking, that, perhaps, this is my last letter to you; and that I shall, at that, bring it with my own hands. To-morrow morning (August 27) I shall receive letters from home, which will determine whether I wait till next September 11, or go next Saturday. I almost tremble when I think that I may in four days be on the ocean, homeward bound:

"LIVERPOOL, Friday evening, August 30, 9 o'clock. To-morrow at 12 I sail! No tongue can tell how deep a joy I have! I shall see my wife! I shall clasp my children! I shall meet my friends dearer to me than my own life! I shall again stand in the dear church! Once more, and for the first time since I left I shall preach! Our hotel is full of Americans returning by to-morrow's steamer and during all the joyful follies that they are committing is there one more notable than this of mine—writing a letter which I shall bring myself to you? But I must do something. And it is pleasanter to seem to converse with you than anything else. You will perceive that this first sheet is written last; and the next takes you back to London and the Picture Galleries.

"H. W. B."

FROM MR. BEECHER TO FRIENDS.

"January 1, 1873.

"I wish a Happy New Year to you, my dear Tasker and Susan, old and tried friends, and dearer every year.

"God, who loves us, will soon bring us where years are no longer counted, and days and nights are lost in an eternal *Now* of light and joy.

"HENRY WARD BEECHER."

FROM MR. BEECHER TO A FRIEND.

March 29, 1873.

"*My dear* ——*:* I don't feel like going out to-day. I had a great deal rather have you come here, and as I am a spoilt child, I am sure you will indulge me—Mary Perkins (his sister) is lonely, and your duty is to come round about noon and company her.

"'We were there yesterday!' you say. I know it, and therefore you will know the way better to-day.

"'But it is your turn to come round to our house!'

"There is no such thing in friendship as turns, and even counts and calculations of debts and credits. I am ashamed of you for talking so.

"'But, it rains!'

"Yes, that is a sluggard's answer. It is the Lord that rains, and you should rejoice.

"'But you wont have much of a dinner!'

"True. But it is Lent, and plain fare is becoming church people. But who knows but some of the bread may liquefy, and a new miracle from St. Januarious change the loaf to blood—like wine?

"There! Say yes; and believe us truly yours,

"MARY and HENRY.

"P. S. Mary wrote this."

FROM MR. BEECHER TO A FRIEND.

"PEEKSKILL, Thursday, August 3, 1876.

"*My dear friend:* Your letter to my wife came duly. I did not know till then that T—— had gone to England. The old house on Hicks will feel lonesome. I have had a very pleasant vacation thus far. Went with Morton to Lewis, in the Adirondacks, to rededicate a Congregational church, and had twenty-five hundred in a pine grove—good! We went to Ogdensburg and up the St. Lawrence to Alexandria Bay; preached on Wells' Island Friday, and at the Bay Sunday. You would enjoy the Thousand Island House. The river is three miles wide there, and choked up with islands, small and great, on scores of which are pretty summer lodges and villas. Butterfly boats, yachts and steamers fly round night and day. I could not help thinking how much you would enjoy a week there.

"The birds have reared their second brood, and done singing, except the song sparrow. That sings for the love of it, and not alone for love in its fervor; 'but always and all the time.' Crickets have come, and katy-dids. Whatever it was that Katy did it seems she renews it every summer, and some envious neighbor cries out, 'Katy did.' Of course she did—why not? The mere fact that she let her beau kiss her behind or beneath en ivy leaf, is a matter that concerns themselves alone, and not the shrill old maids, that cry out 'she did,' 'she did!' I wish you were here to see how my trees grow—quite a forest is springing up."

FROM MR. BEECHER TO A FRIEND.

"DIXON, ILL., February 16, 1877.

"*My dear friend:* Who more than you is interested in my career through the West? The papers fail to give the full story. In these inland towns of Northern Illinois one hardly expects so much excitement as in a city. But I have this week been in Rochelle, Rockford, Sterling and Dixon, variously from five to ten thousand each. The depot swarmed with expectant people on the arrival of the train, not curiosity mongers, but substantial people; behaving with quiet enthusiasm; the whole townsful from thirty miles around; the halls filled to the utmost; tickets at

a dollar for the lowest. If I had consented to receive calls I should have had hundreds and hundreds. After lecture, a long hand-shaking. There is not simply welcome, but a deep tenderness that is very touching. The old scandal is hardly thought of; one hears no allusion to it, and the papers do not touch it. I have had good health and have been able to put strength into my lectures thus far, quite equal to expectation.

"Next week I go further north, and if I escape snow and storms around St. Paul, I shall consider the trip as effectually secured. We have not had a clouded day since leaving Brooklyn. To-day is brilliant, though fresh, with prairie winds and frosts at night. I am sure if you were here to see with your own eyes, critical as you are, you would be happy and content with everything. My nights are the least agreeable. Since leaving the Grand Pacific, at Chicago, the beds have been indifferent. I hear that the enthusiasm of Chicago is even greater than last week. If so, that city may be considered as a Gibraltar stormed. I met the Congregational ministers on Monday, and was assured by those who know, that there is but one feeling among the ministers. They certainly gave no evidence of hostility. Even P—— came up and shook hands. B—— was not there. It is so long since I wrote you, that it has a flavor of novelty. A letter from you would be welcome. It should be mailed four

days ahead of the date at which I am to be in any place.

"Yours, with undiminished affection,

"H. W. BEECHER."

MR. BEECHER TO A FRIEND.

"CEDAR RAPIDS, March 4, 1877,

"*and first day of Hayes!*

"*My dear Friend:* To find your letter waiting for me here, after riding in the cars and being hunted and gazed at by hundreds at every station till I felt lonesome and hid, was a refreshment which you can hardly imagine. Yes, I am converted! I do read letters! and like to, and will, even if they came every other day—as, why should they not? Your heart of hearts would be satisfied with the cordiality of my Western reception. The people, used to excitements, are themselves surprised. No election, no agricultural fairs, fill the towns as these lectures do. If I would receive calls, I could spend the whole day shaking hands. No hint, or allusion. One would not know there had ever been trouble. The clergy generally call upon me. Meantime I jog along, thankful and indifferent—if you can understand the conjunction. I am surely glad of the great gladness of this people and of their sympathy. But when one shakes, and shakes, and shakes strangers, and their wives, and daughters, and cousins, every night, day after day for weeks

in succession, the thing begins to savor of sameness. One or two steadfast friends of one's life are really more to my heart than all the thousands. I am in a very nice room—stove, bed, two lamps and myself—waiting for lecture to begin, and just thinking how pleasant it would be if on returning I could find company waiting for me!

"Yes, do write. 'Be not weary in well doing.' I am getting down from the extreme North, into Iowa. The zeal for preaching is quite affecting. All new towns, on every Sunday, petition for just one sermon! I wish I could do threefold work, and do it well. But I must be strong on my return to take up home duty, and I shall not overwork out here. It looks now as if I should not go either to Louisville or Cincinnati, for want of a good hall on the days which we can offer them. Perhaps Columbus and Mansfield will do as well.

"Back from lecture; immense crowd; tolerable luck. Good room, but solitary; ditto bed; ditto papers, letters, etc.; but can't expect home away from home! Yours ever,

"H. W. B."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

"Monmouth, Ill., March 10, 1877.

"Saturday.

"*My dear Friend of almost thirty years:* It is a bright day, a brilliant one indeed; the snow is thawing, the sun out in his glory, mild air, and

altogether such a day as should see bluebirds and robins. Of course, if the vegetation could but begin to start! But all in its time; and since we cannot have the 'blossom that hangs on the bough,' we will e'en take the birds; and if we cannot have the birds, then we can at least *think* about them all. From which luminous passage you will see that I am trying to make the best of things. Really, you have set Pond up on high. Your letter reached him to-day, and he has been in a state of exaltation ever since. How I should feel if the same experiment should be tried on me, I can hardly imagine! I have seen one *Eagle* since leaving home, and only one. A Brooklyn paper, I suppose, is thought too good for wanderers on the prairies who have seen Chicago papers only, and those on the Mississippi; but only one *Tribune*, and one *Sunday World*. But I am so reduced and humble, that I do not mourn or rebel. I am learning to feed on memory. That is full and refreshing. "H. W. B."

MR. BEECHER TO J. T. HOWARD.

"ALBERT LEA, MINN., August 1, 1878.

"*My dear Tasker:* Who has a better right to welcome you back to your home than I, who have for so many years derived from that home so much of the best social enjoyment of my life! Poor exile —you have not, I hope, forgotten all that you ever knew, and come home with foreign manners and

foreign tongue, and a foreign heart. A new heart may be a good thing in theological parlance, but in every other sense I prefer the old one. I am on my way to California, and am speaking day by day through this great wheat-growing State, where six or ten hundred acres of wheat are not uncommon. It is very beautiful to ride all day long between golden fields that stretch away endlessly—as if the whole earth were made on purpose to raise wheat. My wife is with me—just to-day she is feverish, and lies upon the bed with head and back ache, but I hope she will be better in the morning and fit for travelling. This State is wonderful for its exquisite little lakes, there being five thousand in the State! It is dotted all over with them, so that a farm and a lake all to yourselves is quite an easy thing.

"Next October I hope to have you at Peekskill for some days. The house has been a great comfort to me and, God willing, will yet be more. Yet it needs breaking-in somewhat, for nothing is ripe until it has life associations. I have for a few years planted few flowers, being engaged with trees and shrubs, so that my beds of carnations have not been filled, but I am rapidly bringing forward so many vines and trees, whose blossoms hang 'on the bough,' that the loss of annuals is not much felt. My health is good, and I shall go over the mountains in ten days from now, so that you will hear next from me from California, at which S—— used

to rave at such a rate. It is not the best time of the year, but it is the only time I have. With great love to you and to your household, I am, as ever, and as I ever shall be, Truly yours,

"HENRY WARD BEECHER."

FROM MR. BEECHER TO A FRIEND.

"VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA, Aug. 16, 1878.

"*My dear* ——: I was much moved yesterday at the tidings of the death of John H. Raymond. I had been riding night and day across the great desert plains, and had just reached this city of the mountains, and sat in the hotel office, looking over a newspaper, when the telegraphic paragraph met my eye. Well, another thoroughly good and wholly useful man has ascended. There are few whose life will yield so much wheat, with so little straw and chaff! He was a man of strong convictions, which he carried without continual explosions; a man of strength, whose *way* was that of gentleness. He had a sound conscience for himself, with great tenderness for the consciences of other people—a rare combination. He was a cautious man, with advanced and progressive views in regard to every department of human life. His forte, in public life, was *organization* and *conduct*. His work as an educator will constitute a part of the life of your great institutions, two of which were born of him, and were the incarnation of his spirit and wisdom. He was a considerate

and tender friend, without jealous or exacting moods. His honor was without spot. His religion was large, generous, fruitful in all personal loveliness. The few faults which he had were of great advantage to the general effect of his character, as the shadows of a picture help all the lights. I loved him. He was one whose friendship made you rich. Now that he is 'hidden with excess of light,' I wonder that I did not make more out of him, in communion, friendship, religion—everything!

"How many hearts will thank God in his behalf, for rescue and release? Dying was his appropriate culmination; dying, too, in the full strength of mind and body; in the very midst of great endeavors, without long and weary waiting—old age! He has been wrapt in light. He knows. He is satisfied. God bless him; the dear old fellow, now young again with unwasting and eternal youth! God bless you, my dear friend, and God bless us all.

"HENRY WARD BEECHER."

MR. BEECHER TO A FRIEND.

"GALESBURG, ILL., Sept. 26, 1878.

"*My dear Friend:* Your letter and Tasker's followed me back from Denver and found me here, having been sent hither via Chicago. My face is set homeward, as my heart has been long ago, and yet I have never had a pleasanter tour, or done so

much work as easily. The labor of speaking every night is not very wearing, when one speaks the same thing, and then the journeys do not disagree with me as they do with you. I remember, from the earliest day, how car-riding wearied you, and how you gave out at Albany.

"You speak of your impressions, on arriving from abroad, to find that I had gone lecturing to California. ('Fool!') I was not so big a 'fool' as your ladyship takes me to be. Escaping hay-fever as fully as in the White mountains, the climate has set me up; and the new scenes, the total change in all surroundings, have been better for me, as a mere matter of health, than it would have been at White Mountain House, or at Peekskill. I am to-night at Galesburg, where brother Edward was formerly settled, and go next to Joliet, Elgin, and Chicago (for Sunday), to Aurora, Geneva, Chicago (to lecture), and last of all to Pawpaw, Mich. (Thursday), and then home. I hope to take tea on Saturday under mine own roof. Surely I ought to be grateful that a tour of nearly three months has had no casualty and no single loss of any appointment, tho' I have stretched through three thousand miles, speaking almost every night, and preaching Sundays! After getting back towards Omaha, I felt symptoms of hay-fever, and for ten days had some trouble, but it is gone, asthma and all, and my eyes and voice have returned to duty.

"Just looking at the envelope of your letter, I see what a traveller it has been. It went to Sacramento, thence to Salt Lake City, thence to Denver, then to Chicago, and then was sent by Pond to me here at Galesburg—but was indeed welcome, tho' I have been so long accustomed to think of you in England, that it hardly seemed a voice from home until I corrected the associations. There will be ever so much to talk about and enjoy when I get back, but what groans and sighs on Tasker's part, and ohs and ahs on yours, when you learn that I have not been to Yosemite, nor have seen the big trees, nor been in Northern or Southern California. But I saw all I could hold. Mother's health has been good and improving. She is a notably good traveller. Love to all and to yourself, from your old friend and friend forever,

"H. W. BEECHER."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

"Monday Evening, October 28, 1878.

"*My dear friend of years—but not my old friend:* Who is old, in whom the soul is vital and inspired? I was around at 174, Saturday night, to comfort the now grass-widower, and Tasker read me a line or two from you—about red and white carnations. Imaginary flowers may be better than none, and only just better. The memory may bring back forms, things, events, but never sensations. You can see how a carnation looked, but you cannot

recall the sweetness, tho' you remember that it was sweet. After which profound mental philosophy, I go on to say that the best part of your letter was the sentence in which you say you will be home this week. Brooklyn does not seem like Brooklyn when you are absent. When you were in Europe, and I was all over the Continent, it did not so much matter. But when I am in Brooklyn and you are under the polar star, it does make a difference.

"Mother and I spent two days at the farm last week, and entertained on Thursday certain friends of —— ——. Wednesday was the day of the great gale, and it was simply magnificent on the hill—worth a month of common weather! By the way, Mrs. —— says that she asked me to convey her invitation to you to spend a week with her, and, as the reason for making it verbal, to say that she did not write letters. So, it was the fault of my memory that it did not come to you straight.

"I wish I could spend a day in Springfield before you leave, but cannot. The ——— are splendid. It is better to have such friends than to own a gold mine. But, my friends are pretty much all saved up for the next world, for I see but little of them here. "H. W. B."

MR. BEECHER TO A FRIEND.

"MONTREAL, CANADA, May 25, 1879.

"(*The queen born yesterday is one day old.*)

"*My dear Friend:* This visit has been a success

without a blemish. Whatever the newspapers may say, the enthusiasm of the people has passed all bounds. Our march, both days, along the streets was like that of Kossuth in Broadway. They are of a sedate and slow nature, but when this people kindle, it is a conflagration.

"Our noble old 13th has covered itself with honor. Nothing better could be asked than their behavior on the way, and here, out of the ranks; and their marching has called down compliments from the most austere.

"We leave to-night, and officers and men are more than satisfied—jubilant. No such national testimony of good-will has ever taken place in the Dominion.

"I find among ministers and Christian people a deep religious feeling of thanksgiving and gratitude.

"I preached this morning to a houseful—say three thousand—and to an audience which represented as great a diversity of people as was assembled on the day of Pentecost, but I did not observe the same fruit as that which followed Peter's sermon! I have sent you some newspapers; hope soon to see you face to face.

"As ever yours, "HENRY WARD BEECHER."

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

(*With a box of honey and some grapes.*)

"September 19, 1884.

"*My dear Friend:* I send you sweetness unal-

loyed. Ten thousand stings were ready to guard the treasure while it was being collected. But now, not a sting! And so is many an experience of life. Some troubles of the day and then a hive of honey, pure and sweet, at the end.

"I should have been over often, but that this beggarly hay-fever has made dust and sunlight vexatious for ten days or a fortnight. I had hoped that we should have had you for a week, and that would have been better than a box of honey.

"May this last gift of Peekskill, unlike John's book (not John Raymond, but Revelator), be sweet both in the mouth and afterwards.

"Yours as ever,

"HENRY WARD BEECHER."

FROM MR. BEECHER TO A FRIEND.

"PEORIA, ILL., April 8, 1886.

"*My dear Friend:* 'I am well, and I hope that you are enjoying the same blessing.' My trip has been pleasant. Cold, rain, and snow until yesterday; no sunshine, except what I carried in my heart, but everywhere my reception has been more than cordial, and mostly enthusiastic. In Carlisle, in Pittsburgh, crowds; in Dayton, moderate; in Cincinnati, very good; in Louisville, good, and cordial; at Bloomington, though a hard-snowing, misty night, yet a full hall. The State University is here, and here some forty-three years ago, about, I delivered a literary lecture, 'Moral

Intolerance,' the first ever printed. Some old men remembered it very well. The president of the college is an advanced evolutionist, and the students all go out instructed in the elements of this great revelation of God to modern times.

"But, after lecture, we had a special train, and rode to Indianapolis, reaching the city about one A. M.; slept well. Did not go to church in the morning, but called on Julia Merrill towards noon, after napping and dozing after breakfast. At noon, my successor, Rev. Mr. McLeod (brother of Buddington Church pastor) called on me, was very cordial, and wanted me to preach in the evening. I could not, as I had agreed to preach in Plymouth Church, Rev. Mr. McCullach. He seemed quite grieved. I have never been asked to preach in the church that I built up, and which is now probably the strongest in the State, for over thirty years. To be sure, I have spent but three Sundays there, and then incognito; but the last three pastors, including Dr. Withrow, of Boston, have not hesitated to express opposition, and this makes McLeod's cordiality more marked. The church, at night, could not hold the crowds—a thousand went away. The sermon was satisfactory to good evangelical people. On Monday night I lectured on 'Conscience,' the lecture which you somewhat cruelly condemned without having heard it, but which has turned out to be, perhaps, the most acceptable of any that I ever made. Moral: don't

judge till you have heard! But at St. Louis I had a wonderful reception; there was an audience of over 5,000. General Sherman presided, and introduced me. The success was great; the lecture, 'Conscience.' Thence to Springfield, Ill.; poor house; good lecture; rain. Thence here; what the audience will be doth not appear. But, though in a letter it looks as though such a trip was a night and day turmoil, it is, really, a rest and enjoyment. Cars here are parlors. I can read with comfort, am undisturbed by company, can sleep all I want, have no care, though, if I had somebody along with me, I should care immensely. I do get a little lonesome once in a while.

"The universal topic on every side is the strike of the Knights of Labor. It is not yet over; nor does it appear how deep the matter goes. This vast combination of laboring men is at once a thing to be rejoiced over, and to be dreaded. But it will work out in the end for good.

"I forgot to say, that on Monday morning, in Indianapolis, the ministers of all denominations spend the forenoon together—about twenty-five or thirty. They met at Rev. Mr. Hyde's, who married S—— F——'s daughter. I went to the house to see all the cousins, and Hyde insisted on my going in for a moment and greeting the assembly. I made a short address, and left them with hand-shaking and hearty sympathy. Episcopalians join in this meeting cordially, as do the

Campbellite Baptists, and all other sects. I shall see you soon, now, and with undiminished love—a whole life of affection! Give greeting and love to T——, who, I hope, is not in bondage to pain.

"Good-bye.

"HENRY WARD BEECHER."

FROM MR. BEECHER TO JOHN T. HOWARD.

"LONDON, July 6, 1886.

"*My dear Tasker:* You will have learned from S—— of my voyage, and reception here. Since then, I have been more and more prospered. On Sunday I preached for Dr. Parker; the house was very full, and the streets blocked. A policeman said that there were five thousand out of doors. On Thursday the 9th, I preach the mid-day sermon, and the demand for tickets is so great that they are sold at half a crown, as the only way of giving preference. Dr. and Mrs. Parker are extremely kind, and spare neither time nor expense to make our stay agreeable. I have this morning received a deputation from Paris, urging me to spend a week there and in Normandy, but doubt if it will be possible. Pond has between sixty and one hundred applications for lectures, though I shall give but forty. I went with the Parkers last night to see Irving and Miss Terry in *Faust*. It was wonderful; the scenic part was beyond all praise, and the Brocken magnificent. Irving sent to the box where we sat his chief manager, to call us,

between acts, into a snug little side-room (he was not himself there), where tea, ices, etc., etc., were prepared. After the play we were all invited behind the curtain, where a table was spread with all luxuries. Irving was very kind, and Miss Terry overflowing. She had already called upon my wife, with great effusion, and again, last night, treated her with marked distinction and affection. Both of them propose to be at Thursday's sermon.

"To-day I go to Westminster Abbey. Mother has gone to Covent Market to see fruits and flowers. She is happy as a child, and makes, everywhere, the best impression. We send letters and papers to the care of Horatio, as we do not know your address, but so you will get them. I have been in a kind of dream ever since I landed; the relaxation of the sea has not yet quite passed. Mayor Low called upon us with Mrs. Low. We return call this P. M. G—— ——— is here. Indeed, Americans have taken possession of London, and are the joy of hotels and apartment-houses. We are to dine with Mr. Irving and Miss Terry next Tuesday, from one till four; the Parkers, too. They were a little prejudiced against these people of the stage, but are becoming quite warm friends. I have an invitation from Dean Bradley, of Westminster Cathedral, to attend afternoon service there, and to dine or sup with him afterward. I preach for Allon next Sunday morning. The calls for sermons, addresses, lectures, is beyond count.

But I refuse all except Sunday service, once a day at that, and the lecturing is yet to begin.

"Give love to S—— and to all loving friends, and believe me your long-time, loving friend,

"HENRY WARD BEECHER."

FROM MR. BEECHER TO J. T. HOWARD.

"LONDON, July 10, 1886.

"*My dear Tasker:* Your letter came duly, and was very grateful to me, and yesterday I received one from S——, reporting your opinion of my state-room and asking a letter for Grace. Now you were never more mistaken in your life, touching our state-room. It was on the main deck, and at the very point of least motion. It was quite well ventilated, it was roomy, and it had no *smell*. The deck above ours had the odor of the dining-room, and the spar-deck had no cabins except the captain's and surgeon's. I took meals in the dining-room only two days—the first and the last. Though not very sick, I was never *well* an hour, except between Queenstown and Liverpool, where we landed between nine and ten Saturday, and were safe in our hotel before eleven o'clock. Since my arrival, I have been overwhelmed with letters from everybody, everywhere, for sermons, lectures, visits, tickets to preaching, etc., etc. The Sunday morning and Thursday sermons in Dr. Parker's church were thronged, and thousands could not get near the church.

"July 25. This letter has lain in a multitude of letters. In fact, neither I nor Pond are able even to read the flood of letters which overwhelms us from all England. I should think the whole population had forsaken all avocations, and taken to writing letters *en masse*.

"I had a good Sunday with Allon, another with Simons, and to-day with Clifford, a Baptist; thus, I have preached in four churches, besides the two Thursday sermons of Dr. Parker."

FROM MR. BEECHER TO A FRIEND.

"LONDON, 1886.

"I spent a day with Irving at his cottage—Charing. Went upon one of those 'gentlemen's coaches,' with select party, to Dorking—beautiful! Had a dinner given me by Gillig, of 'American Exchange.' Attended Lyceum twice—'Faust,' and 'The Bells;' this last was Saturday night, 24th. Opposite me, in boxes, were Prince Albert, his wife, Duke of Connaught and wife, and others of the royal family. Had a full view! Am invited to accept a reception by Congregational ministers of London and vicinity; also, in September, by the Congregational Conference of England and Wales. I dined with the Lord Mayor, lectured in Exeter Hall, with Lords, Ladies, and Commons, Deans, etc.; had a good time at Bristol; better yet at Cardiff, Wales; and in Swansea, was in danger of being eaten up by the people. Enthu-

siasm run like fire. Give love to all, and reserve much for yourself.

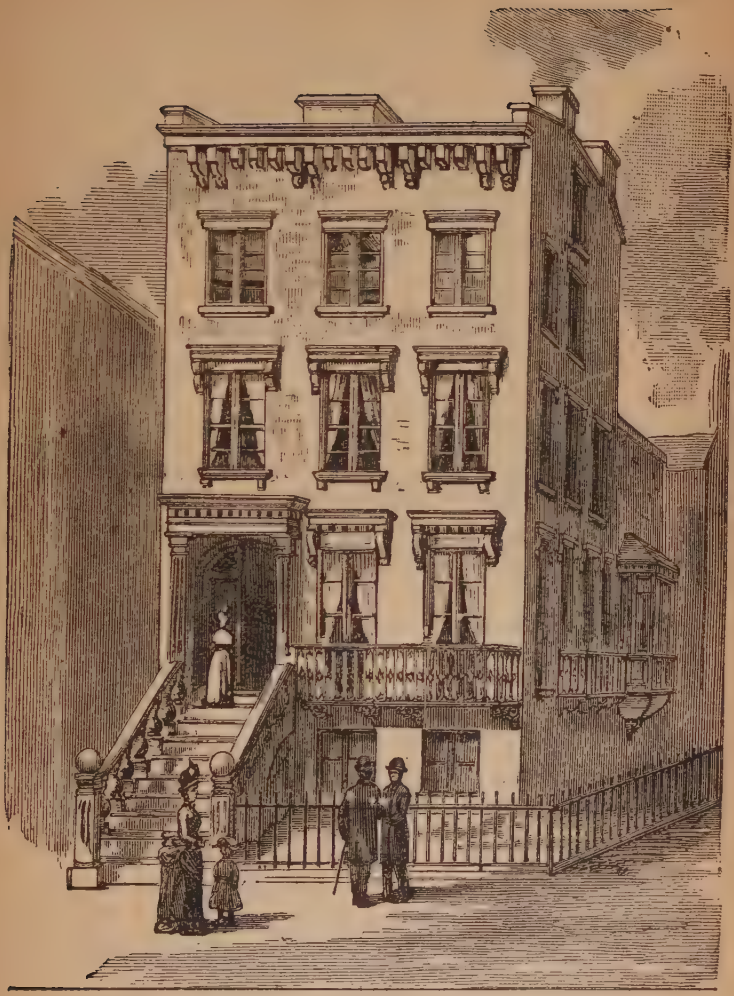
"HENRY WARD BEECHER."

FROM MR. BEECHER TO A FRIEND.

"Thanksgiving Day, 1886.

"On Thanksgiving Day I send you two little wreaths, which have been burned in and cannot fade or suffer by time, to save for me. Thank you for the summer and autumn. The winter is almost come. I feel it. But there is spring beyond. Yours truly,

"H. W. BEECHER."



20 MR. BEECHER'S HOME IN BROOKLYN.

XII.

GENERAL SURVEY.

THE fall of 1886 found Plymouth's Pastor home again and hard at work.

"It is much better for him to work," said one near and dear to him. "A man with the sturdy health he enjoys should be ashamed to spend a lazy day."

That speech had its effect. Even then, though he knew it not, his brain was thinning, and he braced himself unconsciously to meet the multitudinous demands made upon his head, his heart, his body, his pocket.

He had hardly reached the threshold of his door before he was besieged by reporters from every paper in the two cities, and by correspondents from every section of the land; and rather than disappoint them, although tired and weary beyond expression, he said they might assemble in his parlor and he would answer their questions. It was a very interesting occasion, but chiefly as an indication of the great man's willingness at all times to aid, and his disinclination at any time to disappoint.

But the outcome was so meagre that the writer, knowing Mr. Beecher's habit and the necessity of rest, wrote him suggesting that after a few days' recuperation he might feel like gratifying the public by a talk about what his eyes and ears had caught when abroad, and concerning cognate matters. In response to this, Mr. Beecher sent the following line:

"*My dear J——:* Your head is level. I will wait a couple of days, and go meanwhile to Peekskill, and after that will open my mouth.

"As ever,

"H. W. B."

A few days after that, by appointment, the writer called and went with Mr. Beecher to his bedroom, where an interesting conversation occurred, which was subsequently printed. In view of what he says about the future of Plymouth Church it would seem as though great care, great caution should be observed in the selection of a successor. How significant are Mr. Beecher's words, how pregnant are his apprehensions for the future, and yet how childlike and simple in the non-disguising of that apprehension. It was not that he felt himself greater or more powerful than any other, but he knew the significant part Plymouth Church had taken under his lead, during the forty years of activity through which the nation

had passed, beleaguered on every side. He knew that Plymouth Church was built upon a rock so high, so commanding, so all-attracting that the faintest falling off, the slightest lowering of its tone, intellectual, moral, or even physical, would be certain to draw upon it hostile comment, adverse criticism.

Of Plymouth Church he was not alone the Elder Brother, but the father.

He was the shepherd and the bishop all in one, and as he looked unconsciously across the narrow line between him and the fatal March of the following year, but a few weeks really in advance, it pained him to see anything that could take from Plymouth Church its right of proud pre-eminence.

Had Plymouth Church been burned to the ground that day, the happiest man in Brooklyn would have been Henry Ward Beecher, for he felt then, as he expressed himself on his seventieth anniversary, as though the time had come for a smaller building, and a new locality.

In many ways Mr. Beecher was then a changed man, but the changes were those of growth, and upward at that.

His horizon of observation was always extending, and although by nature he looked with lenient eye upon many things and courses of action which to narrow-minded and pharasaical preachers appeared bad, if not absolutely wicked, as he grew to know the world better, to see more clearly the

mainspring of life, and to understand more thoroughly that honest men could honestly differ; even his loyal nature expanded, and he regretted in later life many things he had believed when younger.

Take, for instance, what he said in his "Lectures to Young Men" concerning the stage and actors, in 1843, as given in an earlier chapter of this book, and contrast it with his feelings and his activity and his companionships of later years. In 1862, nearly twenty years after his lectures to young men were given, a great billiard match was played in Irving Hall, on Irving Place, in New York. The players were noted experts, and great excitement attended the match, in the sporting world, as well as in social circles where already a fondness for sport of various kinds had obtained a foothold.

Although ignorant of the game, Mr. Beecher was not ignorant of men.

He was a great student of his fellows, and one evening, while dining in the house of a parishioner, the subject of this billiard match having come up, it being suggested by a report in the evening papers, Mr. Beecher said he would like very much to see it, and, in company with a member of his host's family, then a reporter on the New York *Times*, Mr. Beecher went to Irving Hall. Although not so well known as in after years, his face was tolerably familiar, and when the party

entered the enclosure and took seats at a table reserved for the press, some one in the audience, recognizing him, proposed "three cheers for Henry Ward Beecher."

They were given with a will, and when the ruddy-faced parson smilingly bowed, acknowledging the compliment, they were repeated, and a ripple of good nature ran through the entire assemblage. Mr. Beecher remained perhaps an hour, and then as he rose to retire, conscious that he was expected to do something, he bowed with great good-natured dignity, receiving again a round of cheers interrupted rudely by one man only, the late Isaiah Rynders, who, without possible intentional affront, asked him if he would take a drink.

In 1887, when scores of metropolitan clergymen have billiard tables in their own homes, when ladies of unquestioned virtue, piety, and standing are deft manipulators of the rolling balls, this visit would attract but little attention; but then, as Mr. Beecher subsequently said, when asked to go to a theatre to see a play, "it costs too much to get so little." The following morning every newspaper printed a report of the visit, and immediately his reverend brethren, the clerical editors of "religious" newspapers, made him their target.

He was bombarded from end to end of this great country, while his mail was simply enormous,

Every day letters poured in upon him as leaves fall in the forest, and it was literally years before he got over the blow which that simple act brought on his devoted head. As is recorded, when his own novel "Norwood" was dramatized and brought out by Mr. Daly, Mr. Beecher would not go to see it, although he did avail himself of an opportunity to look at the burlesque later on.

When the Theatre Comique stood on Broadway opposite the New York Hotel, Edward Harrigan produced a play called "Old Lavender," in which, with marvellous fidelity to nature, he played with touching effect the character of one who, by another's misdeed, with which he was falsely charged, gradually sunk to the lowest depth of poverty, of trouble, and almost of degradation. Mr. Beecher was always interested in the poor, and his most intimate friends little realized how truly he was like his great Master, in that he went about doing good that he never told of.

Having read the story of "Old Lavender," Mr. Beecher expressed incidentally a wish that he could see it.

The property on which Harrigan's theatre was built was part of the A. T. Stewart estate, and, like all the theatres owned by that estate or built on property owned by it, there was a box reserved especially for Mr. Stewart; or parties whom he sent. The courtesy of Mr. Stewart or

his representative, placed this box at Mr. Beecher's disposal, and in company with two newspaper friends, one from Boston and one from New York, he went one Friday afternoon to see "Old Lavender."

He was affected to the very core of his great heart.

The realism of the stage pictured with rare fidelity the condition of the poor, and, stirred, to his utmost limit by the presence of the great preacher, Mr. Harrigan played as he never played before. Martin Hanley, the manager, came to the box, after an act, in response to a suggestion of one of Mr. Beecher's party, and said that Mr. Harrigan would be honored by a meeting with his distinguished auditor. Mr. Beecher stepped to the back of the box, where Harrigan in his rags and tatters was waiting, and with cordial hand-shaking the two artists congratulated each the other. It was a very pretty picture and could have been spoiled, as Mr. Beecher remarked, in one way only—that it should be hashed up on the following morning in cold type and fed to his ministerial editorial brethren as a text for lampooning.

A few days prior to the departure of General Custer on his mission of extermination, Lawrence Barrett the tragedian, Stuart Robson the comedian, and General Custer, said to the writer that they had long wished to hear Henry Ward

Beecher preach. They were invited to come to Plymouth Church the following Sunday morning. They did so, and after the service, on Mr. Beecher's invitation, the party went to his house on Columbia Heights, where, in the well-remembered back room which affords an uninterrupted view of New York, East river and its imperial harbor, they sat and chatted.

Mr. Beecher talked with General Custer about the war, about his projects for the future.

He talked with Mr. Barrett exhaustively on subjects with which Mr. Barrett was particularly well informed, and with Mr. Robson upon his branch of stage exploit, and laughed heartily while he narrated his experience when, as a young man, he sought to unhorse the drama and to disperse the actors, telling them how anxious he had been to see Jefferson, Ristori, Cushman, and how, little by little, either he or the stage had changed, and he rather guessed on the whole it was he.

It was a very interesting interview, and now that Custer lies among the slain, and the great preacher awaits burial in Greenwood's public vault, and Barrett and Robson continue, each his way, prosperous and popular, who can say that that meeting was not an occasion fraught with good to those who have gone, and does not remain a happy memory to those who survive!

The late Frederick B. Conway, with his accomplished wife, struggled hard and long in Brooklyn

to establish the Park Theatre, and subsequently the Brooklyn Theatre. Conway was an old-school English gentleman. He was a well educated man along many lines of thought and study, and when at a public meeting he and Mr. Beecher met for the first time, looking him square in the face, Mr. Beecher said, "Why, I know you; you come to my church." "Why, certainly," replied Conway; "I enjoy good acting wherever I find it. Why won't you come to my theatre?" "Are you quite sure," rejoined Mr. Beecher, with a laugh that shook him from top to toe, "that I should find good acting there?" After which they had a pleasant talk for a few moments, and whenever thereafter they met, as they frequently did, Mr. Beecher would always remind Mr. Conway that he had promised "sometime," when he had "good acting" in his theatre to let him know.

Mr. Beecher was particularly fond of music.

Long before he became educated to the Philharmonic standard he enjoyed organ music and good piano playing, and as far back as 1858 he wrote concerning a new organ that had been set up in the church, an article, which by the way is a good illustration of his lighter style.

Said he: "The organ long expected, has arrived, been unpacked, set up, and gloried over. The great players of the region around about, or of distant celebrity, have had the grand organ exhibition; and this magnificent instrument has been

put through all its paces in a manner which has surprised every one, and, if it had had a conscious existence, must have surprised the organ itself most of all. It has piped, fluted, trumpeted, brayed, thundered; it has played so loud that everybody was deafened, and so soft that nobody could hear. The pedals played for thunder, the flutes languished and coquetted, and the swell died away in delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bed clothes. Now it leads down a stupendous waltz with full bass, sounding very much as if, in summer, a thunder-storm should play above our heads, 'Come, haste to the wedding,' or 'Money Musk.' Then come marches, gallops and hornpipes. An organ playing hornpipes ought to have elephants for dancers.

"At length a fugue is to show the whole scope and power of the instrument. The theme, like a cautious rat, peeps out to see if the coast is clear; and after a few hesitations, comes forth and begins to frisk a little, and run up and down to see what it can find. It finds just what it did not want, a purring tenor lying in ambush and waiting for a spring, and as the theme comes incautiously near, the savage cat of a tenor pitches at it, misses its hold, and then takes after it with terrible earnestness. But the tenor has miscalculated the agility of the theme. All that it could do, with the most desperate effort, was to keep the theme from run-

ning back into its hole again, and so they ran up and down, around and around, dodging, eluding, whipping in and out of every corner and nook, till the whole organ was aroused, and the bass began to take part, but unluckily slipped and rolled down-stairs, and lay at the bottom raving and growling in the most awful manner, and nothing could appease it. Sometimes the theme was caught by one part, and dandled for a moment, when, with a snatch, another part took it and ran off exultant, until, unawares, the same trick was played on it, and finally, all the parts being greatly exercised in mind, began to chase each other promiscuously in and out, up and down, now separating and now rushing in full tilt together, until everything in the organ loses patience, and all the 'stops' are drawn and, in spite of all that the brave organist could do—who flew about and bobbed up and down, feet, hands, head and all—the tune broke up into a real row, and every part was clubbing every other one, until, at length, patience being no longer a virtue, the organist with two or three terrific crashes put an end to the riot, and brought the great organ back to silence!

"Then came congratulations.

"The organist shook hands with the builder, and the builder shook hands with the organist, and both of them shook hands with the committee, and the young men who thought it their

duty to know something about music looked wise, and the young ladies looked wise too, and the minister looked silly, and the parishioners generally looked stupid, and all agreed that there never was such an organ—no, never. And the builder assured the committee that he had done a little more than the contract stipulated; for he was very anxious to have a good organ in that church! And the wise men of the committee talked significantly of what a treasure they had got. The sexton gave a second look at the furnace, lest the church should take it into its head, now, of all times, to burn up; and he gave the key an extra twist in the lock lest some thief should run off with the organ.

"And now, who shall play the organ? is the question. And in the end, who has not played it? First, perhaps, a lady who teaches music is exalted to the responsibility. Her taste is cultivated, her nerves are fine, her muscles feeble, her courage small and her fear great. She touches the great organ as if she were a trembling worshipper, fearing to arouse some terrible deity. All the meek stops are used, but none of the terrible ones, and the great instrument is made to walk in velvet slippers every Sabbath, and after each stanza the organ humbly repeats the last strain in the tune. The instrument is quite subdued. It is the modern exemplification of Ariadne riding safely on a tamed leopard. But few women have

strength for the mechanical labor. It ought not to be so. Women ought to have better health, more muscle, more power, and, one of these days, doubtless, will have.

"Next, an amateur player is procured, who was said to have exquisite taste and finished execution. A few pieces for the organ he knew by heart, a pretty way of varying a theme, a sentimental feeling, and reasonable correctness in accompaniment.

"Next came an organist, who believed that all this small playing, this petty sweetness, was a disgrace to the powers of the instrument. He meant to lead forth the long pent-up force, and accordingly he took for his first theme, apparently, the Deluge, and the audience had it poured upon them in every conceivable form—wind, rain, floods, thunder, lightning with all the promiscuous stops which are put in all large organs to produce a screeching brilliancy full drawn, to signify universal misery and to produce it. That man gave the church their full money's worth. He flooded the house. The voices of the choir were like birds chirping in a thunder-storm. He had heard that the singing of a congregation should be borne up upon the music of the organ and, as it were, floated, and he seemed to be aiming, for the most part, to provide a full Atlantic ocean for the slender choir to make its stormy voyages upon.

"A fortunate quarrel disposed of him, and the

organ went back to the tender performer. But before long a wonderful man was called, whose fame, as he related it, was excessive. He could do anything—play anything. If one style did not suit, just give him a hint, and he would take on another. He could give you opera, ecclesiastical music, stately symphony of Beethoven, the brilliant fripperies of Verdi, the solemn and simple grandeur of Handel, or the last waltz, the most popular song (suitably converted for the purpose) —anything, in short. The church must surely be hard to please if he could not suit them. He opened his organ as a peddler opens his tin boxes and, displaying all its wares, says, 'Now, what do you want? Here is a little of almost everything.'

"He took his turn. Then came a young man of a true and deep nature, to whom music was simply a symbol of something higher, a language which in itself is but little, but a glorious thing when laden with the sentiments and thoughts of a great heart. But he was not a Christian man, and the organ was not to him a Christian instrument, but simply a great gothic instrument, to be studied, just as a Protestant would study a cathedral, in the mere spirit of architecture, and not at all in sympathy with its religious significance or uses. And before long he went abroad to perfect himself in his musical studies; but not till a most ludicrous event befell him. On a Christmas day

a great performance was to be given. The church was full. All were musically expectant. And surely something was had a little more than was expected. For, when every stop was drawn, that the opening might be with a sublime choral effect, the down-pressing of his hands brought forth not only the full, expected chord, but also a cat, that by some strange chance had got into the organ. She went up over the top as if gunpowder had helped her. Down she plunged into the choir, took the track around the front bulwark of the gallery, until opposite the pulpit, whence she dashed down one of the supporting columns, made for the broad aisle, where a little dog joined in the affray, and both went down towards the street-door at an astonishing pace. Our organist, who, on the first appearance of this element in his plans, snatched back his hands, had forgotten to relax his muscles, and was to be seen following the cat with his eyes, with his head turned, while his astonished hands stood straight out before him, rigid as marble!

"But in all these vicissitudes, and in all this long series of players, good playing has been the accident, while the thing meant and attempted has been, in the main, a perversion of music, a breaking of the Sabbath day, and a religious nuisance. The only alleviation in the case was, that the general ignorance of the proper function of church-music saved the Christian congregation

from feeling what an outrage they had suffered."

Of late years, Mr. Beecher seemed to feel that he and his idea as to love to God and love to man, and the duty he owed to it, ought to be well enough understood to permit him greater latitude than he allowed himself when he was younger and in the heat of battle. He went to see Jefferson, he intended to see Charlotte Cushman. When Henry Irving, with Miss Ellen Terry and their company, came here, having expressed a desire to hear Mr. Beecher preach, Major Pond took them to Plymouth Church and put them in the pastor's pew. After the service, while the great congregation instead of dispersing stood, as was their custom, to look at the pastor and any noted people who might be there to make his acquaintance or speak to him, Mr. Beecher came down from his platform and extended the right hand of fellowship to the English manager and his fair companion. After that, on invitation, they accompanied him to his house, where they dined, and on a subsequent occasion a lunch was given to Miss Terry alone.

Mr. Beecher became very much attached to Mr. Irving and Miss Terry, and went to see them play several times.

When he went abroad, in 1886, he accepted their hospitality in the theatre, and subsequently went to Mr. Irving's house in Hammersmith, con-

cerning which he wrote to a home friend a letter, which will be found elsewhere printed.

Now, these facts are recorded for the purpose of showing that the emphasis with which Mr. Beecher inveighed against actors and the play-house in his immaturity found its counterpart in his acceptance of their beneficial service in later years when, by actual contact with them as friends, companions, hosts, guests, entertainers, he recognized the mistake of years gone by,

On one plane of action, Mr. Beecher never swerved an iota.

He was as vigorous in his denunciation of intemperance in his old age as when he flailed that curse of the times in his famous course in Indianapolis. As he grew older he found need for an occasional glass of claret, but it was noticed always at great dinners, as in private houses, that he adhered rigidly to the principles and the custom of his life. He was rigid also in respect to his life-long opposition to gambling of all sorts and kinds. One of the most powerful lectures he delivered in his series to young men, was on that subject, and he lost no proper opportunity to impress upon his hearers, old and young, the folly of an indulgence in the temptation to make haste to get rich, which was certain to turn into ashes in the mouth.

He claimed also that he was ever tenacious of the principles which led to the formation of the Republican party, and which dominated that party

from 1856 down to the corrupt period, which began about the date of Grant's election and continued with increasing virulence to the nomination of Mr. Blaine on the one hand, and that of Mr. Cleveland by the Democratic party on the other.

Mr. Cleveland had produced upon the mind of Mr. Beecher an impression of sturdy honesty. He did not regard him as great, but he believed him to be good.

Mr. Blaine, on the other hand, he regarded as a brilliant but reckless politician, a man who loved his country well, but himself more, and he resolved, greatly to the annoyance, discomfiture, and ill-feeling of many of his warmest friends and a majority of his church supporters, to endorse Cleveland rather than the candidate of the Republican party. So great was the confusion created, so widespread the chagrin and annoyance expressed by his friends that it seemed to him almost as though the exciting period of 1867 had returned, when his famous Cleveland letter—and by the way, Cleveland seemed to be rather an unfortunate name for Mr. Beecher—caused such intense excitement. Having announced his intention to support Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Beecher's moral sensibilities received a rude shock in a story privately circulated for some time, and ultimately brought to the surface by the press, and later on endorsed as of personal knowledge by a clerical corre-

spondent, to the effect of gross immorality in the private life of the Democratic candidate.

This was to Mr. Beecher a terrible revelation. He could not support Mr. Blaine, and he would not support Mr. Cleveland.

At his request General Horatio C. King instituted inquiries. He went to Buffalo, he went to Albany, and became convinced that whatever might have occurred years ago, and in specific instances, so far as the then present was concerned the story was an absolute fabrication. This report was made by General King to Mr. Beecher, who then and there pledged himself to do all he could to secure popular favor for and the election of the candidate for the Democratic party.

It cannot be said that Mr. Beecher ever went into presidential or other political campaigns for personal aggrandizement, for office, for political favor. On the contrary he travelled thousands of miles when he spoke for Fremont, and spoke without one dollar's compensation. He travelled thousands of miles when he spoke for Lincoln, and without one dollar's compensation. He worked and talked for Grant, and he worked and talked for Cleveland, and no man lives, no document exists, which can show that he ever received at any time or under any circumstances one dollar for such services, or any compensation of any sort or kind.

It has been charged that Mr. Beecher obtained favor for his sons.

This is utterly and absolutely untrue. During the war of the Rebellion one of his sons was in the army, and a friend suggested that it would be a graceful act on the part of the President, or the secretary of war, if that son should be offered a commission in the regular army. The commission was sent and subsequent brevets were given, but Mr. Beecher knew nothing of it beforehand, and therefore could have done nothing to secure the one or the others.

Another of his sons was made collector of customs in Oregon, but so far as his father is concerned there never was a stroke of a pen, nor a word, nor a hint, nor a suggestion that could have induced the President to do aught for him.

A further evidence of Mr. Beecher's catholicity and toleration of different beliefs is found in the fact that he respected the conscientious scruples, or whatever, of every man with whom he talked; as for instance, although the rite of baptism in the Congregational Church is performed by sprinkling, if one desired immersion Mr. Beecher so performed it. Precisely when he first reached that point of recognition is a matter of some question. The first occasion of his performing baptism by immersion in Brooklyn was, it is believed, in April, 1857.

The occasion was memorable.

There was no baptistery in Plymouth Church, so the congregation assembled in the Pierrepont Baptist Church on the evening of the 29th of April. The church was crowded and Mr. Beecher preached from Matthew x. 32, 33: "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." Among other things Mr. Beecher said that, in his belief, baptism was but a ceremony meaning nothing of itself; that it was a manner of confessing Christ before men, and that the form of it was to be guided by the conscientious views of those upon whom it was to be administered, and that so feeling he performed but his duty in officiating on this occasion according to the usage of the Baptist Church. A report in the *Sun* of the following day says: "The ceremony was conducted with the greatest propriety and impressiveness. Mr. Beecher seemed as familiar with the duties required of him as though he had never practised otherwise."

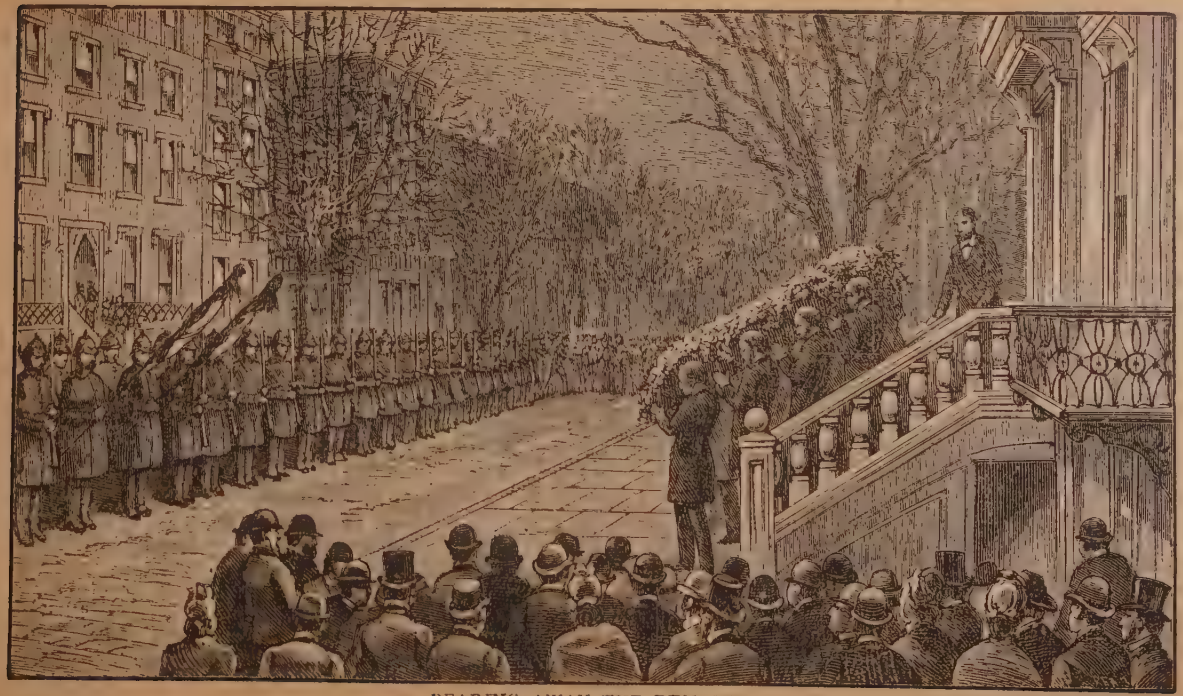
XIII.

"I HAVE NEVER PREACHED FOR FAME."

MR. BEECHER died on Tuesday, the 8th of March, 1887, at half-past nine o'clock in the morning.

A week prior to that he, for the first time to those who were immediately about him, gave evidence of weariness, and interrupting his work, which was of a confining nature, went to his farm in Peekskill, from which he returned on Wednesday apparently somewhat refreshed.

It was no secret to his physician, however, that for three years he had been affected with incipient Bright's disease in a mild form, and for some time there had been certain indices of wearing away, which had attracted the attention of his friends, who had advised him, when he went abroad, to rest, rather than to work. Some years earlier he had curious fancies. For instance, waking at night, he would feel as though there were two of him. To one came sweet voices from the skies; the other reasoning, remonstrating. Fancies, hallucinations, dreams were of re-



BEARING AWAY THE REMAINS.

quent occurrence. In other words, he was wearing away, gradually but surely.

Returning from his Peekskill trip, Mr. Beecher slept well, and the following day, Thursday, went to New York, where he transacted some business, returned, took, as was his custom, a short nap before tea, made a call in the evening and went to bed at a little after nine o'clock.

His wife occupied an adjoining room, and before retiring, some fifteen or twenty minutes after Mr. Beecher had gone up-stairs, to her surprise she found him fast asleep. At one o'clock on the morning of Friday Mrs. Beecher looked at him again, and he was still fast asleep, apparently resting quietly. Between four and five o'clock on Friday morning Mr. Beecher was seized with a violent fit of vomiting, so violent, indeed, as to attract the attention of his wife.

Going to him, she asked what the matter was. He said he had a sick headache, and almost immediately went to sleep again. In that condition he continued the greater part of the day, and it was not until four o'clock in the afternoon, he having slept steadily since a little after nine the preceding night, that the doctor was sent for. On entering the room, the physician took his patient by the shoulder, awaking him, but he fell asleep at once, the doctor being given the impression that he was suffering with a severe billious attack. He returned at seven o'clock, and with difficulty

aroused Mr. Beecher, saying, "Raise your hand; can you raise your hand?" "I can raise it high enough to hit you," responded the dying man; but he failed utterly when he attempted to put out his tongue and, closing his eyes, went to sleep.

He slept all night unchanged, he made no sign all day Saturday, he slept all Sunday and Monday, and died without further recognition, as noted above.

This was as he wished it.

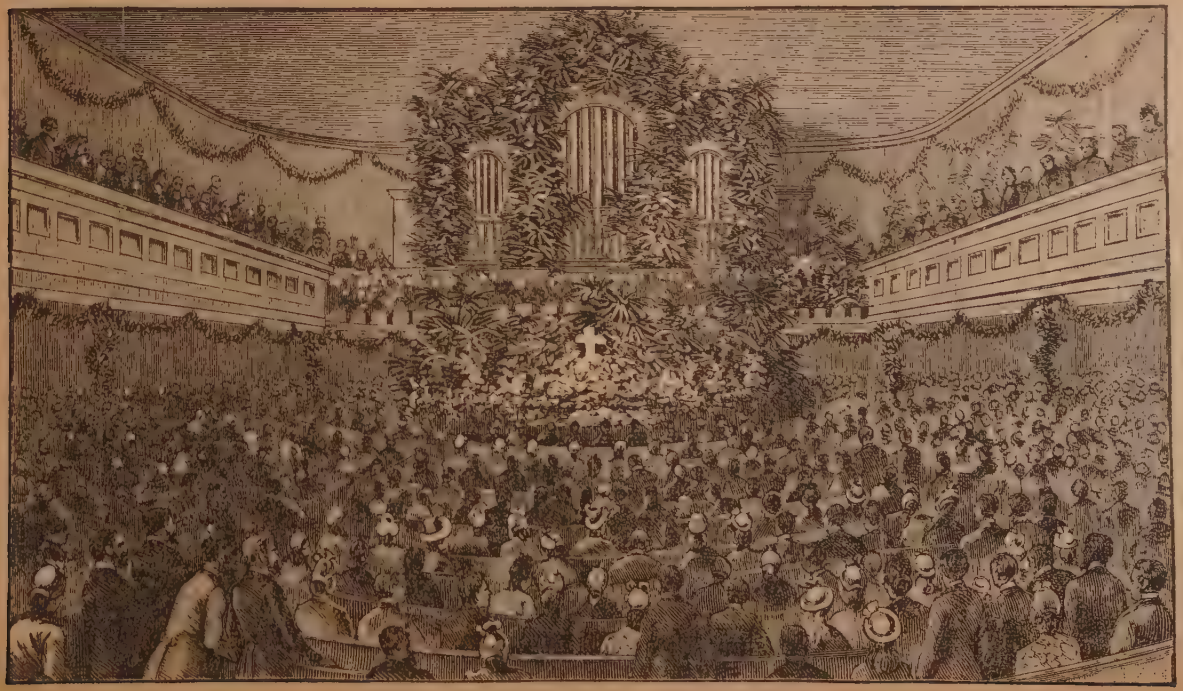
This was the sudden death he always hoped for.

Volumes would be needed to give any adequate report of the universality of regret, of the world-enveloping sorrow, of the monumental tributes raised by the peoples of Christendom to the memory of the services of Henry Ward Beecher.

Every journal in the land, every journal in every land, paid eloquent homage at his bier.

Clergymen of all denominations joined hands, doing processional honor to their departed friend and comrade.

On the day of the funeral services held in Plymouth Church the streets of Brooklyn were alive with people hurrying to its portals. Scores of thousands of people passed through the church, which was most elaborately and tastefully adorned with flowers, while the solemn tones of the organ rolled through its vast spaces, that they might



FLORAL TRIBUTE AT PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

take a farewell look at the calm features of the man they loved. Services were held in churches of five differing denominations in the city of Brooklyn, and from these churches went thousands unable to find a foothold.

The nation was in grief.

A many-sided man; and no better illustration can be afforded of his humor, of his sympathy, of his modesty, of his self-abnegation, of his lifelong devotion to the single doctrine, "Love to God and love to man," than appears in a letter written by him in San Francisco in September, 1883, on his arrival at the Golden Gate after a passage by sea, from Portland, Oregon, in which he says:

"*My dear* ——: I arrived here on Monday, the 3d, per steamer California, after an odious passage of two hundred years, and when I stepped ashore I was a wreck, a fiend without conscience, hope, or remorse, without moral sensibility, affection, or any trait of human nature. Indeed, I was a reversed Darwinian, driven back through the wolf to the bear, from the bear to the frog, and from the frog to the ooze insect, the animalcule, the molecule, the atom. But I am now on my way up again and have some hope of emerging into a human condition." Later on, referring to Munger's book, he writes: "It was rather curious that your agreeable letter about Munger should have come within a day of one from——-,

on the same subject, and another from ——, so that you and —— were reading and writing about the same time about the same book. It is not a book that I can read, and yet it is very useful, not simply because it has much in it that is subtle and suggestive, but chiefly because it wraps a new theology with religious sentiment. People are slow to follow thought pure and simple, but if it carries with it deep religious feeling they the more willingly accept it, for devotion, spirituality, is everywhere and always considered safe. It will therefore lodge in the hearts of multitudes a preparatory expectancy which will welcome a better-defined theology by and by. I have been but the voice in the wilderness, crying, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord,' and I say of some coming name, what John said of his Master, 'He must increase, but I must decrease.' In that respect I can honestly say that I have never preached for fame, nor have I been ambitious of rank, and I am now and have always been willing to sink my personality in the growing work of the Gospel of Love. I am as one holding a candle in the morning twilight; the sun will soon drink up its tiny blaze."

A fitting commentary on the life of this great, good, and useful man.